SUPERMAN

Post-CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS

Volume 37:

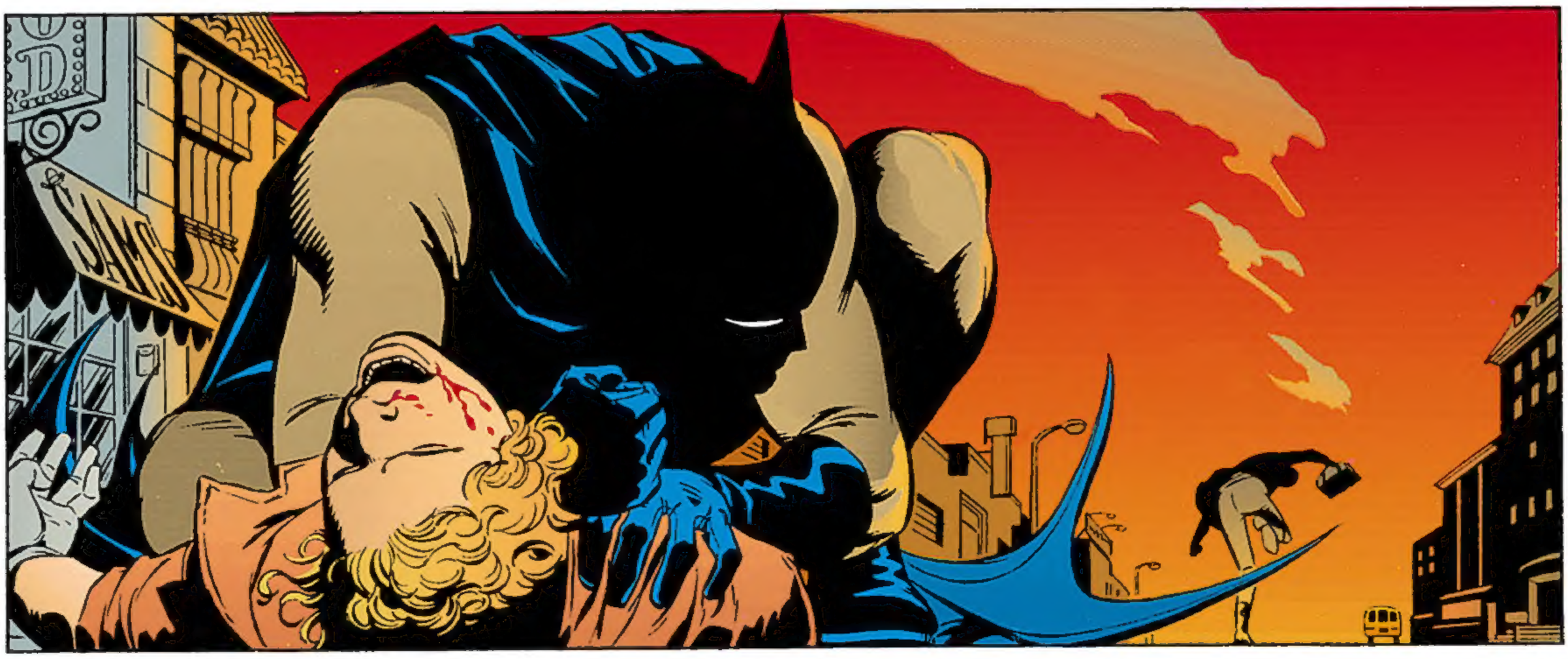
World's Finest

MONKS
1946
MONKS
1946

GOTHAM CITY.

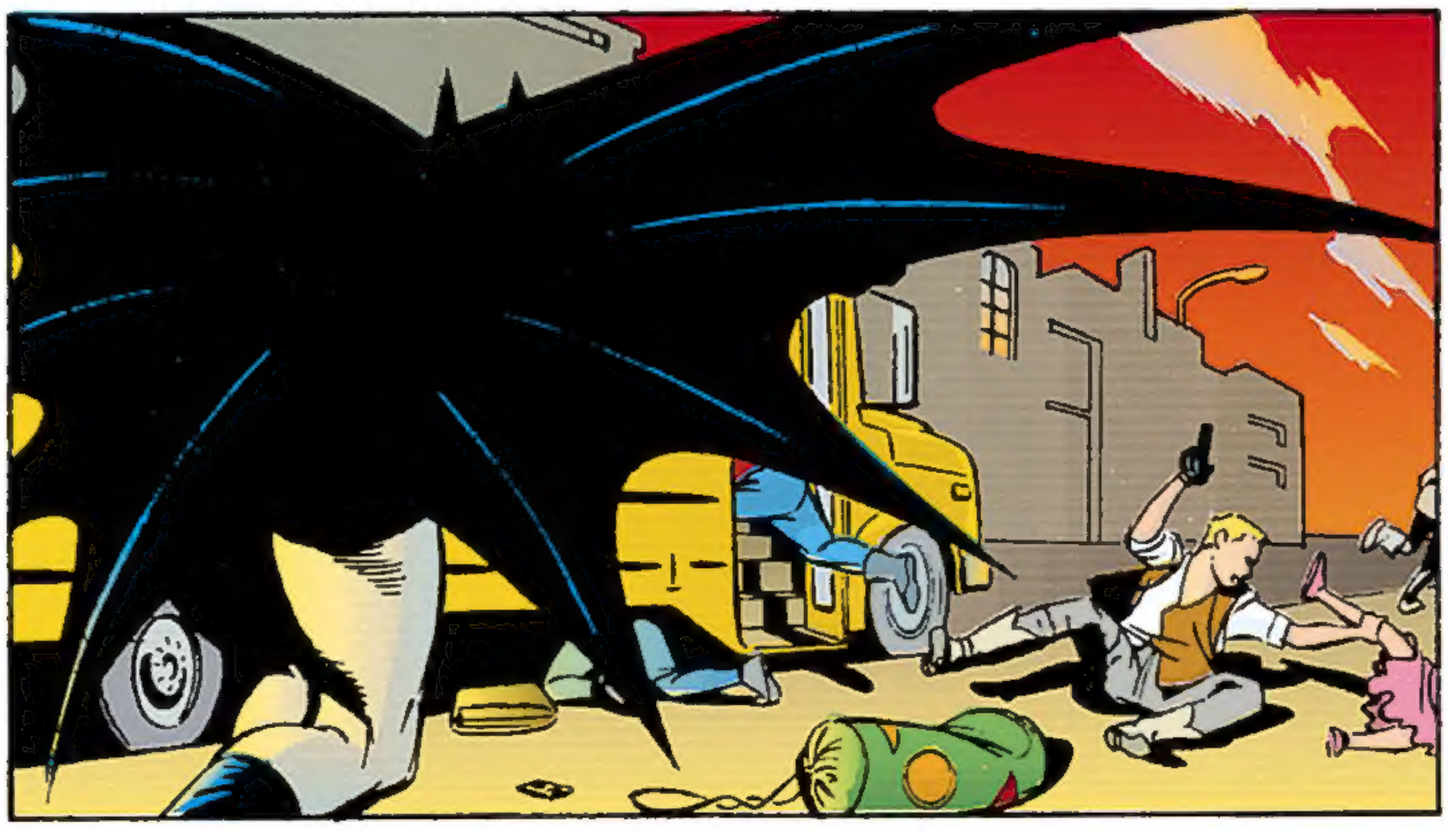
Jaworski

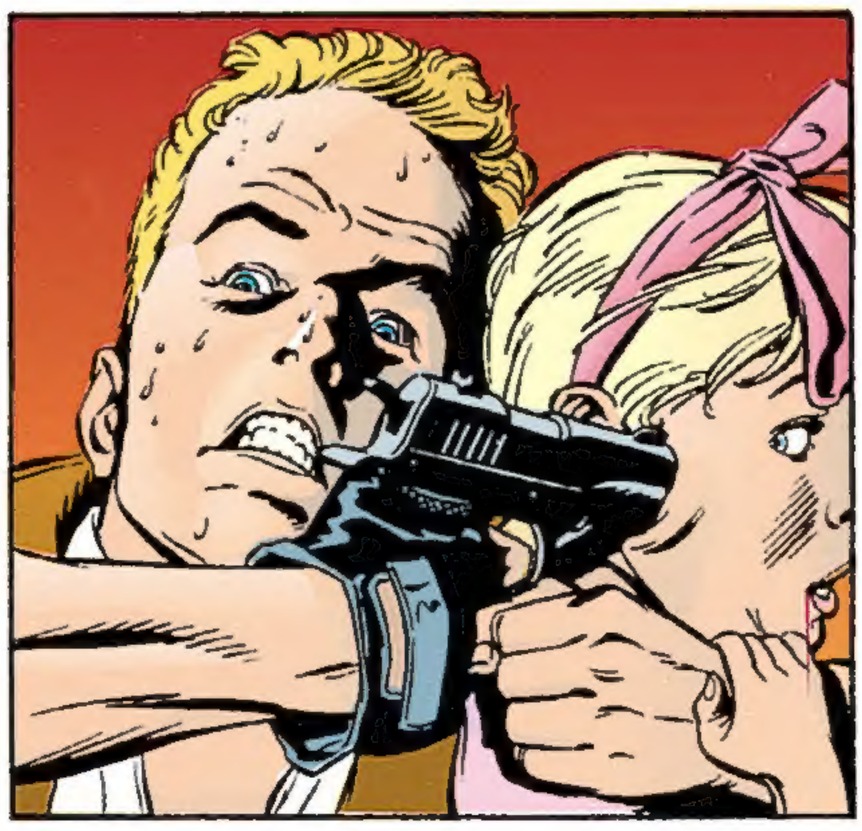
1037
CLOSE
AAHHP

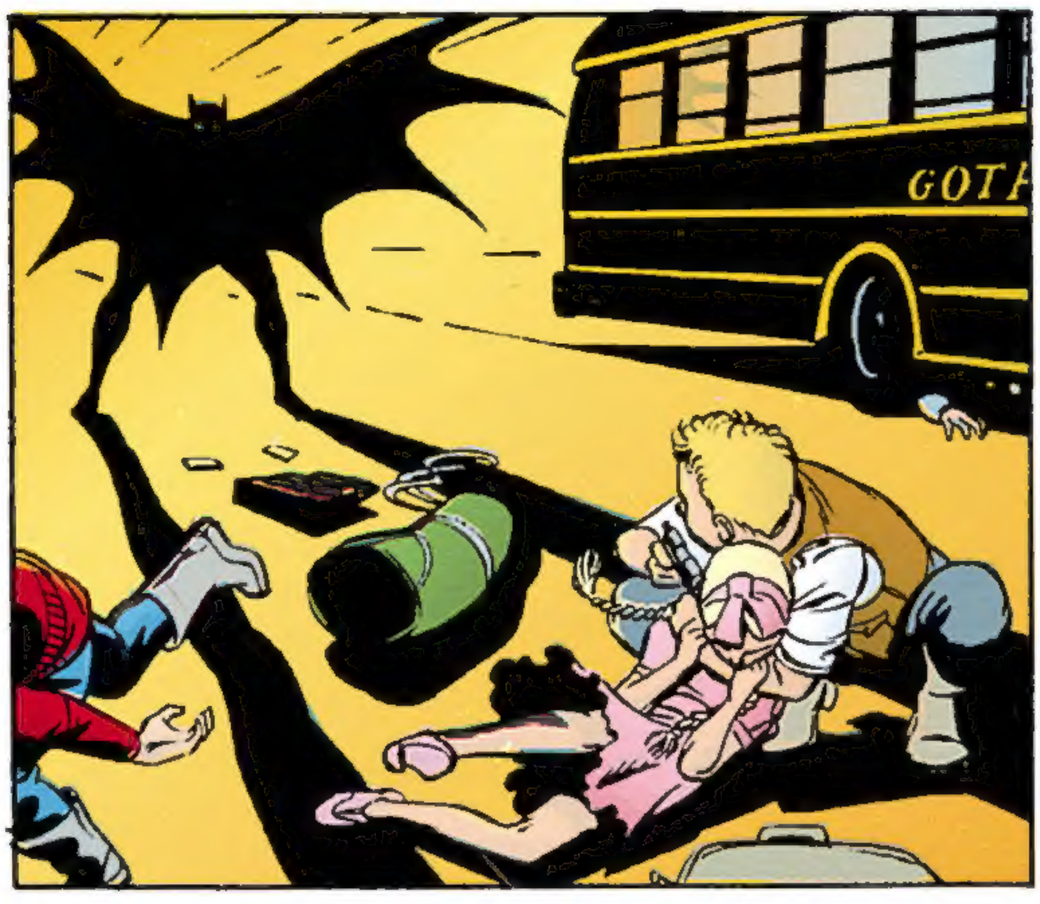


Park Palace LIQUOR
STOP

U-Patch
JUMP ST.



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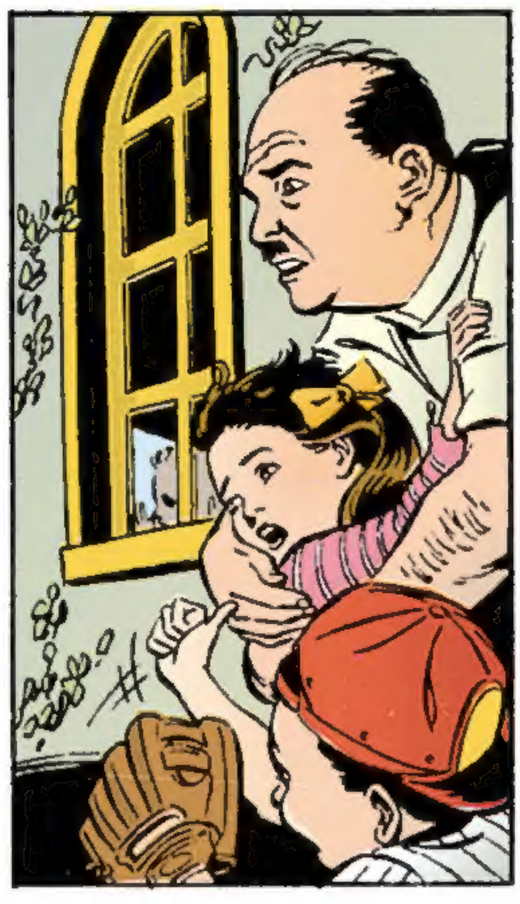
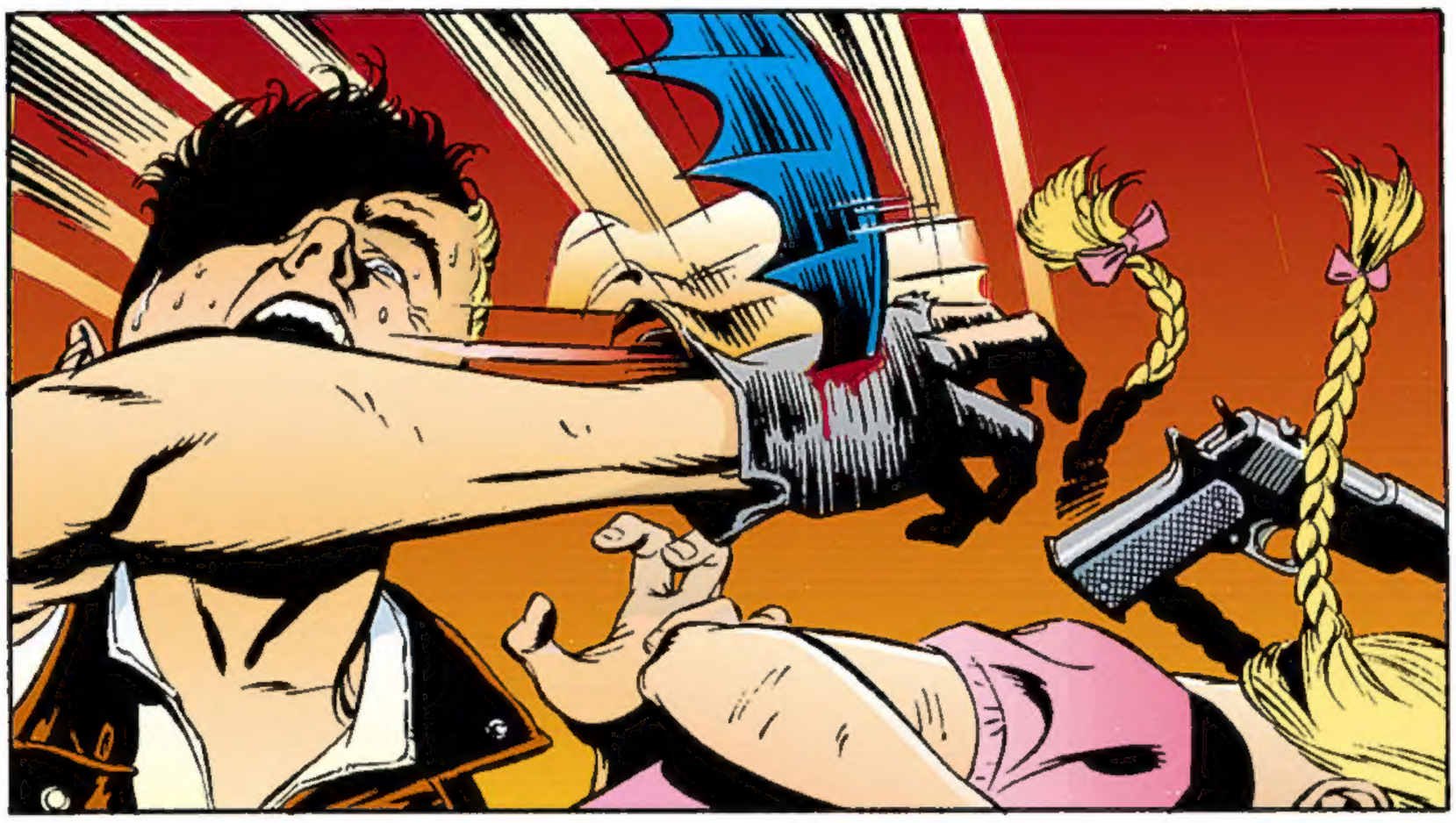
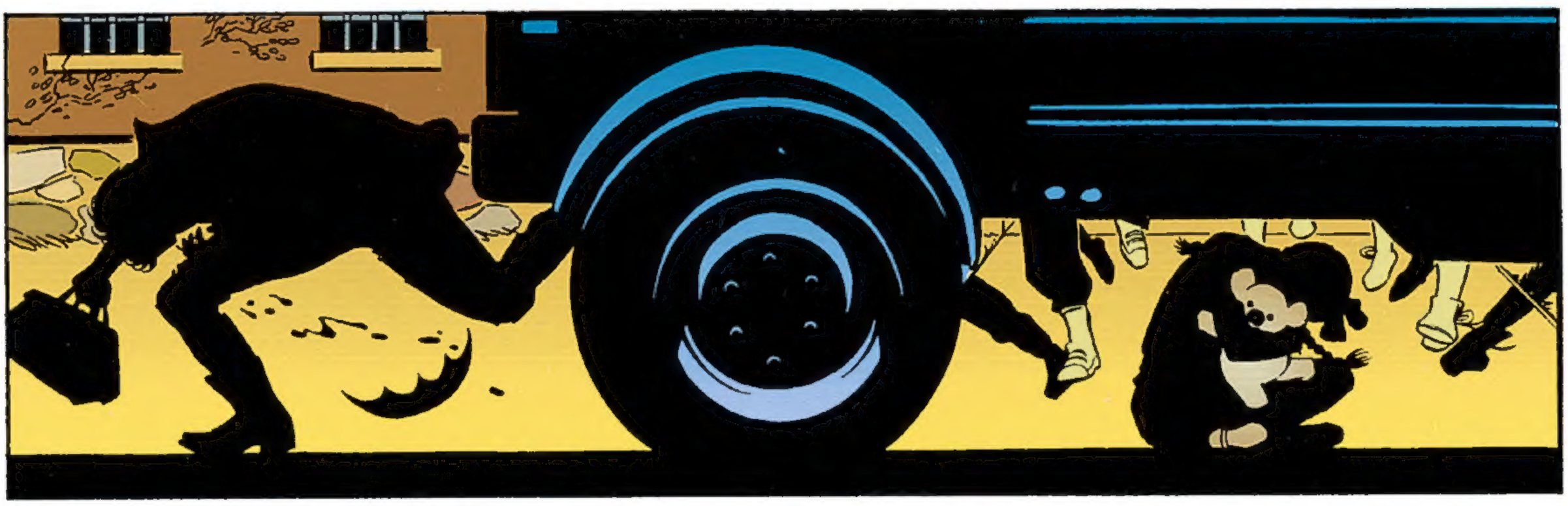
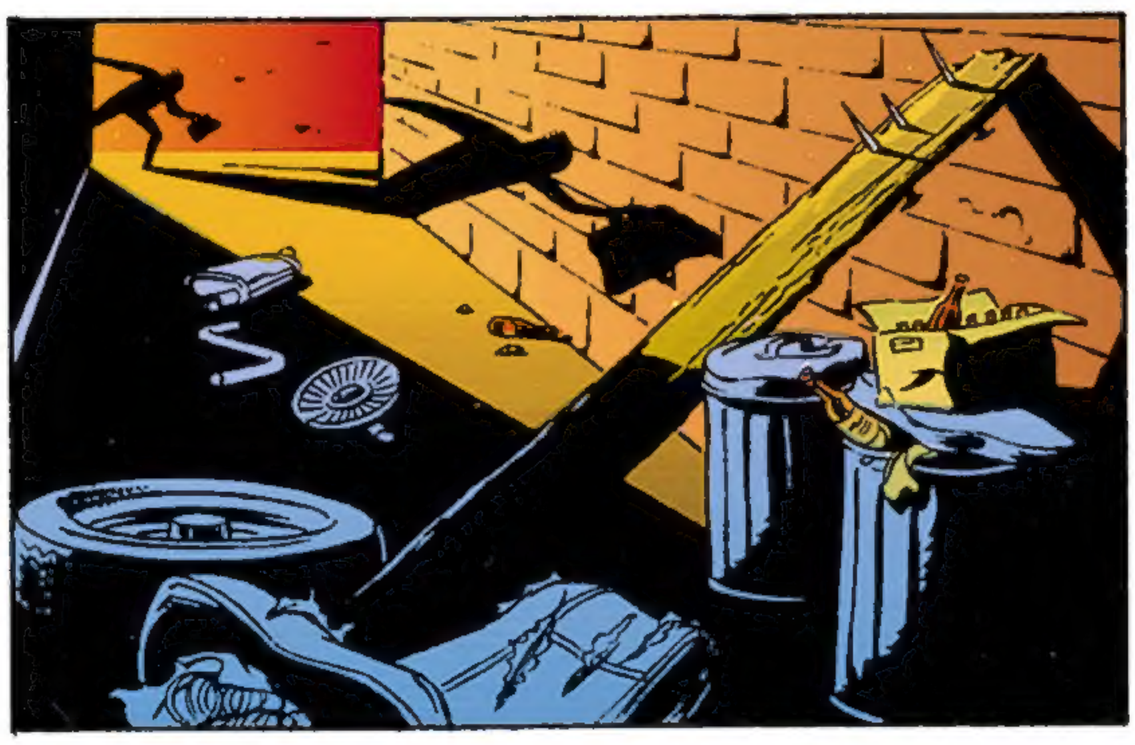
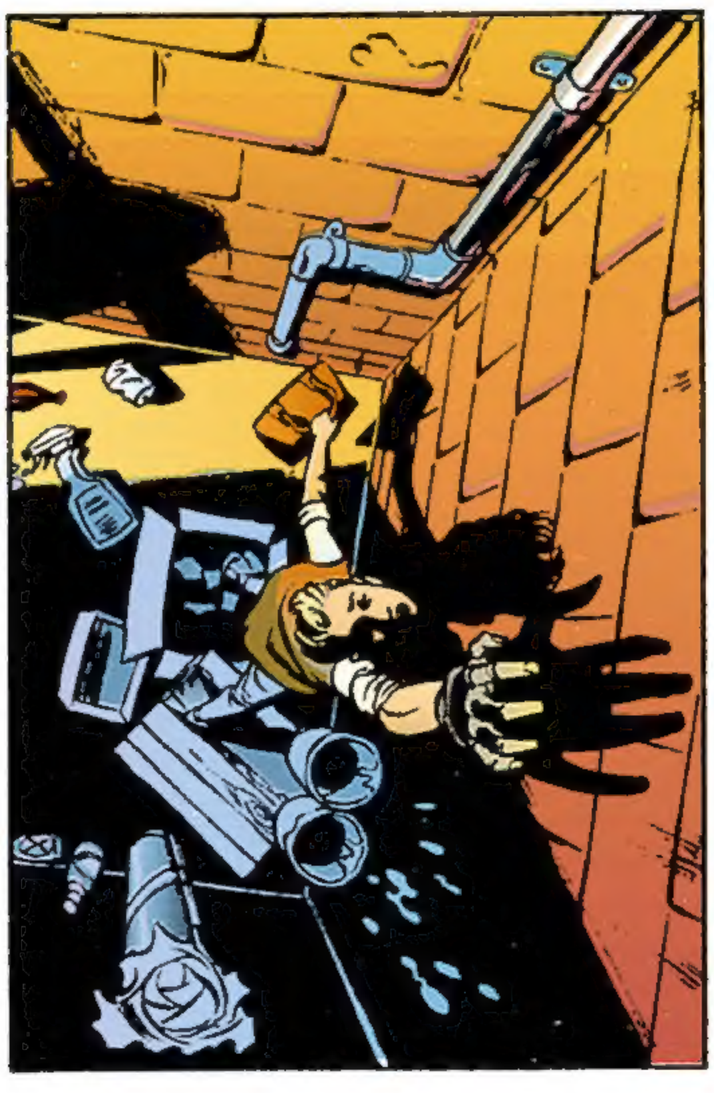
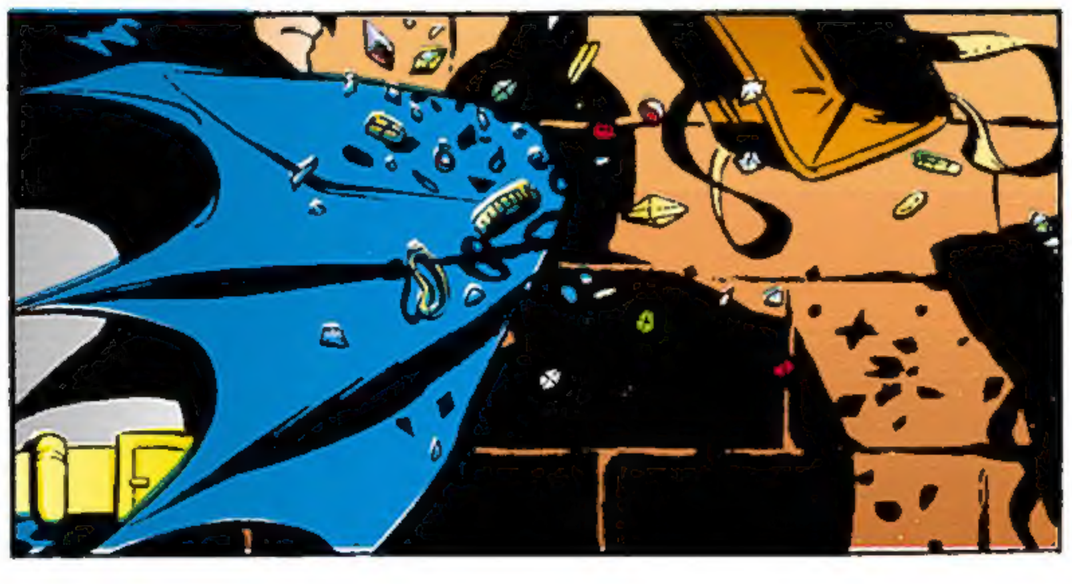












JOKER.

METROPOLIS

METROPOLIS.

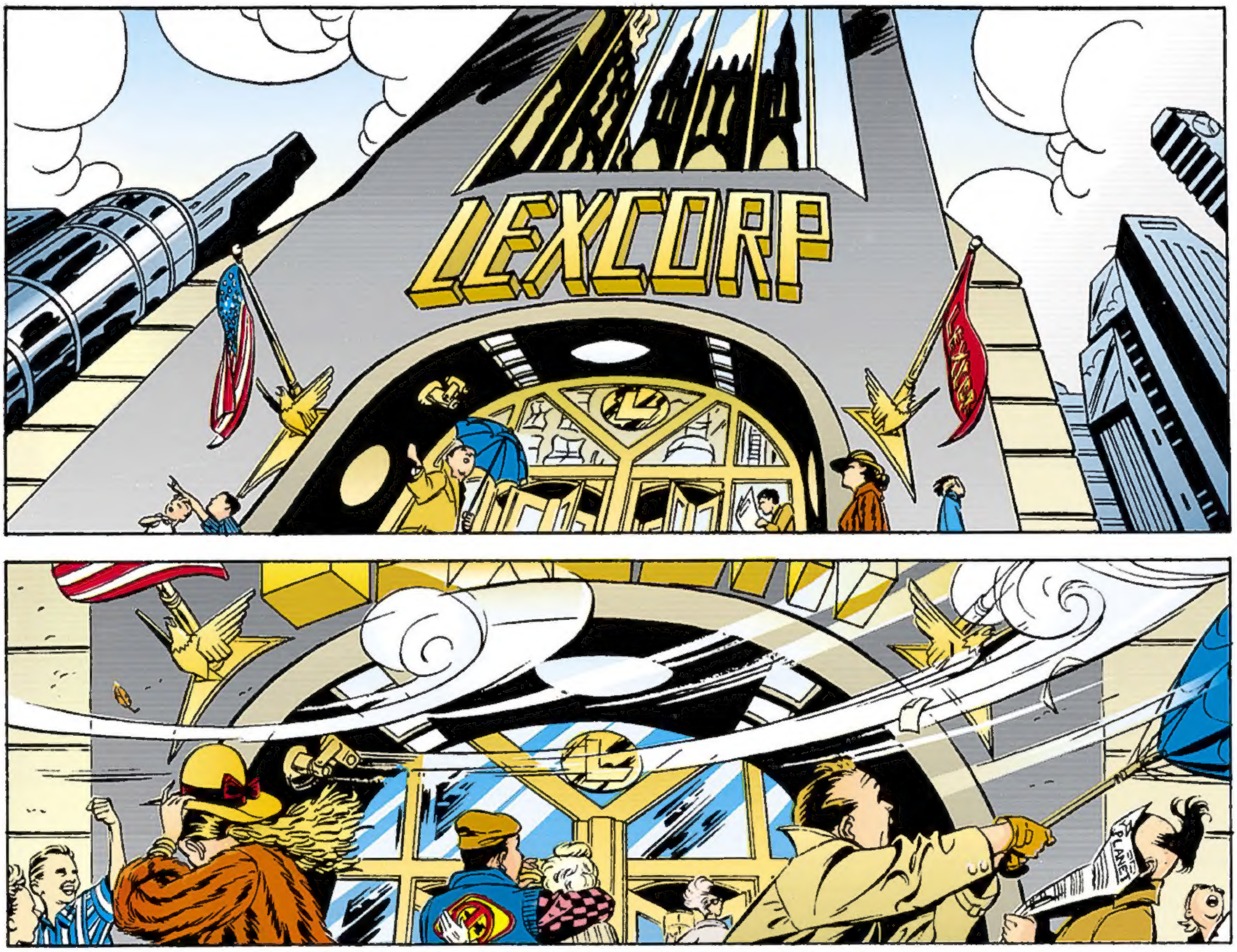
SANK
8

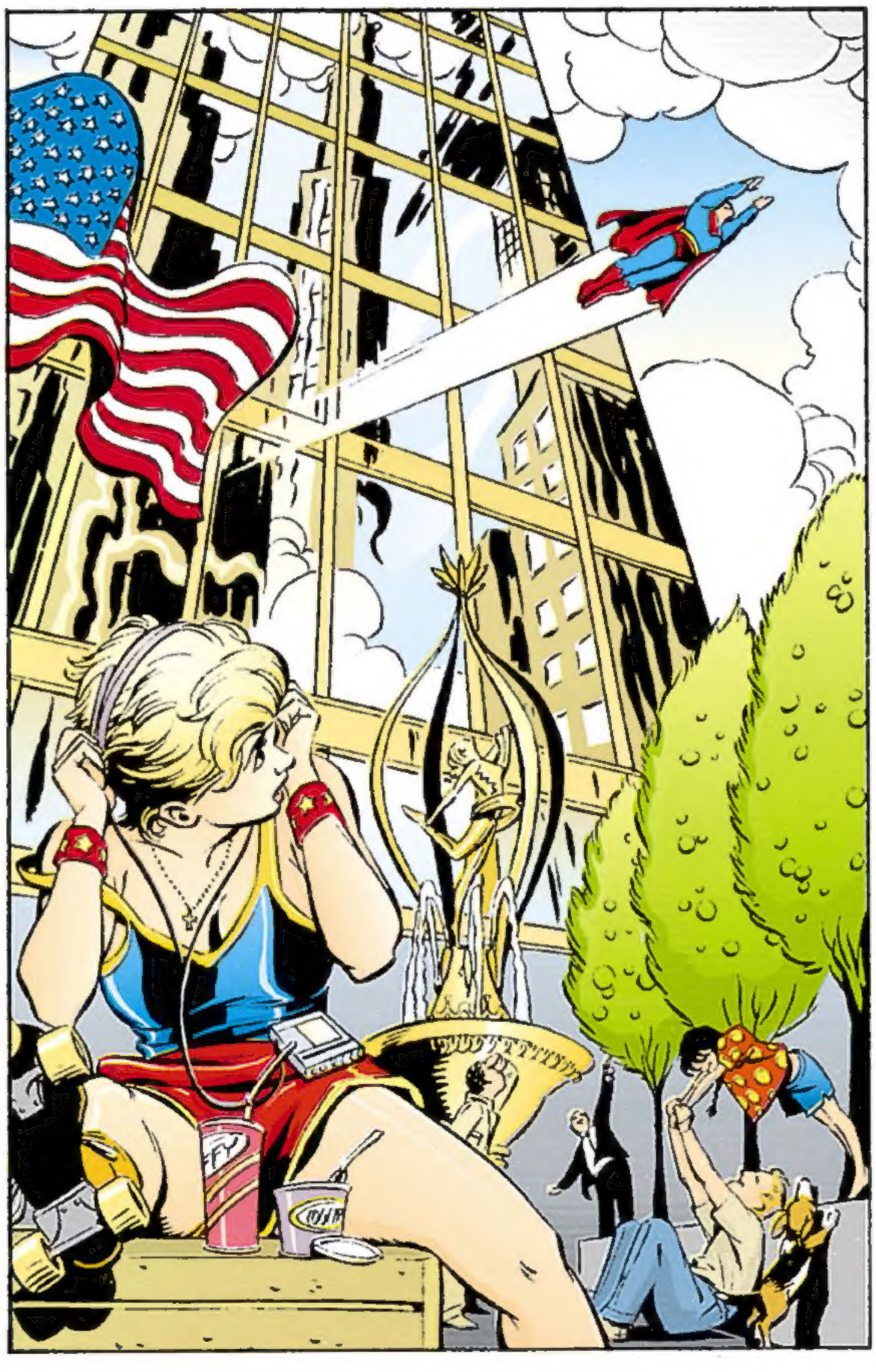
LEX LINKS

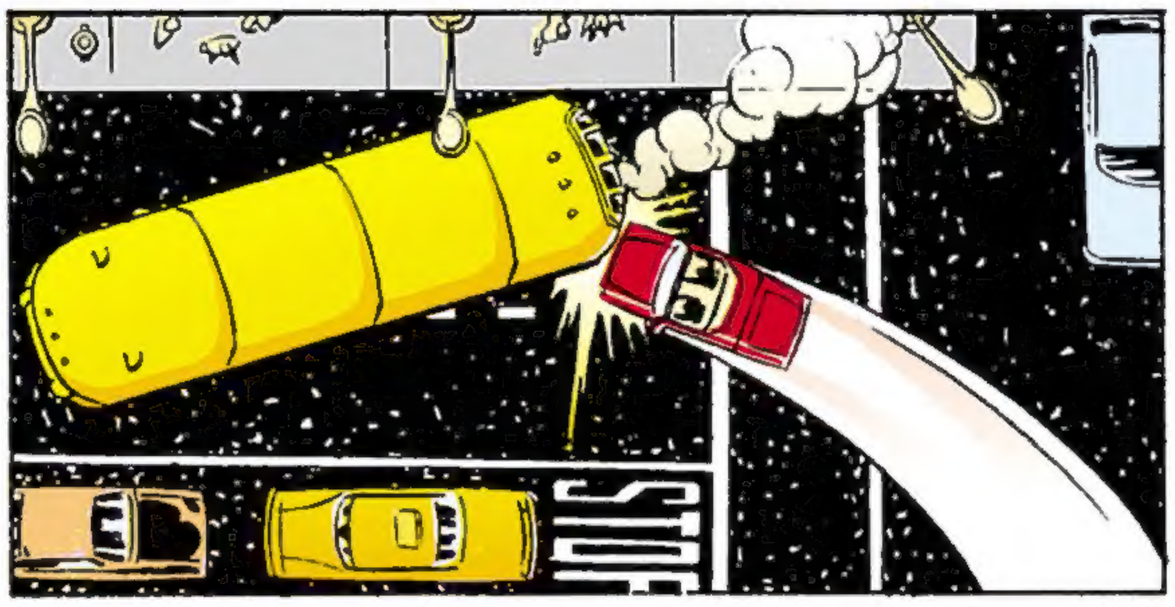
METROBANK

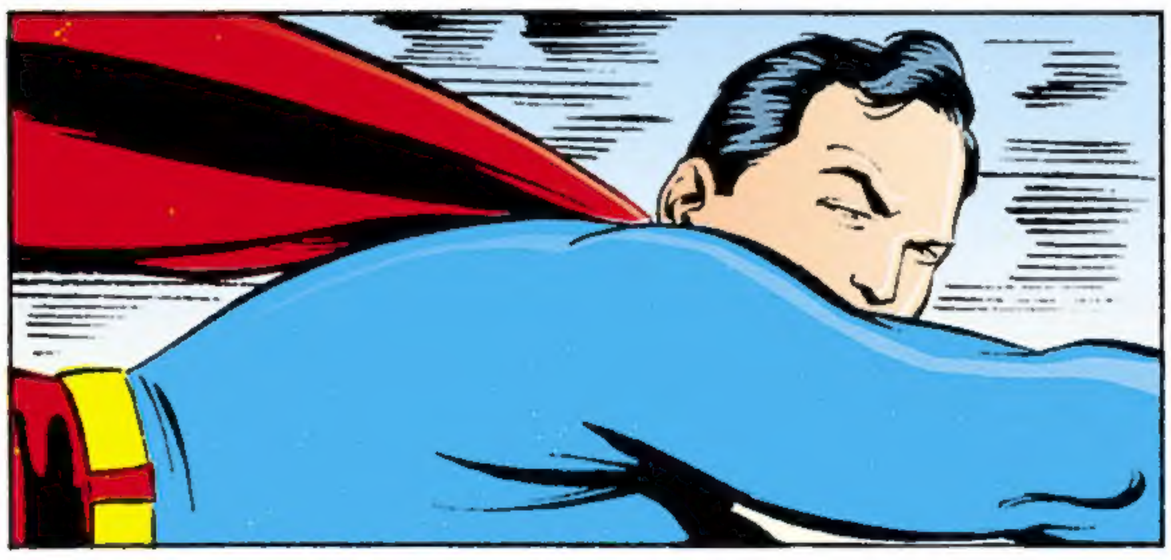
DAILY

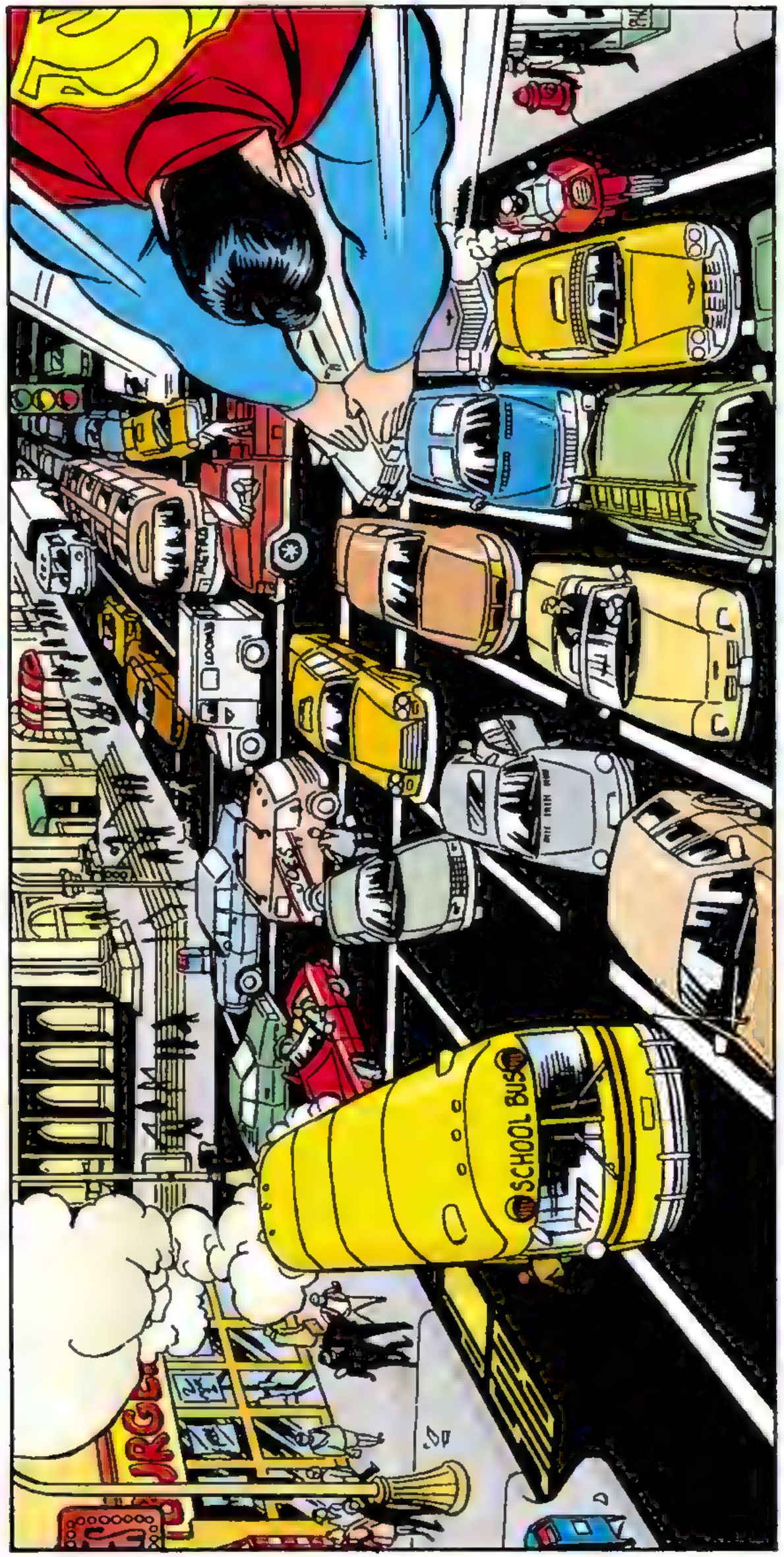
630 TEMP 75

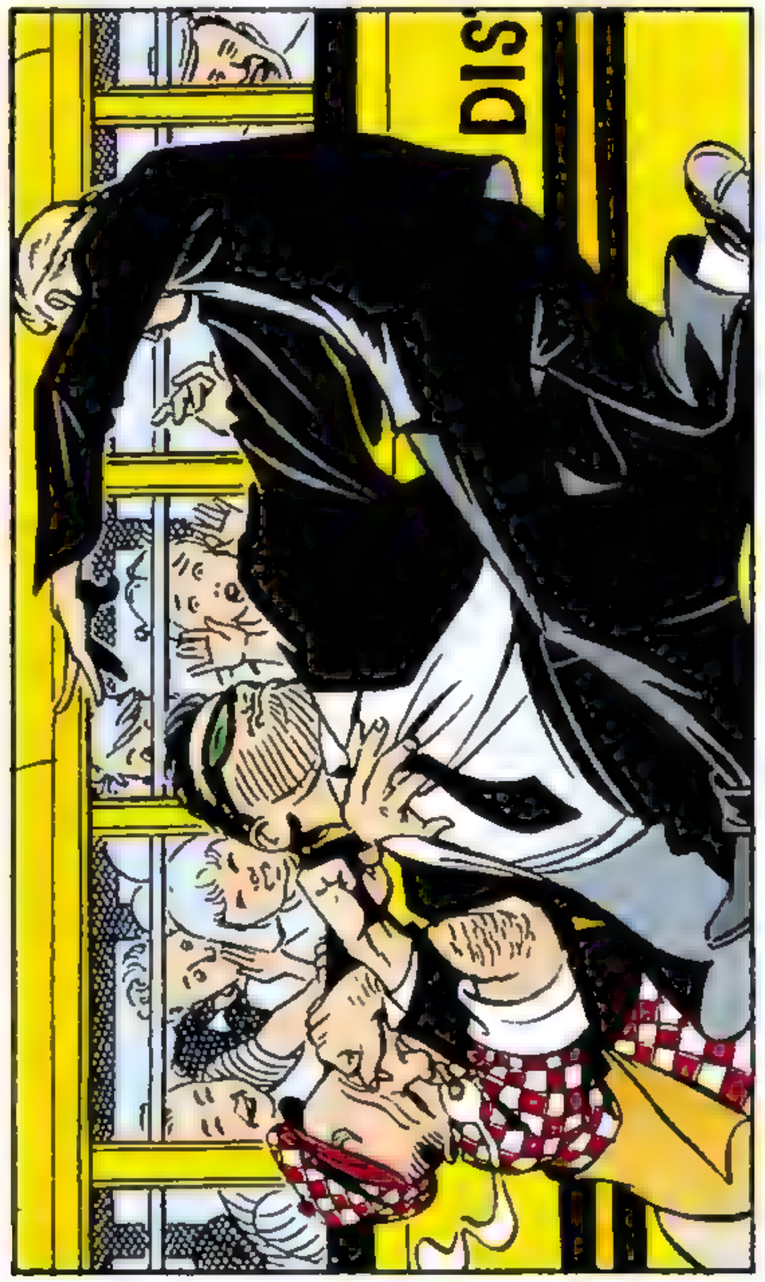

LEXCORP
DAILY PLANET








SCHOOL BUS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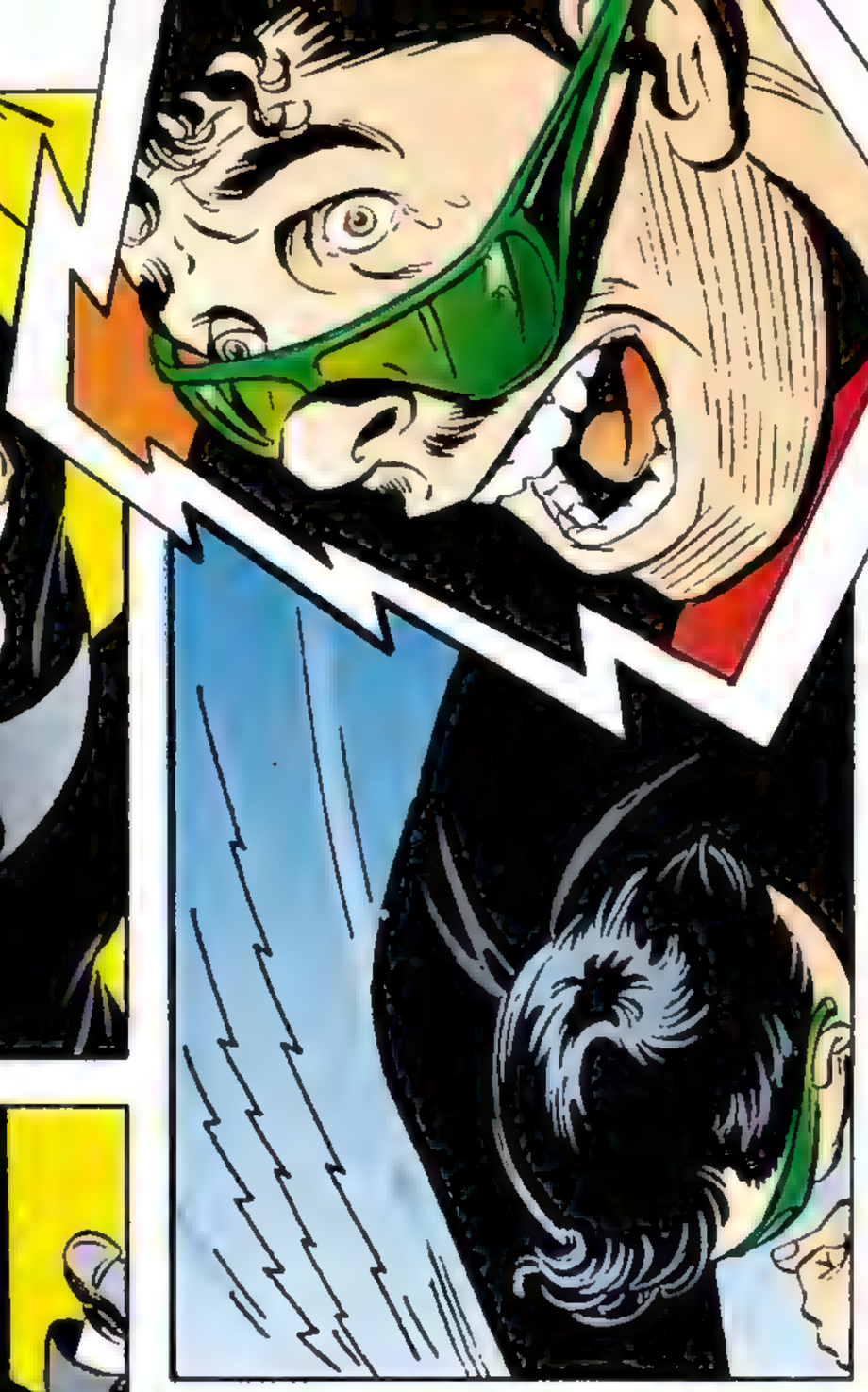

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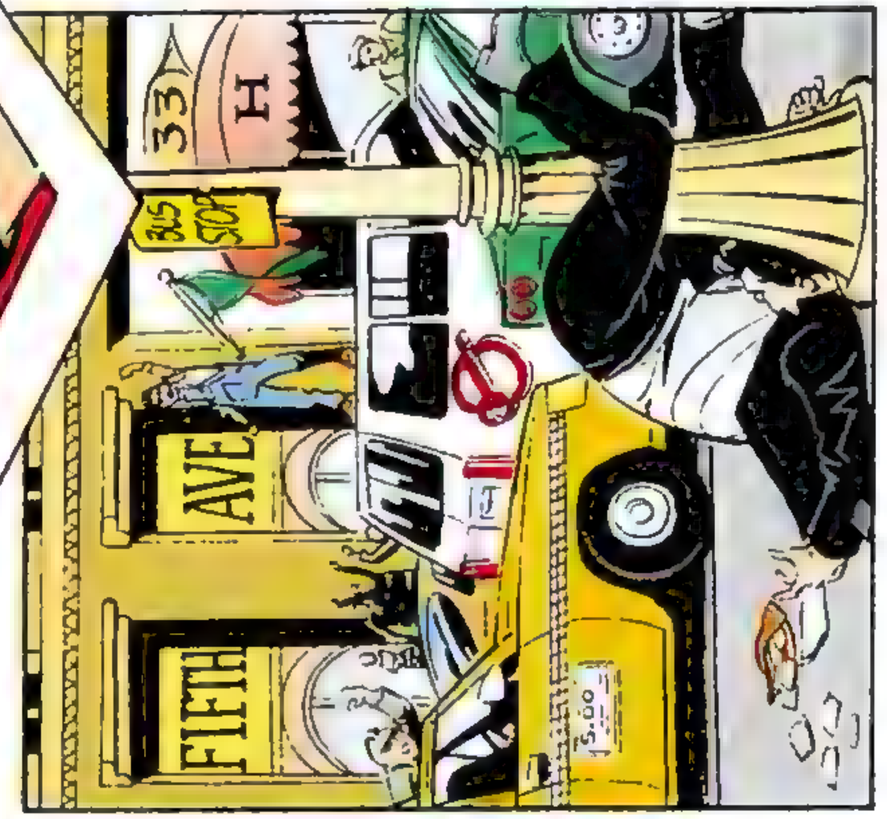
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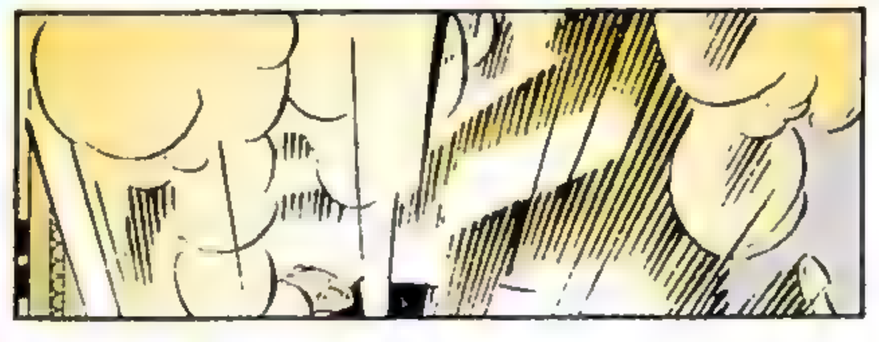
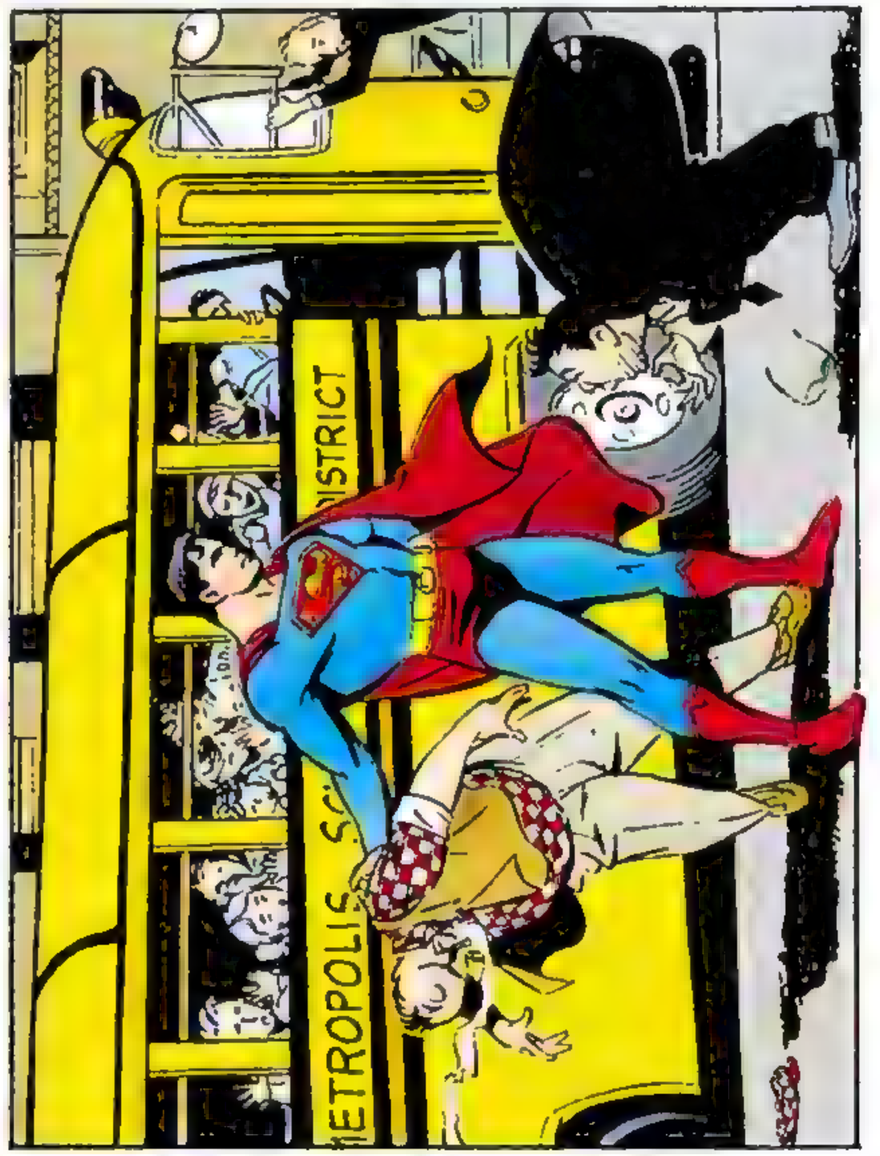
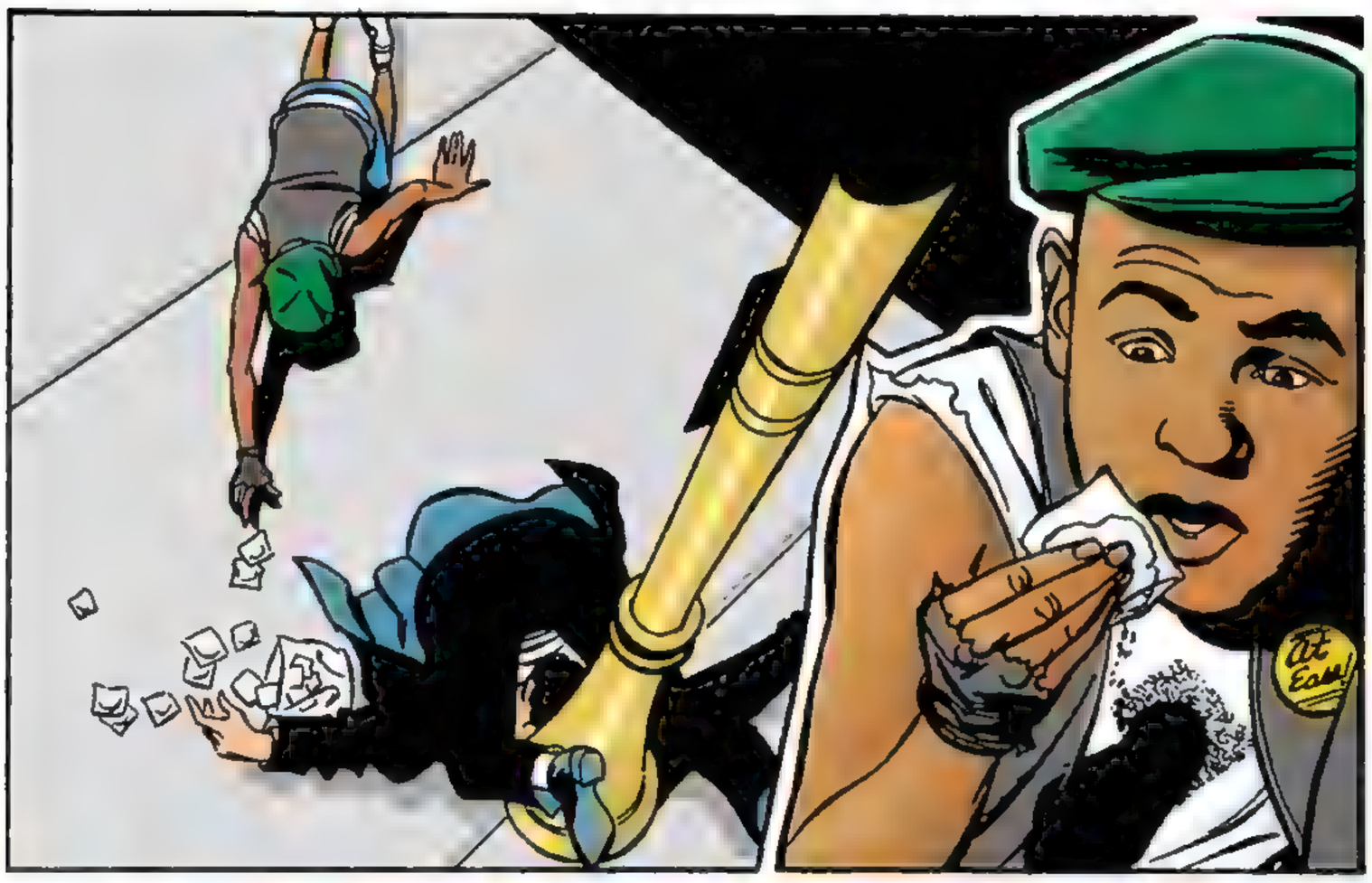
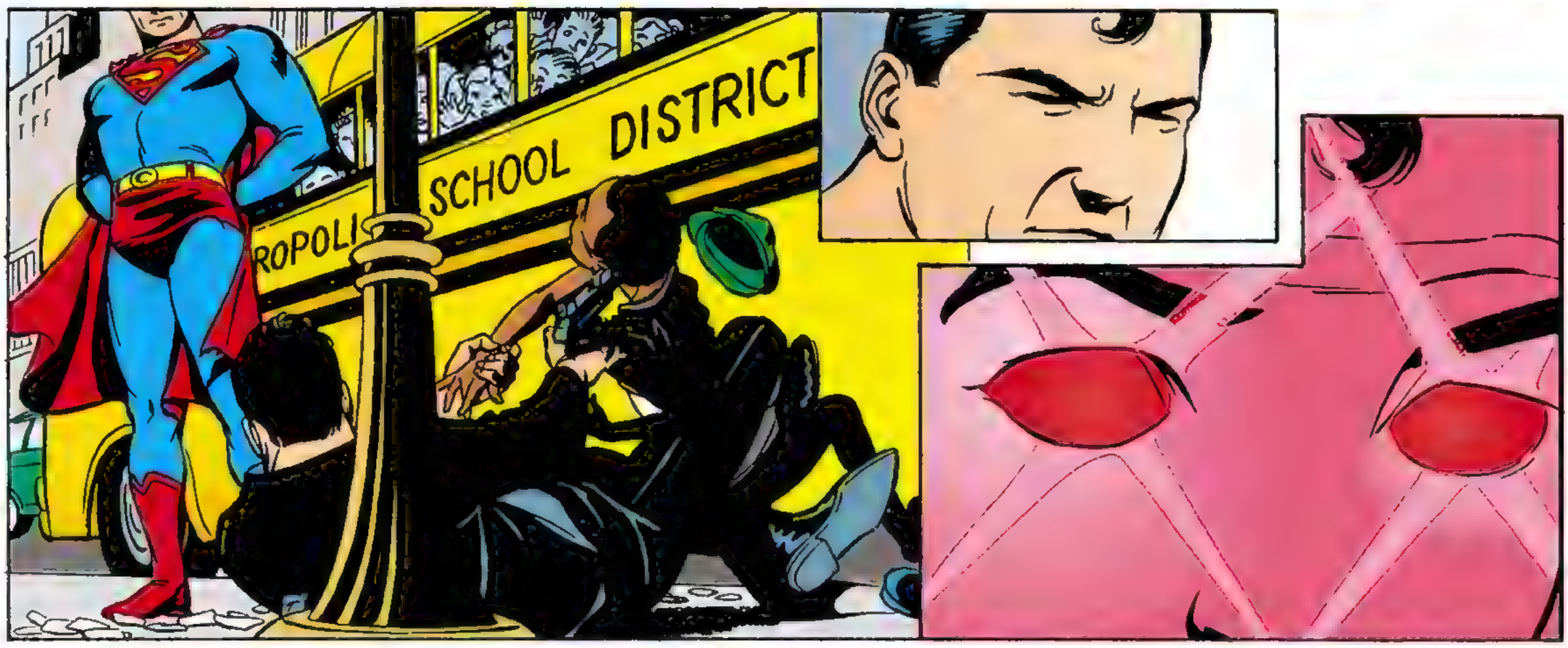
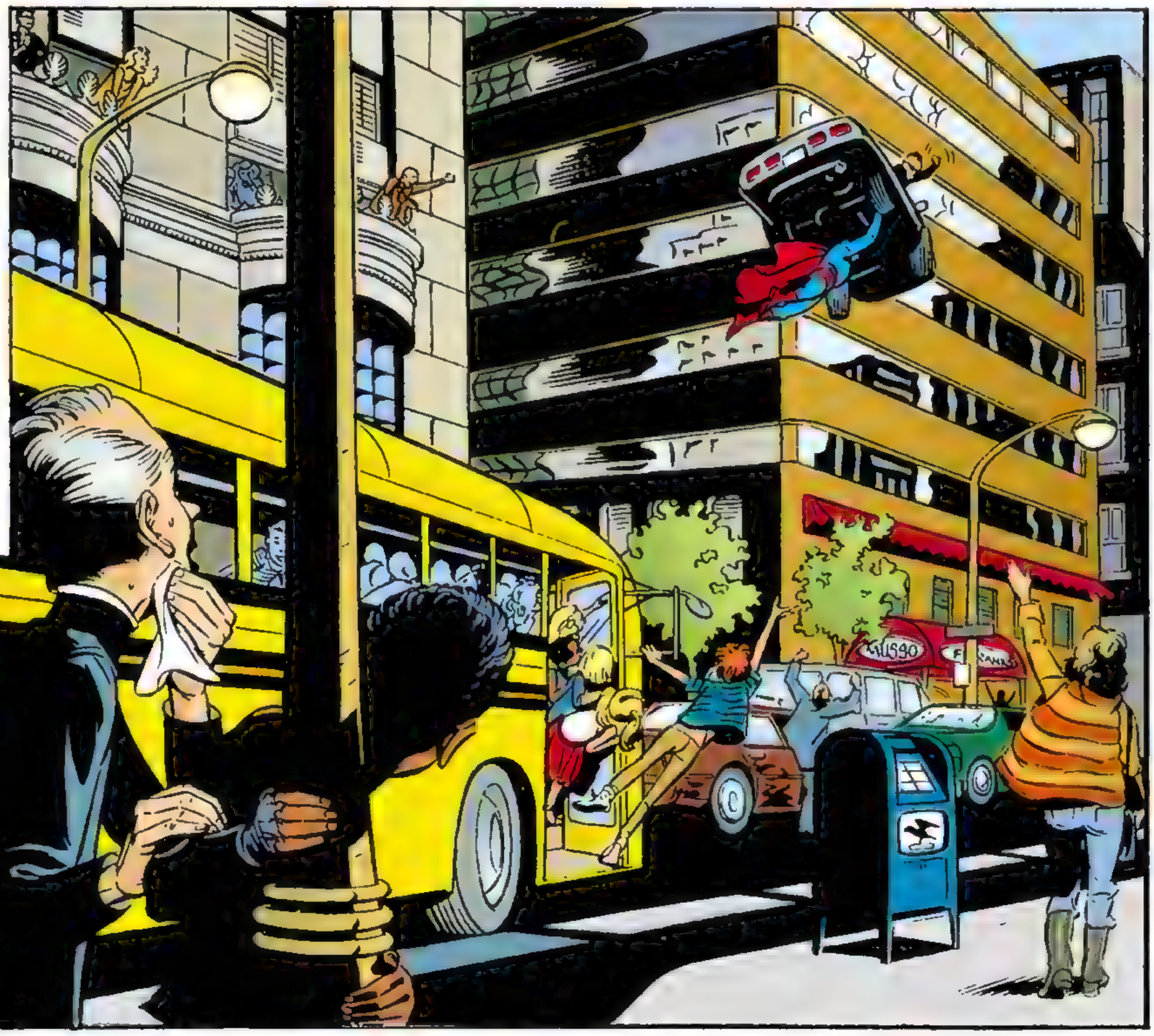
BUS STOP
AVE
FIFTH




METROPOLIS
DISTRICT


At Ease!


SCHOOL DISTRICT



NO PARKING ANYTIME

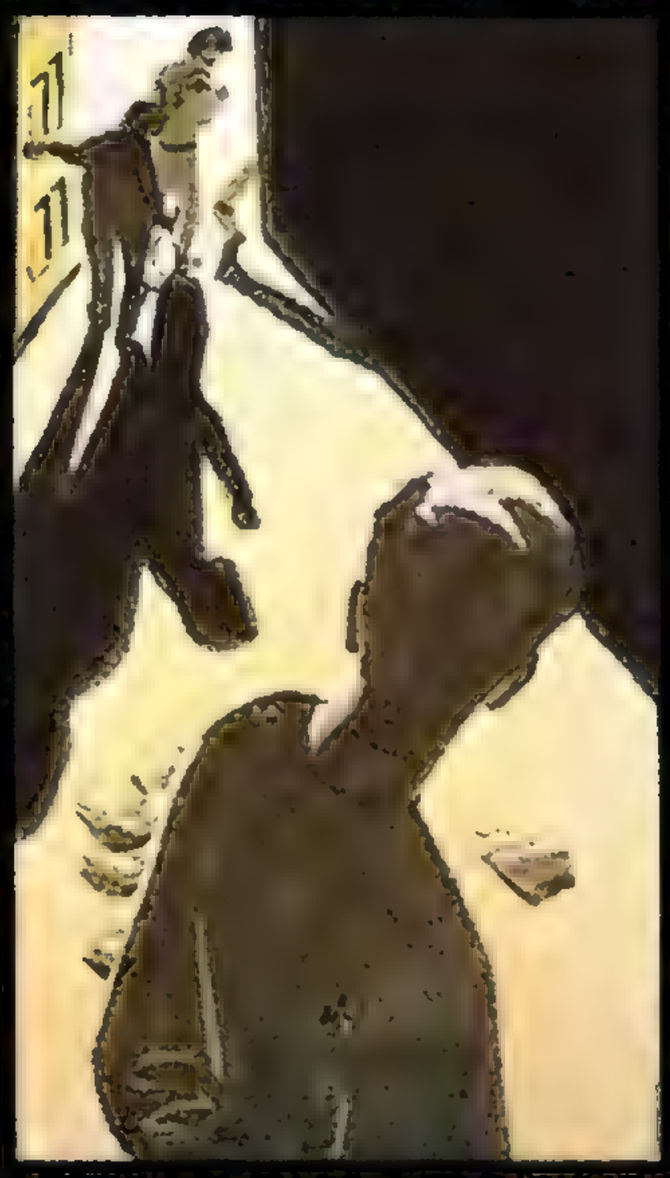
METROPOLIS SPACE POLICE

BAIL BOND

PHILCO DESK SERGEANT

LUTHOR.

METRO SECURITY
NIGHT COLLECTION



WELCOME TO
ORPHANAGE
EVENING, KENT.
UH, GOOD MORNING, MR. WAYNE...
SO IT IS. AH, THE PRECISE MIND OF THE TRAINED JOURNALIST.
NO BIG DEAL... JUST LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, I GUESS.
NATURALLY. ANYWAY, STILL PEOPLE I HAVE TO SWING BY. 'NIGHT, KENT.
MM... BETTER BE TAKING OFF MYSELF. 'DAY, MR. WAYNE.
BRUCE! CLARK! ONE MOMENT!
REVEREND FULBRIGHT AND I ARE SO GLAD YOU COULD BOTH BE HERE! YOUR GOOD WORKS ARE SUCH A FINE EXAMPLE TO OUR CHILDREN AND--
DON'T MENTION IT, MONKS.
MY PLEASURE, REVEREND. ANYTHING TO, UH, HELP...
GIMME THAT, MR. PENNYWORTH. YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE HELP TONIGHT!
THANK YOU, MISS LANE. AWFULLY HARD TO FORGET ONE'S EARLY TRAINING, DON'T Y'KNOW.
...JUST KIDS! THE DAMN JOKER GIVES 'EM A MASK, A GUN AND AN ALIBI AND THEY GIVE HIM HALF...!
NONE OF THEM DARE SQUEAL, SO HE'S LAUGHING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK!
WE'VE GOT LUTHOR'S BUSINESS GRADS RUNNING DRUGS ALL OVER TOWN-- AND HE'S GOT HIS OWN BANK TO PUT THE CASH IN...
TIMES SURE HAVE CHANGED, EH, PERRY?
I DON'T KNOW, JIM. EVEN AS A KID, LUTHOR WAS ALWAYS UP TO SOMETHING...
WHO'RE YOU? YOU FROM METROPOLIS?
YEAH, SUICIDE SLUM. I'M ZACK.

ANNIE. FROM GOTHAM. HI.

HI, WOW, EVERYBODY FAMOUS IS HERE. 'CEPT SUPERMAN.

ISN'T.

AND BATMAN. HE'S THE BEST.

IS TOO.

YEAH, WELL, SUPERMAN SAVED MY LIFE.

WELL, BATMAN SAVED MINE! NOW, SSH...

... HELPING US RESCUE THESE POOR SOULS. THANK YOU ONCE AGAIN.

ALL PART OF THE JOB, REVEREND.

DITTO.

RECKON ALFRED HERE'S MORE OF AN ARISTOCRAT THAN HIS EMPLOYER, EH, CLARK?

REALLY, MISS LANE, I MUST PROTEST. MASTER BRUCE POSSESSES EXCEPTIONAL QUALITIES.

I'LL SAY.

UH, EXCUSE ME, LOIS. MR. PENNYWORTH.

MS. LANE! MR.-- ER...?

THIS IS MY FRIEND, ALFRED PENNYWORTH. SOME PARTY, OLIVER!

THANK YOU, MY DEAR. WE WANTED TO SHOW EVERYONE HOW GRATEFUL WE WERE.

SO EVEN THOUGH LUTHOR BOUGHT THE OLD SUICIDE SLUM ORPHANAGE, FULBRIGHT DIDN'T INVITE HIM TO THE PARTY, EH, KENT?

NOPE. OF COURSE, LUTHOR PRETENDED HE WAS, UH, ALREADY BUSY...

OH, HE'S ALWAYS THAT...

YES, MISS GORDON, I'VE HAD MY HANDS FULL WITH SELLING THE SUICIDE SLUM ORPHANAGE... LEX LUTHOR DRIVES A HARD BARGAIN.

OLIVER'S DONE MOST OF THE WORK HERE SINCE DISPOSING OF THE GOTHAM ORPHANAGE SO INCREDIBLY QUICKLY...

ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING WHAT A DUMP IT WAS, EH, REVEREND FULBRIGHT?

JIMMY!

NO, HE'S *RIGHT*. FUNNY *BUSINESS*, REALLY. ANONYMOUS BUYER, CASH PAYMENT...

THAT'S *GOTHAM CITY* FOR YOU-- ASK NO *QUESTIONS*, HEAR NO *LIES*!

TIME, ADAM!

AND JUST WHAT *DO* YOU DO WITH YOURSELF ALL THE TIME, MR. WAYNE?

I FIND GOTHAM OFFERS MANY *PURSUITS*, MISS LANE.

OR MAY I CALL YOU *LOIS*?

EXCUSE ME, SIR. OUR ATTENTION IS REQUIRED...

ALL *RIIIIIGHT*! IT'S *ADAM*!

SAY, WHO'S THE *FAT* GUY?

REVEREND *OLIVER*. YOU'LL BE IN *BIG* TROUBLE IF HE *HEARS* YOU...

BOYS AND GIRLS... OH, HA HA, I MEAN *LADIES* AND *GENTLEMEN*!

HA HA, *SORRY*-- *OLD HABITS* DIE HARD!

WHETHER YOU'VE TRAVELLED FROM *GOTHAM* OR *METROPOLIS*, OUR THANKS TO YOU *ALL* FOR MEETING AT *MIDWAY* TONIGHT!

BUT SERIOUSLY.

AS I'M SURE YOU ALL *KNOW*, THERE IS *ONE* GENEROUS SOUL WHO *CANNOT* ATTEND THIS SPECIAL NIGHT, BUT *WITHOUT* WHOM NONE OF *US* WOULD BE HERE...

OLIVER?

THANK YOU, ADAM.

DEAR FRIENDS. AS OF *MIDNIGHT*, IT IS *FIFTY YEARS* TO THE DAY THAT METROPOLIS'S *SUICIDE SLUM ORPHANAGE* WAS OPENED BY ADAM'S PREDECESSOR, ITS *FIRST* DIRECTOR, A MOST *REMARKABLE* MAN...

A MAN WHO, THOUGH PUBLICLY *DISGRACED* AND *IMPRISONED* FOR HIS *CRIMES*, WAS FINALLY TO *REPENT* THEM...

A MAN WHOM I CAME TO KNOW *PROFESSIONALLY* AT THE VERY *END* OF HIS LONG LIFE AND WHO IMPRESSED ME *PROFOUNDLY*.

IN *SHORT*, A MAN WHOM I THINK *YOU* SHOULD MEET, *TOO*.

LIGHTS, ADAM.

:GASP!

WH--?

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST! WYLIE...

BYRON WYLIE

MUCH AS I WISH I COULD SEE THE EXPRESSIONS ON YOUR FACES TONIGHT...

...I WISH EVEN MORE THAT ALL OF YOU COULD LOOK INTO MY HEART AND KNOW HOW TRULY SORRY I AM FOR ALL THE WRONG THAT I DID, SO MANY YEARS AGO.

THE CRIMES I COMMITTED CAN NEVER BE ERASED, I KNOW, BUT THE YEARS SPENT IN PRISON HAVE AFFORDED ME AMPLE TIME TO REFLECT UPON THEM.

WHAT'D HE DO, EXACTLY?

EXACTLY THIRTY SIX YEARS FOR RUNNING A KIDDIE CRIME GANG OUT OF HIS ORPHANAGE, THAT'S WHAT!

SSHHH!

...MINISTRATIONS OF REVEREND MONKS, I HAVE FINALLY MADE MY PEACE WITH GOD AND NOW SEEK ONLY TO ATONE FOR MY SINS WITH THE CHILDREN.

:KOFF-KOFF:

HAVING NO HEIRS OF MY OWN, I GIVE THIS HOUSE JOINTLY TO THE ORPHANS OF MY BIRTHPLACE, GOTHAM, AND TO THOSE OF METROPOLIS, WHOSE FOREBEARS I SO GRIEVOUSLY WRONGED...

...WITH THE FOND WISH THAT IN THIS TRANQUIL COUNTRYSIDE, THEY MAY ESCAPE ALL THE CORRUPTING INFLUENCES OF URBAN LIFE.

:KOFF:

MY FINAL WISH IS THAT YOU, THE GENEROUS CITIZENS OF MY BELOVED CITIES, MIGHT LOOK INTO YOUR HEARTS AND GRANT ME FORGIVENESS, AT LAST.

LIGHTS, ADAM...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A *PREMONITION* THAT LED BYRON TO *RECORD* THAT MESSAGE ONLY SHORT HOURS BEFORE HIS FATAL *SEIZURE.*

LET US *PRAY* THAT HE WILL FIND THE *PEACE* HE LONGED FOR, *BEYOND* THE GRAVE.

A-ADAM.

AMEN.

HOW *OLD* WAS HE?

OUR *OBITUARY* PUT HIM AT *SEVENTY-TWO.* HE'D ONLY BEEN *OUT* A FEW *MONTHS.*

WELL, IT'S VERY *LATE*-- OR, I SUPPOSE, VERY *EARLY*-- AND WE KNOW IT'S A LONG WAY *HOME* FOR ALL OF YOU.

THOUGH YOUR JOURNEYS LIE IN *OPPOSITE* DIRECTIONS, WE PRAY THEY MAY BE EQUALLY *SAFE.*

GOD BLESS YOU ALL.

YEAH, WYLIE'S *DAD* BUILT THIS PLACE TO OVERLOOK WHERE THE RAIL-ROADS FROM GOTHAM AND METROPOLIS *MET.*

WYLIE NEVER NEEDED *MONEY.* THE CRIME BINGE WAS JUST SOME *SCHIZOID COMPULSION.*

AH, WELL, *HIS* CASE IS CLOSED FOR *GOOD* NOW...

'NIGHT, PERRY.

TAKE CARE, JIM.

ALFRED.

GOD BLESS.

THE CAR IS OVER HERE, MASTER BRUCE.

GOOD NIGHT, PEOPLE.

SAFE JOURNEY, CLARK, LOIS.

SEE YOU FOLKS.

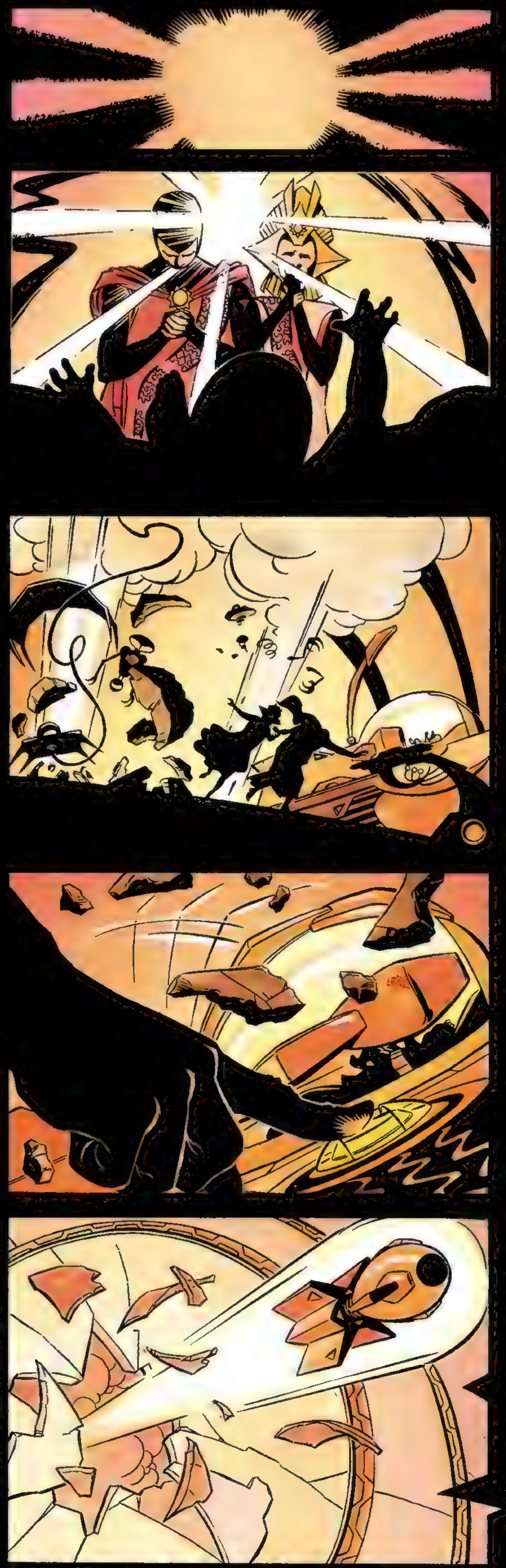
COME ON, JIMMY!

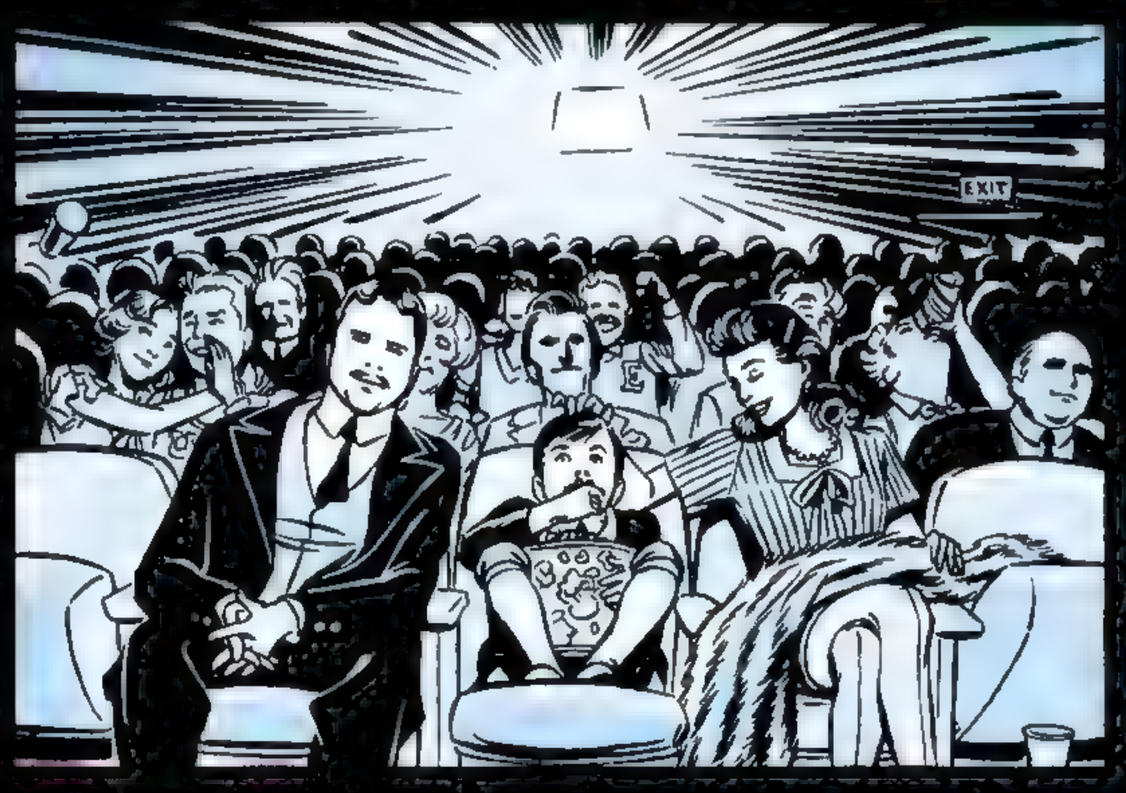
'BYE, BARB.

SWEET DREAMS.

'BYEEEE!

SSHH! YOU'LL WAKE THE *ORPHANS!*




EXIT

ZORRO
TICKETS
25¢
Gotham
THE MARK OF

5:45

...NEEDN'T LOSE ANY SLEEP OVER IT, MASHALL.

ONCE WE'RE ESTABLISHED HERE, LEXCORP WILL BE PERFECTLY PLACED TO TAKE CONTROL OF ALL GOTHAM.

TAP TAP

WHAT?

MR. LUTHOR? WE'RE HERE, SIR.

YES. I AM. CONVINCED ENOUGH TO HUMOR THIS DEMAND FOR A PERSONAL MEETING ON HIS HOME TURF.

I CAN SEE THAT, BOY.

OPEN THE DAMN DOOR.

YES SIR, MR. LUTHOR!

KIND OF A DUMP, SIR.

THE BUILDING DOESN'T MATTER, COSTELLO... IT'S THE LAND I'M INTERESTED IN.

THAT AND MEETING THE MYSTERY MAN WHO GOT MONKS TO SELL OUT BEFORE HEARING OUR OFFER.

HE MUST HAVE QUITE A MIND.

IT'S UNLOCKED, SIR... BUT LOOKS LIKE NO ONE'S HOME.

HIDE AND SEEK, IS IT? HE'LL PAY FOR THIS-- IT ISN'T HOW I'M USED TO DOING BUSINESS AT ALL. STILL...

...WHEN IN GOTHAM... EH, COSTELLO?

YES, SIR, A DIFFERENT WORLD.

BEEP

:PUFF:

THIS IS THE TOP, MR. LUTHOR. IF HE'S NOT UP HERE, WE'VE WASTED OUR TIME.

YOUR TIME DOESN'T MATTER, BOY.

JUST CHECK THIS ROOM OUT LIKE THE REST.

COULD BE A TRICK, SIR.

OR SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A JOKE--

--UH?

EVERYONE'S IDEA OF A JOKER, SURELY.

TUT, TUT! EVEN BED BUGS WOULDN'T BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO GANG UP ON ME!

YOUR SLEEPING PARTNER, RESTED AND READY TO DO BUSINESS!

DUM!

DEE!

NOW WE'RE EVEN... WE CAN RELAX AND HAVE A CHAT!

A CHAT? WITH YOU?

I'M HERE TO BUY THIS PLACE FROM ITS OWNER, WHEREVER THE HELL HE IS--

--NOT CHAT WITH A BUNCH OF CRIMINALS WHO HAVE RUN AWAY FROM THE CIRCUS!

THE ASYLUM, ACTUALLY...

AND AS FOR BUYING THIS INSTITUTION--HOW DOES TEN SOUND TO YOU?

BEEP BEEP BEEP

OF COURSE.

YOU.

FIVE.

HA HA HA HA! YOU *DO* HAVE A SENSE OF *HUMOR*, AFTER ALL!

BEST JOKE I'VE HEARD IN *YEARS*! HA HA HA HA!

YES, *GOTHAM'S* NOT BEEN MUCH *FUN* LATELY... I NEED A *CHANGE OF SCENE*.

THEY SAY *METROPOLIS* IS NICE THIS TIME OF *YEAR*...

METROPOLIS? YOU SET ONE *FOOT* IN *MY* TOWN AND I'LL--

KILL ME? NOT NICE TALK IN AN *ORPHANAGE*, SURELY...

...ESPECIALLY FROM SUCH A FAMOUS *ORPHAN*.

STILL, I BET YOU DIDN'T END UP IN A PLACE LIKE *THIS* WHEN *YOUR* PARENTS DIED... SMART KID LIKE *YOU* WOULD'VE *SEEN* TO THAT.

SAY! WHAT A *SCAM* FOR AN *AMBITIOUS* BOY! *INSURE* YOUR *PARENTS* --THEN *KILL* THEM!

NO...! YOU WOULDN'T... *WOULD* YOU, LEX?

YOUR--YOUR *MIND'S* FINALLY *GONE*, FOOL! THAT'S THE MOST *SLANDEROUS*, *NONSENSICAL*--

THEN *FORGET* IT! DON'T LET'S *FALL OUT* OVER A *SICK JOKE*, LEX...

LEX MAKE A *DEAL*, INSTEAD! THAT'S WHY WE'RE *HERE*!

THIS *DESIRABLE* RESIDENCE CAN BE ALL *YOURS* FOR THE *SILLY* PRICE OF ONLY *FIVE* MILLION... *PLUS*--

--A TWO MONTH *VACATION* FOR ME AND MY BOYS IN SUNNY *METROPOLIS*! DEAL?

VACATION...?

YES, YOU KNOW! VACATION! SEE THE SIGHTS, HAVE SOME FUN, PICK UP A FEW SOUVENIRS FROM THE NATIVES...

WE'D NEED DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, OF COURSE, AND A GUARANTEE OF SAFE PASSAGE FROM ITS KING.

WHAT SAY, SIRE?

I'VE ALREADY SAID FIVE MILLION, FOOL.

AND YOU CAN TAKE YOUR VACATION WHERE YOU WISH...

...BUT YOU MIGHT FIND METROPOLIS GETS VERY BAD FOR YOUR HEALTH AFTER ONE MONTH. MESSAGE RECEIVED?

LOUD AND CLEAR! ONE MONTH IT IS! SHAKE ON IT, OL' PAL!

I'M NO PAL OF YOURS, CLOWN. AS FOR SHAKING HANDS...

...WE'VE NEVER EVEN MET.

MR. LUTHOR'S ASSOCIATES WILL FIX EVERYTHING.

HA.

HA. HA.

HA! HA! HA!

I'LL GIVE THEM A BUZZ INSTEAD, THEN.

HAHAHAHA HA

COME, DUM! COME, DEE! VACATION TIME! FRESH AIR, SUNSHINE, SUCKERS-- FUN! FUN! FUN!

CASES TO PACK! MUSTN'T FORGET ANYTHING... CAMERA, AND SURFBOARD, AND SUNGLASSES, AND BAGGIES, AND...?

HA HA HA HA HA! OF COURSE! SUN TAN OIL! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

LOOK OUT, METROPOLIS --HERE WE COME!

W-WAS THAT WISE, SIR? DOING BUSINESS WITH A KNOWN CRIMINAL?

Y-YES SIR, MR. LUTHOR. U-UNDERSTOOD, SIR.

MARSHALL? IT'S OURS.

PUT THE WHEELS IN MOTION.

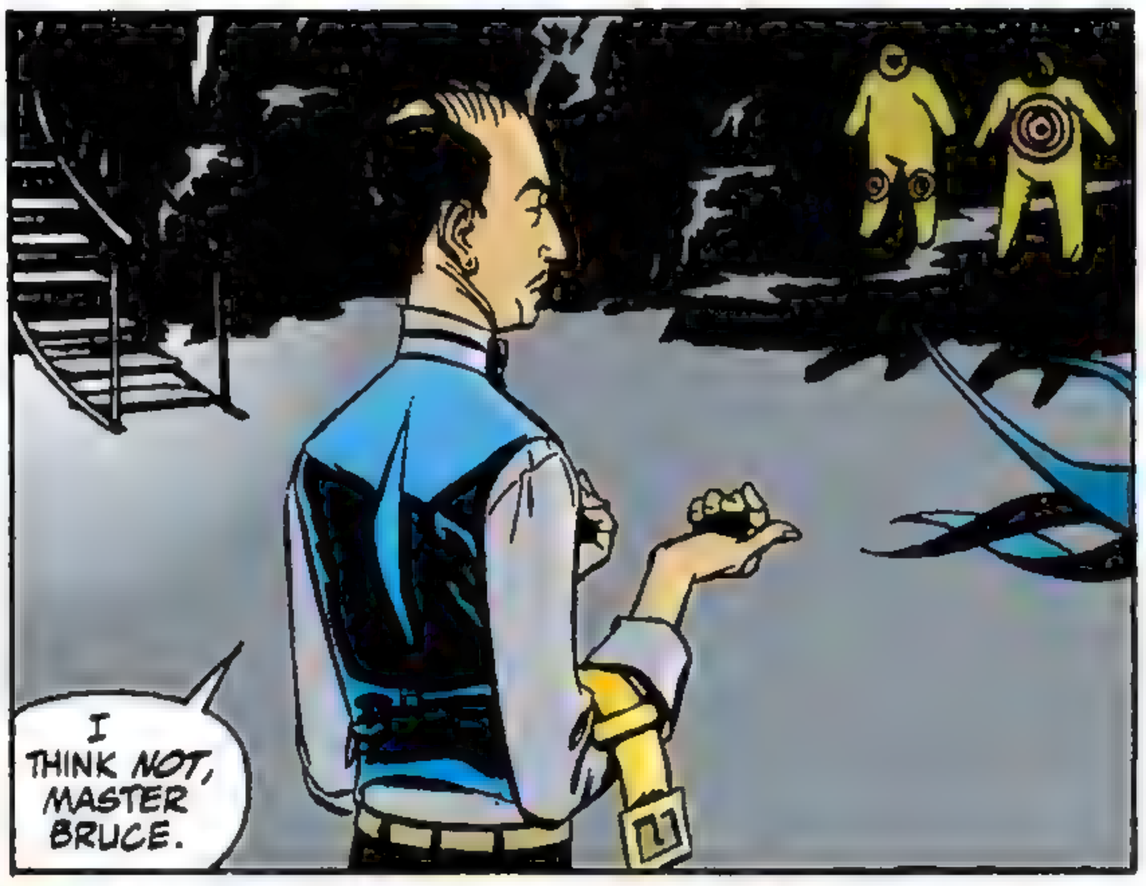
WE WALKED INTO A BUILDING AND OUT AGAIN, THAT'S ALL. WHO'D BELIEVE A MADMAN, WITHOUT EVIDENCE?

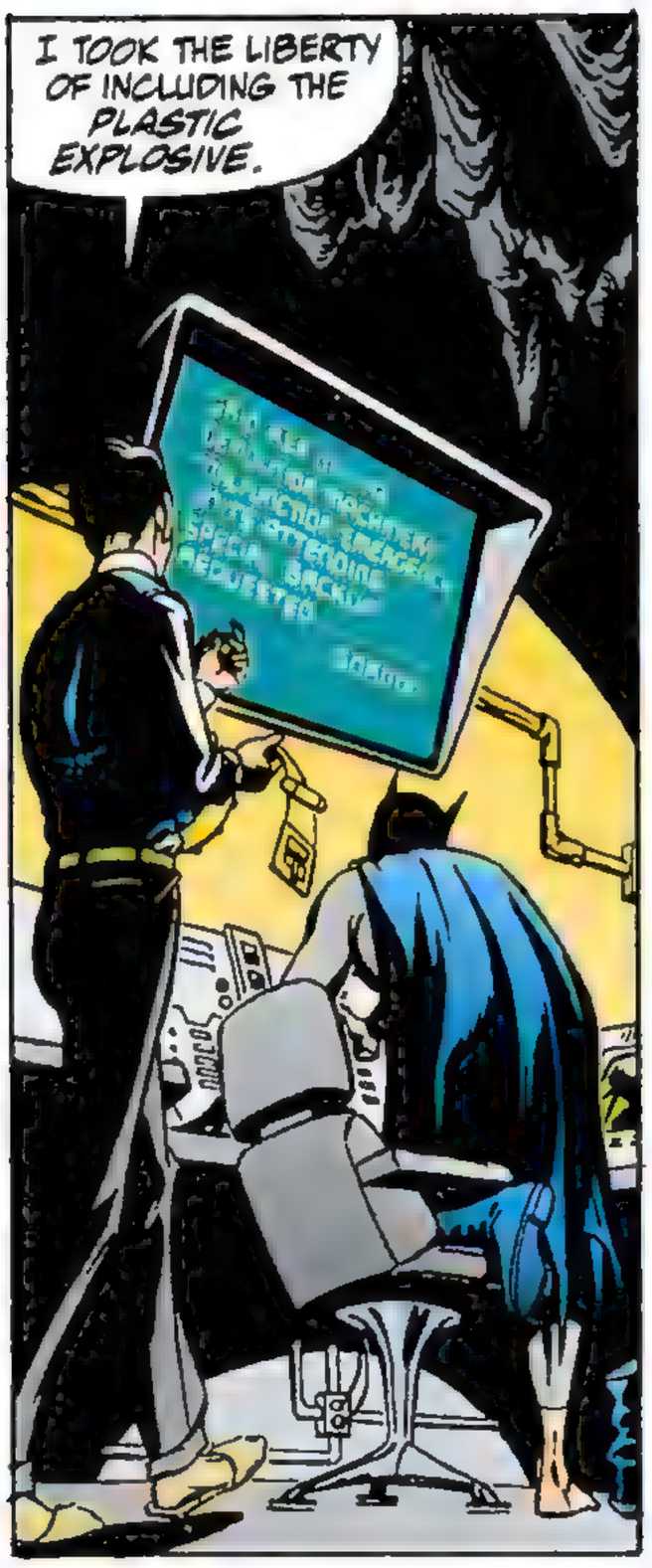
I PAY OTHER PEOPLE TO GET THEIR HANDS DIRTY ...AND OTHERS TO MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS.

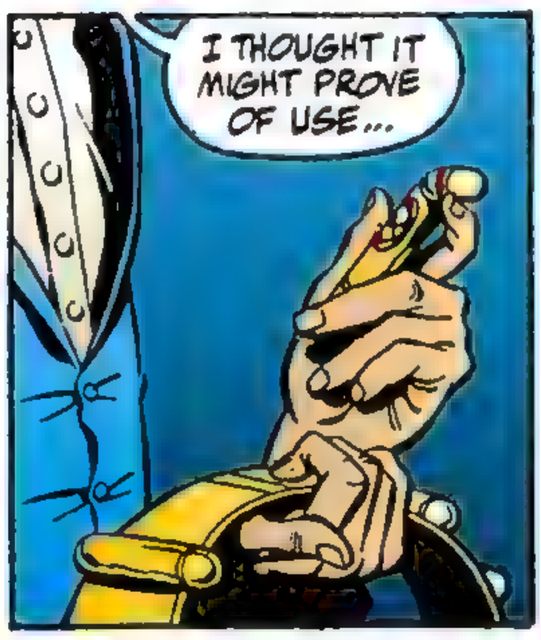
SO, NEVER QUESTION ME AGAIN. UNDERSTAND, BOY?

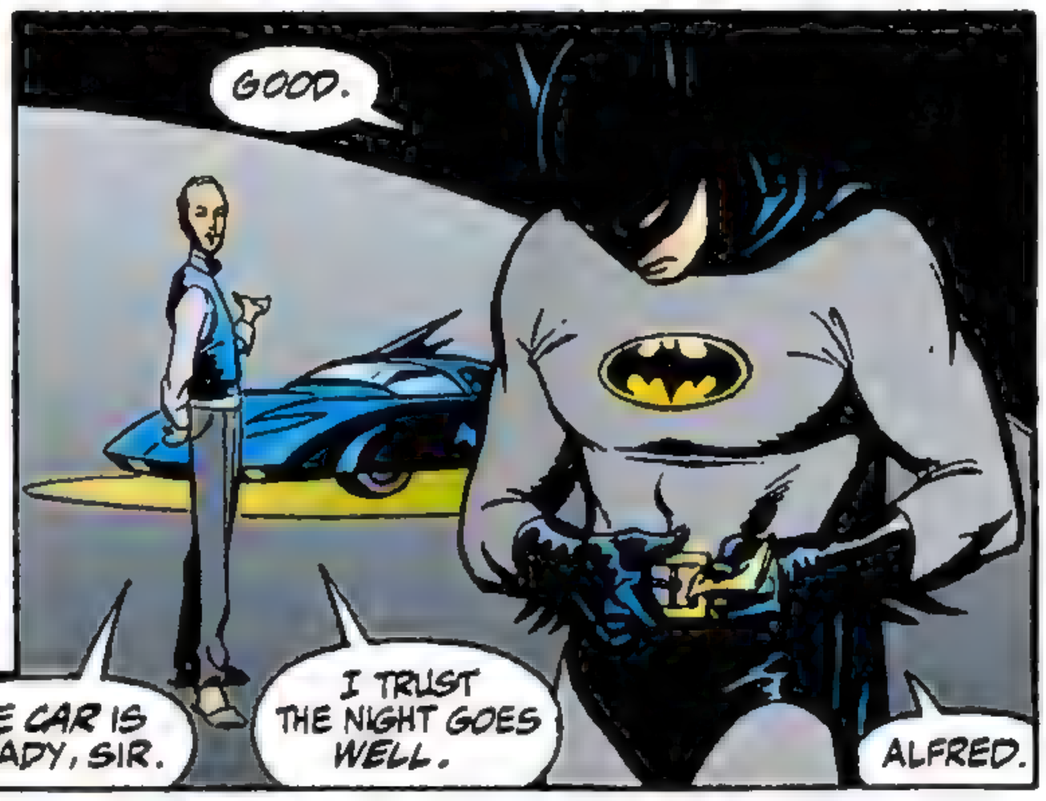
TAKE
VITALS

JOKER?

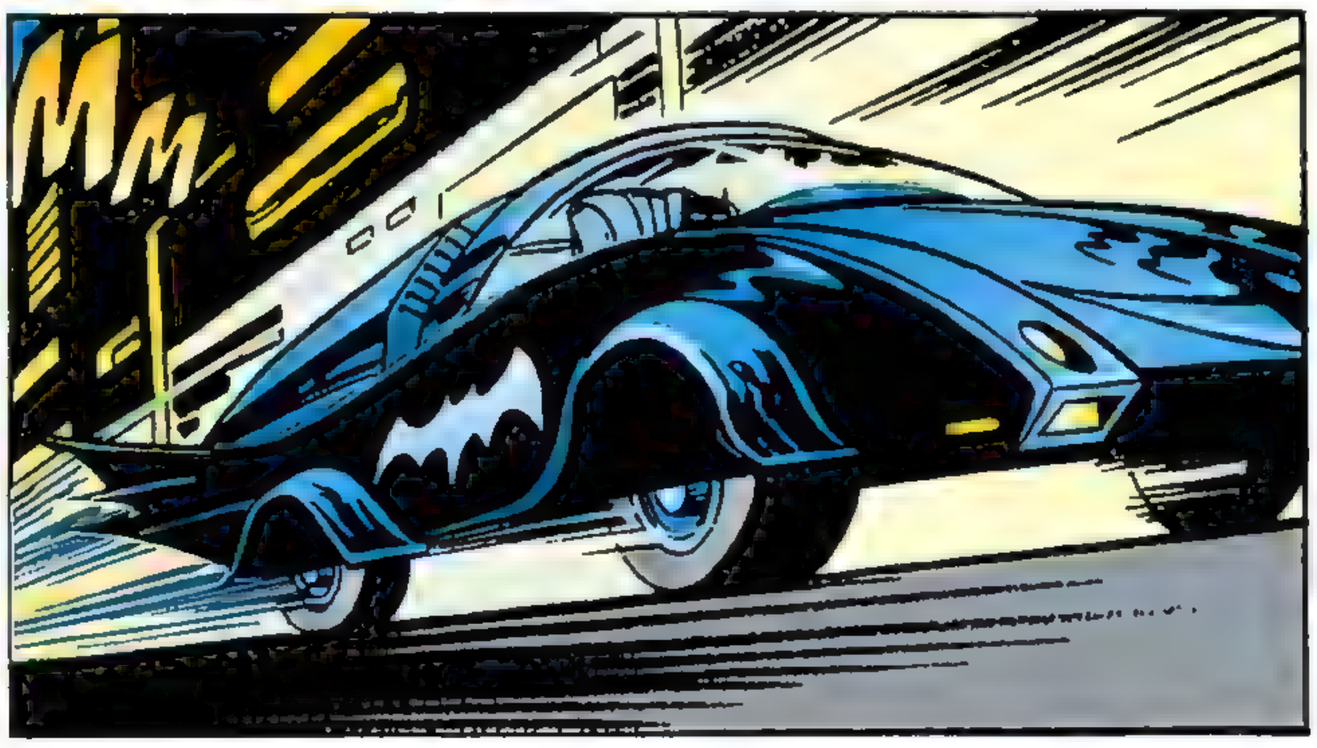

I THINK NOT, MASTER BRUCE.


I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF INCLUDING THE PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE.


I THOUGHT IT MIGHT PROVE OF USE...


GOOD.
THE CAR IS READY, SIR.
I TRUST THE NIGHT GOES WELL.
ALFRED.

VROOO


MM

...SAYS SOMETHING'S FRITZED THE COMPUTERIZED COMMAND SYSTEM!

WELL, JUST TURN THE DAMN THING OFF!

N-NO CAN DO!

IT'S BASED ON A COMBAT PROTOTYPE--

PARKING

GOTHAM FIRE DEPARTMENT 625

2034

GOTHAM FIRE DEPT

PARAMEDICS

GOT POLI

--ONLY THE B-BOSS HAS THE ABORT CODE!

THEN WHERE THE HELL IS HE?

I--I DON'T KNOW! BEEN TRYING TO RAISE HIM--B-BUT NO LUCK!

ANY OTHER WAY TO STOP IT?

GOTHAM

BANNON

N-NOT SHORT OF BLOWING ITS HEAD OFF! EVEN IF WE COULD DO IT, I C-COULDN'T AUTHORIZE THAT! THE BOSS'D HAVE MY HEAD, TOO!

IF THAT THING REACHES THE PAINT FACTORY, THE WHOLE BLOCK'LL BE BLOWN OFF THE MAP!

YOU WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO FIND YOUR HEAD!

I'LL DEAL.

EVACUATE THE AREA.

GORDON! STOP HIM!

GOT A BETTER IDEA?

PULL OUT! PULL OUT!

CLEAR THE STREET!

GET THOSE PEOPLE BACK!

FIRE

:NNF:

CLORP

DIGITAL TIMER
00:30
ON
SET

WHAT--?

A SEWER MUST'VE CAVED IN! HE BETTER GET--

WHO THE HELL? I SAID SEAL THE AREA OFF!

IT--IT'S HIM! THANK GOD!

DIGITAL TIMER
00:09

THE DAMN THING'S STOPPED! BUT LOOK--!

00:01

!GNN!

LL8

...AND TO ADD *INSULT* TO INJURY, HE PUTS A DENT IN MY *LIMOUSINE!*

I *TELL* YOU, COMMISSIONER, WHEN I'M PROPERLY *ESTABLISHED* IN THIS CITY, I'LL *PERSONALLY* SEE TO IT--

--THAT *VIGILANTES* LIKE HIM ARE *SHOT ON SIGHT!*

LUTHOR.

...AND NEWS JUST COMING IN OF A ROBBERY IN PROGRESS AT METROPOLIS'S HOUSE OF CARDS SPECIALTY STORE ON FIFTH AND FIFTY-THIRD...

DAILY PLANET

PERRY WHITE EDITOR

...POLICE REPORT TRAFFIC CHAOS FOR BLOCKS AND ADVISE ALL CITIZENS TO AVOID THE AREA.

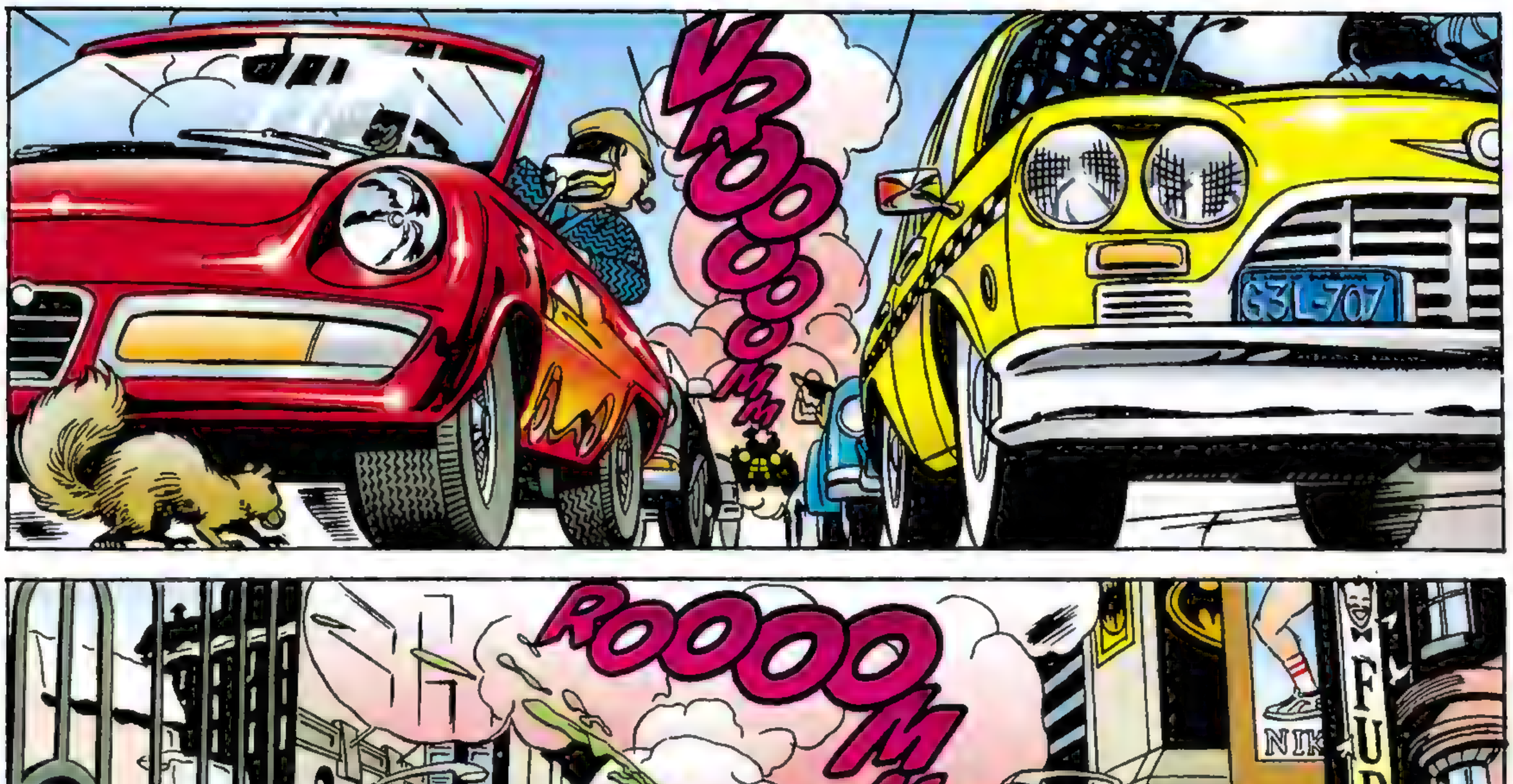
LUTHOR?

HARDLY HIS STYLE, CLARK.

BACK IN A MINUTE, LOIS.

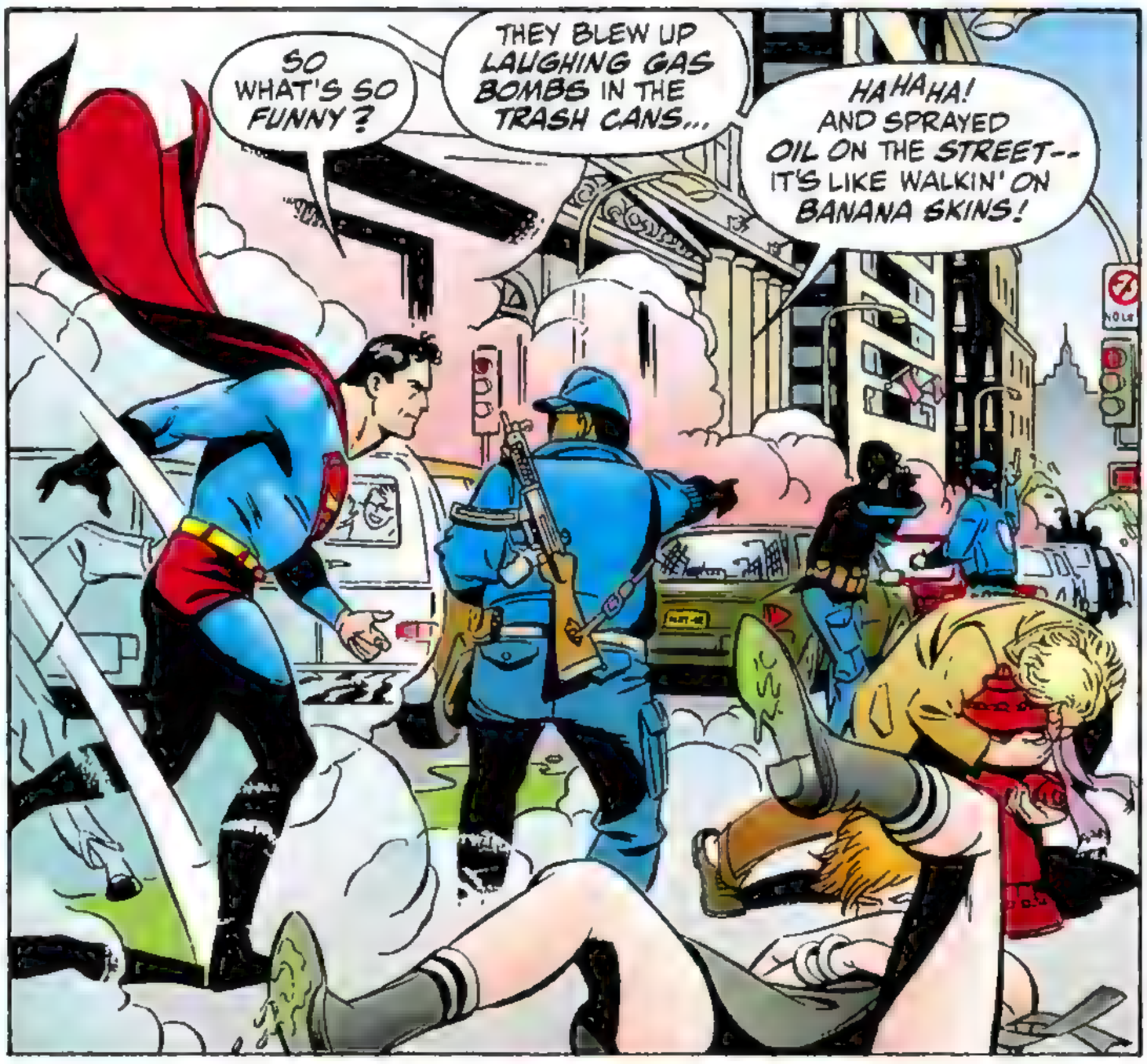
PLASTER

CAULKER


KBOOOOM
G3L-707

ROOOMM
303
JOE'S
FURS
TAXI

WHAT HAPPENED?
EVERYONE THOUGHT IT WAS STREET THEATER OR SOME KINDA ZANY ADVERTISING STUNT...
...TILL THE SHOOTING STARTED! HAHAHA!
303


SO WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
THEY BLEW UP LAUGHING GAS BOMBS IN THE TRASH CANS...
HAHAHA! AND SPRAYED OIL ON THE STREET-- IT'S LIKE WALKIN' ON BANANA SKINS!

HAHAHA! HAHAHA! THEY GOT... HAHAHA... AWAY WITH ANTIQUE PLAYING CARDS, WORTH A SMALL--

;OOOFF!;

LEAVE IT TO ME, OFFICER.

HOUSE OF CARDS

SKRUNCH

CRANK CRANK CRANK CRANK

THANKS, SUPERMAN! WE'LL HELP THE INJURED!

306

308

YOU GET THOSE GOONS!

LOON

LOON

IT'S A BOMB!

GET DOWN!

RITZ 1034

THEY WENT DOWN THE HO-OLE...

METROPOLIS WATER WORKS

SPLAT

SPRAANG

BEWARE: BOOBY TRAPS (REAL BOMBS)!!!

DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? PEOPLE HAVE BEEN INJURED!

IT'S NOT FUNNY!

WHA--?

HA HA HA

I FELT FOOLISH, JIM.

ALL THAT EFFORT TO ACHIEVE NOTHING.

DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF, FRIEND.

IT WAS SHEER LUCK THAT GAVE LUTHOR TIME TO SWITCH HIS JUGGERNAUT OFF.

LUCK? I WAS LIKE A PIECE IN A GAME...

YOU COULD BE RIGHT... IT WAS SOME SHOW OF FORCE.

AND LEXCORP JUST BOUGHT OUT THE LANDLORD OF THE DAMAGED BUILDING WITH MORE MONEY THAN HE'S EVER SEEN...

AT THIS RATE, LUTHOR WILL OWN THE WHOLE BLOCK BY THE END OF THIS WEEK.

THEN THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD AND, PRETTY SOON, THE WHOLE CITY.

HE ALREADY HAS METROPOLIS IN HIS POCKET, AND NOW HE WANTS US.

WE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN, JIM.

GOTHAM IS OUR HOME -- NOT LUTHOR'S NEW MONOPOLY BOARD!

PPP!

AGREED. BUT, GAME OR NOT, WE STILL HAVE TO PLAY BY THE RULES...

AH, WELL. IT RAINS ALL OVER. SEEMS EVEN LUTHOR COULDN'T KEEP THE JOKER OUT OF METROPOLIS.

I HEAR HE'S THERE RUNNING RINGS 'ROUND YOUR FRIEND SUPERMAN...

SUPERMAN? WE'RE HARDLY FRIENDS. BUT, PERHAPS...

...WE MIGHT BE ALLIES.

DAILY PLANET

I FELT *POWERLESS*, PERRY.

STANDING THERE WITH *PIE* IN MY FACE AND EVERY-BODY *LAUGHING* AT ME.

THE *JOKER* WOULD LAUGH AT HIS *PARENTS' FUNERAL*, SUPERMAN -- AS FOR THE *REST*, WELL, THERE *WAS* ALL THAT *LAUGHING GAS*.

VERY *KIND*, PERRY, BUT IT WASN'T *ONLY* THE GAS...

NO. JUST FOR A *MOMENT*, METROPOLIS WAS AS LAWLESS AS *GOTHAM*.

AND HAVING TO LET THAT *MANIAC* GO, BECAUSE OF A *LOOPHOLE* IN HIS LAST *COMMITTAL PAPERS*, WAS THE *FINAL STRAW*.

YEAH. I GUESS BEING IN *PUBLIC VIEW* GIVES HIM THE *PERFECT ALIBI* FOR *THIS* ROBBERY.

SO UNTIL HE *BREAKS* THE LAW, NOBODY CAN DO A DAMN *THING* ABOUT HIM.

NOT *LEGALLY*. BUT IT'S *ODD* THAT *LUTHOR* SEEMS TO BE TURN-ING A *BLIND EYE*, TOO...

HMM. GUESS HE'S *BUSY* WITH HIS NEW INTER-ESTS IN *GOTHAM*.

HEARD ON THE *WIRE* THAT THEIR *BATMAN* NEARLY GOT HIMSELF *KILLED* AT LEXCORP'S *DEVELOP-MENT* DOWN THERE.

HOPE HE'S *OKAY*. I DON'T APPROVE OF HIS *TACTICS*, BUT, AGAINST *LUTHOR* AND THE *JOKER*...

...WE'RE ON THE SAME *SIDE*.

HELLO? GOTHAM PLAZA HOTEL? GIVE ME MR. LUTHOR...

PENTHOUSE SUITE? REALLY? SAY IT'S A *FRIEND* CALLING FROM *OUT OF TOWN!* HA HA HA HA HA!

LEX!!

WHAT--? OH, HE *IS*, IS HE?

A *MESSAGE*? YES, JUST TELL HIM I'M HAVING A *FUN* VACATION IN SUNNY *METROPOLIS*...

Interim:

MY *NAME*? IT'S *KERR*--

--BUT MY *FRIENDS* CALL ME *JOE!*

TA TA!

BOGUS DUDE

IT'S *FAR* TOO NICE TO BE SITTING *INDOORS* PLAYING *CARDS!*

COME, DEE, DUM. LET'S GO FOR A *STROLL!*

TOO MUCH LIKE *ARKHAM*...

...AND BESIDES, I *DON'T* WANT MY *TAN* TO FADE.

I KNOW -- *SIGHT-SEEING!* THERE ARE SOME VERY *PICTURESQUE* LEXCORP INSTALLATIONS DOWNTOWN...

WE'LL BEAT THE *CROWDS* TO THEM! AFTER ALL, THEY'LL *SOON* BE THE FAMOUS *RUINS* OF A *BYGONE AGE*...

...THE *GLORY* THAT WAS *LUTHOR!* HA HA HA HA HA HA!

METROPOLIS IN A DAY

PERSONAL - NOT SANCT

KAUNA

HA HA. JOE KERR. VERY AMUSING.

FOR HIS INDISCRETION ALONE, THAT FOOL DESERVES EVERY-THING HE'S GOT COMING.

STILL, LET HIM TAKE A FEW NIBBLES AT OUR APPLE...

...WHILE WE'RE TURNING HIS JUNGLE INTO OUR ORCHARD.

EVERYTHING TIDY DOWN AT THE ORPHANAGE, MARSHALL?

YES, SIR. GOTHAM PAINT IS ABOUT READY TO SELL UP...

...AFTER COSTELLO CONVINCED THEM WHAT A DANGEROUS BUSINESS THEY WERE IN.

HE'S VISITING THE OTHER LANDLORDS ON THE BLOCK TO--ER, MAKE THEM OFFERS, TOO.

LEXCORP HAS GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO SETTLE HIS DAUGHTER'S MEDICAL BILLS IF HE RESIGNS QUIETLY.

THE EVIDENCE SHOWS THAT THE RUNAWAY AND FAILURE TO ALERT YOU WAS ALL HIS FAULT. THE STRAIN OF SERIOUS ILLNESS IN HIS FAMILY...

AND KENDRICK?

MEDIA COMMENT?

EVEN BETTER THAN WE PAID FOR, SIR. OUR PERFECTLY TIMED SEWER COLLAPSE WAS "A LUCKY ACCIDENT..."

YOUR DRAMATIC ARRIVAL WITH THE REMOTE DISARM DEVICE WAS "AN ACT OF SELFLESS HEROISM...WHILST CONSCIENTIOUSLY CHECKING THE PROGRESS OF WORK..."

AND--YOU'LL LOVE THIS--BATMAN'S UNSCHEDULED INTERFER-ENCE WAS "RECKLESS AND UNNEC-ESSARY..."!

I'D SAY THE NIGHT WENT WELL.

THANK YOU, MARSHALL. ON YOUR WAY OUT, HAVE THE SWITCH-BOARD HOLD MY CALLS...

...I'LL BE BUSY HERE FOR QUITE SOME TIME.

LEXCORP

POLICE

AGE 14

JONATHAN
CLAY DINOSAURS
AGE 17

...VERY GLAD THAT MOST OF YOU COULD RETURN HERE FOR OUR OPEN DAY.

Rebecca
AGE 13

LATER, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SEE THE FINE EXHIBITION THAT THE CHILDREN HAVE MOUNTED...

SCOTT
AGE 6

AMY
AGE 5

...AND INDEED MEET SOME OF THE CHILDREN THEMSELVES.

IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS, I--AND ADAM -- WILL BE HAPPY TO ANSWER THEM AFTER LUNCH.

AND NOW-- ENJOY!

...THE CHILDREN ARE MIXING VERY WELL. OLIVER HAS A SPECIAL ENCOUNTER GROUP FOR THE MORE ANTI-SOCIAL ELEMENTS...

...ALL IN ALL, IT'S MOST ENCOURAGING.

YES. I'M AFRAID LUTHOR'S COLLECTION OF TITLE DEEDS IS GETTING BIGGER EVERY DAY.

HAVE THEY PINNED ANYTHING ON THE JOKER YET, PERRY?

NO, JIM. BUT HIS ANTICS MAKE BEST-SELLING COPY FOR THE PLANET... I'M ASHAMED TO SAY.

ALL METROPOLIS SHOULD BE ASHAMED! A LUNATIC LIKE THAT OUGHT TO BE LOCKED AWAY IN A STRAIT JACKET--

--NOT BE ALLOWED TO PARADE IN PUBLIC!

MISTER WAYNE!

MISTER WAYNE. YOU'VE MET BATMAN...

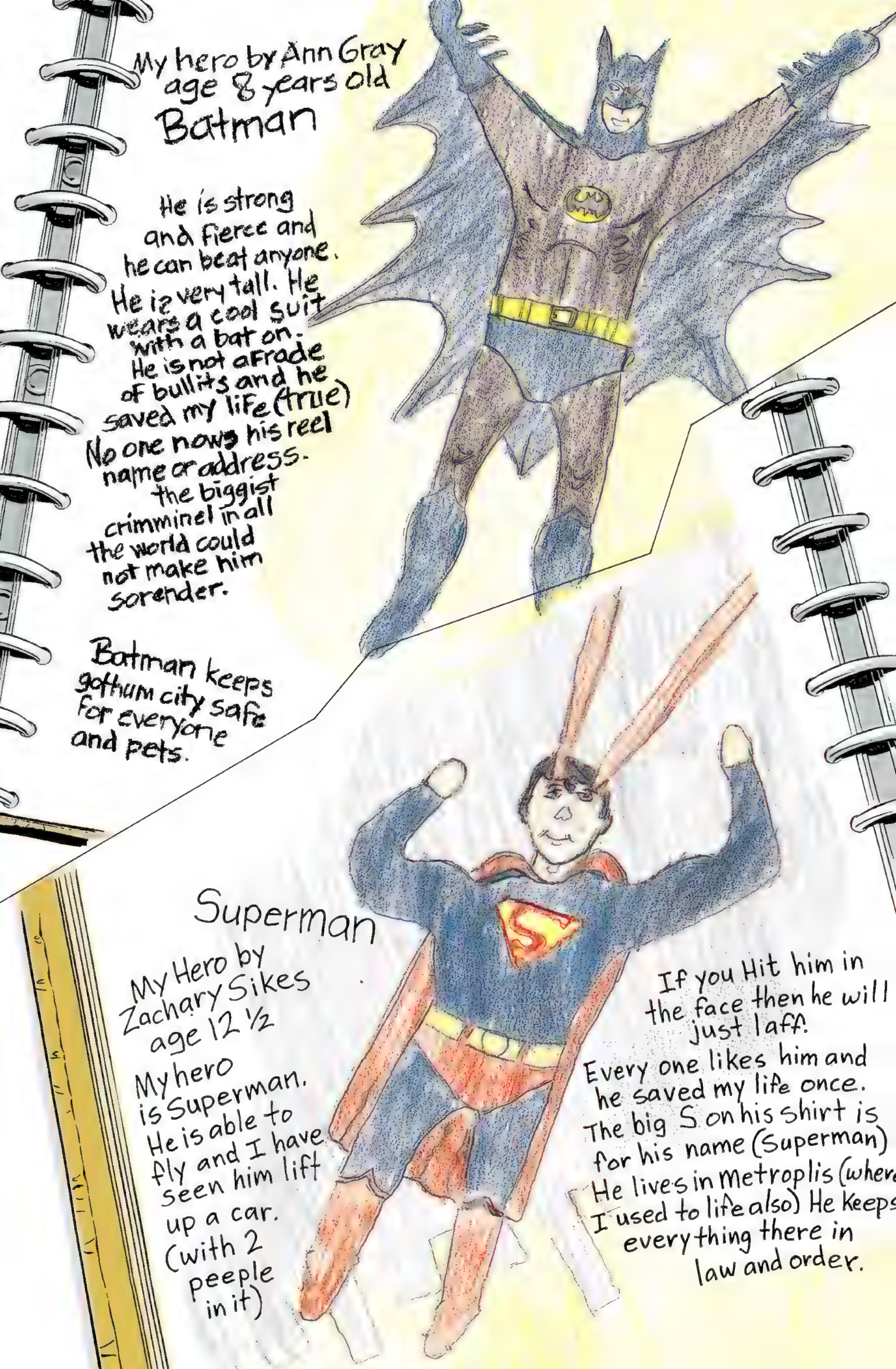
WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'D MAKE OF THESE?

Amy's Scrapbook

MY Hero
Batman
M

My hero by Ann Gray age 8 years old

Batman



He is strong and fierce and he can beat anyone. He is very tall. He wears a cool suit with a bat on. He is not afrade of bullits and he saved my life (true) No one nows his reel name or address. the biggist crimminel in all the world could not make him sorender.

Batman keeps gotham city safe for everyone and pets.

Superman

My Hero by Zachary Sikes age 12 ½

My hero is Superman. He is able to fly and I have seen him lift up a car. (with 2 peeple in it)

If you Hit him in the face then he will just laff. Every one likes him and he saved my life once. The big S on his shirt is for his name (Superman) He lives in Metroplis (where I used to life also) He keeps every thing there in law and order.

I GUESS EVEN THE DREAMS OF *CHILDREN* AREN'T SAFE *THESE* DAYS, EH, MR. KENT?

ALFRED! HOW'S IT *GOING?*

WELL, APART FROM THIS DREADFUL *LUTHOR* BUSINESS, QUITE *WELL*, THANK YOU, MISS LANE.

I UNDERSTAND LIFE IN *YOUR* FAIR CITY HAS ALSO BEEN FAR FROM *HARMONIOUS.*

STRICTLY *LOONEY TOONS*, ALFRED! WHY, ONLY THE *OTHER DAY*--

ALFRED, COME WITH ME.

EXCUSE US, MISS LANE.

EVERYTHING OKAY, LOIS?

SURE. JUST WONDERING WHY ALL THE *REALLY* RICH MEN ARE EITHER *BALD* OR *SONS OF*--

I LOVE YOU

--OR IN *LUTHOR'S* CASE, *BOTH!*

RIIIGHT! GIVE ME A MAN WITH A *SENSE OF HUMOR* ANY DAY!

LONG AS HE DOESN'T HAVE *GREEN HAIR*, EH, LOIS?

AHEM. EXCUSE ME, MR. KENT...

MASTER BRUCE WOULD LIKE A *WORD* IN PRIVATE, SIR.

I UNDERSTAND IT CONCERNS A MATTER OF SOME *URGENCY...*

MATTER OF *FACT*, I'VE BEEN *WANTING* TO, UH, SPEAK WITH *HIM*, TOO.

LEAD THE *WAY*, ALFRED.

BRUCE. WE NEED TO TALK.

CLARK. INDEED WE DO.

WELL, WE'RE ALONE NOW. JUST THE TWO OF US...

JUST THE TWO OF US. AND THE TWO OF THEM.

RAIL ROAD CROSSING

SO, UH, WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO? TEAM UP?

TEAM UP? OF COURSE NOT!

ME NEITHER. I THOUGHT WE MIGHT SWAP.

WHAT ELSE? IT'S ABOUT TIME A DAILY PLANET JOURNALIST REPORTED ON GOTHAM'S POOR AND HELPLESS...

...AND THE CHAIRMAN OF THE WAYNE FOUNDATION MADE A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF THE SERIOUSLY DEPRIVED IN NEIGHBORING METROPOLIS.

I'LL MAKE ARRANGEMENTS, CLARK.

LIKEWISE, BRUCE.

GOODBYEE!

DON'T BE STRANGERS, NOW!

SEE YOU!

KEEP IN TOUCH!

BE GOOD, CHILDREN!

MUST RUSH. 'BYE, NOW.

WELL?

I GOT RID OF THEM AS QUICKLY AS I COULD...

I'M USED TO WAITING.

SUCCESSFUL LUNCH?

AS PLANNED. THEY SWALLOWED EVERYTHING.

I JUST WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN IT!

WELL DONE--

--SON.

GOTHAM. GOTHAM CITY.

END OF THE LINE. ALL CHANGE.

MR. KENT! OVER HERE, SIR!

GOTHAM GO-GOS!

PLANET

HANAGE

NNED

METRO MAN

OH, HI, ALFRED. GOOD TO SEE YOU...

WELCOME TO GOTHAM, SIR.

THE CAR IS *THIS* WAY. MIGHT I HELP WITH YOUR *BAGGAGE?*

ARKING

THAT'S *OKAY*, ALFRED. IT'S NOT AS *HEAVY* AS IT *LOOKS.*

AS YOU *WISH*, SIR.

EXIT

RAMP

I TRUST YOU HAD AN ENJOYABLE *JOURNEY* FROM METROPOLIS...

CAME PAST *MIDWAY ORPHANAGE.* THERE'S SOME *BEAUTIFUL* COUNTRY OUT THERE.

INDEED, SIR. MUST BE A WONDERFUL ENVIRONMENT FOR THE *YOUNGSTERS.*

SUPER

SO, ALFRED, YOUR *MASTER* IS TAKING THE *NIGHT TRAIN* TO *METROPOLIS?*

QUITE *SO*, SIR. HE SENDS HIS *APOLOGIES* FOR NOT MEETING YOU IN *PERSON*...

...AND INSISTS THAT *I* OFFER YOU EVERY *ASSISTANCE* WITH YOUR *ASSIGNMENT.*

YELLOW

SLOWER THAN *FLYING*, ALFRED--BUT FAR MORE *RESTFUL.*

I UNDERSTAND YOU WON'T BE STAYING AT *WAYNE MANOR*, HOWEVER, SIR. IS IT TO BE THE *GOTHAM PLAZA*, THEN?

NOT ON *DAILY PLANET* EXPENSES, ALFRED!

GIVE

DROP ME AT THE *WASHINGTON*, DOWNTOWN. MAY NOT BE AS *GRAND*--BUT AT LEAST IT'S *CENTRAL*...

THIS IS METROPOLIS CENTRAL. METROPOLIS CENTRAL.

THE TRAIN TERMINATES HERE. HAVE A NICE VISIT.

THERE HE IS, LOIS!

HEY, MR. WAYNE!

INFORMATION

THIS WAY, PORTER...

HI!

PERRY ASSIGNED LOIS TO COVER YOUR STAY, BUT I THOUGHT I'D SAY WELCOME, TOO!

HOW WAS THE TRIP?

BEARABLE, THANK YOU, OLSEN.

LOIS.

:PHHHT!:

MS. LANE, THANK YOU.

DIRECTORY

V.I.P.

SPICKLES
CURDY & COWBOY

LEX'S

IMO SERVICE

LUXURIOUS METROPOLIS PLAZA

SURELY YOU COULD AFFORD BETTER THAN THE TRAIN, MR. WAYNE...?

A PLANE MAYBE, MS. LANE?

EQUALLY POETIC-- AND I HAVE BEEN CONSIDERING BUYING ANOTHER ONE, I ADMIT...

WOW! STILL, I LIKE RIDING ON TRAINS! GIVES YOU TIME TO THINK--

OOPS!

YES, WE ALL NEED THAT, OLSEN.

MY CAR'S RIGHT OUTSIDE, MR. WAYNE.

SO IS MINE, OLSEN.

VIP

I'LL BE IN TOUCH, LOIS.

METROPOLIS PLAZA HOTEL, DRIVER.

C'MON, JIMMY, BACK TO THE PLANET-- I'VE GOT TO START ON THE DEATHLESS PROSE...

SUPERMAN SAYS KEEP METROPOLIS CLEAN

AM

A GO GO

SAY, NANCE, LOOK-- UP IN TH' SKY...

S'THAT THAT KOOKY BAT SIGNAL?

NAH, ROSIE.

LOOKS LIKE A CLOUD OR SOMETHIN'...

HEYYY! I KNOW WHADDIT IS...

...IT'S SUPERMAN!

HE HE HE HE HE ...

GOTH

LIVE XX GIRLS DUDES GIRLS

SLEEZ ST

W 46 ST

KCORP

Serving our Best Interests!

BE SENSIBLE! WITH ALL THIS DEMOLITION WORK, THESE OLD BUILDINGS JUST AREN'T SAFE TO LIVE IN ANYMORE...

GOTHAM PAINT

LISTEN, SONNY, I'VE LIVED HERE FOR FIFTY YEARS-- THE ONLY WAY I'M LEAVIN' IS IN A BOX!

COULD HAPPEN, LADY-- ONE LITTLE ACCIDENT AND THE WHOLE PLACE MIGHT FALL DOWN...

SO, WHY DON'T YOU SIGN THIS AND RETIRE TO THE COUNTRY, WHERE IT'S SAFE?

NOPE. I AIN'T BEIN' BOUGHT OFF BY YOU METROPOLIS BULLY BOYS.

I'M STAYIN'!

THAT'S RIGHT.

ME, TOO!

YEAH!

WE'RE NOT SELLING!

OKAY, OKAY.

BUT DON'T BLAME ME WHEN THE HAMMER FALLS...

AAAAYEEE! LOOK OUT!

EARTH-QUAKE! RUN!

MY BABIES! MY BABIES ARE IN THERE!

COME ON, GRAN'MA!

DAMN BULLIES. I'M STAYIN'!

WOZZAT?

STAY CLEAR!

HEY, IT'S --IT'S...

IT'S A MIRACLE!

SUPERMAN-- HERE? THANK GOD!

BLESS YOU, SUPERMAN...

YOU'RE ONE METROPOLIS BOY I DO APPROVE OF!

THANK YOU, SUPERMAN!

SHOULD HOLD IT FOR NOW...

...BUT MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO CONSIDER MOVING OUT UNTIL IT CAN BE PERMANENTLY FIXED.

I AIN'T MOVIN'!

WE'D ONLY BIN TALKIN' ABOUT SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS HAPPENIN'...

WEREN'T NO COINCIDENCE, THOUGH ...LOOKIT THIS.

SOMEONE DID IT DELIBERATE, IF Y'ASK ME!

CERTAINLY SEEMS THAT WAY...

AND NO CIGAR FOR GUESSIN' WHO GAVE THE ORDER!

EXCO

LOPMENT

I'M NOT MAD AT YOU, COSTELLO-- THAT BIG BLUE BOY SCOUT HAD TO TURN UP EVENTUALLY, CURSE HIM!

BESIDES, WITH THIS ORPHANAGE BUSINESS, WE'LL SOON HAVE PUBLIC OPINION ON OUR SIDE, DESPITE HIM.

AND HOW ABOUT THE OTHER MATTER? EVERYTHING IN HAND?

YES, SIR. OUR MEN HAVE BEEN HITTING THE NIGHT-SPOTS... SHOULD BE QUITE A SHOW.

LEXCORP Development

HAH! THAT CLOWN WILL BE LAUGHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS FACE--

--WHEN LEXCORP LIGHTS UP THE TOWN!

METROPOLIS MOVIN

HAH, HAH, HAH! LOOK-- OVER THERE!

WHAT CRAZY GUYS!

HEY, THEY CAN JUGGLE, TOO!

HAAAH, HAA! GREAT! COME AND SEE!

GET A LOAD O' THOSE COSTUMES!

WAAAH! DON'T LIKE IT, MOMMY!

DON'T BE SILLY!

THEY'RE JUST CLOWNS!

NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF...

LEX CORP

COME ON, MACK-- MOVE IT!

LIGHT'S GREEN! LET'S GO!

HAAAHH! HA HA HA!

♫ TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE AGREED TO HAVE A BATTLE; ♫

♫ FOR TWEEDLEDUM SAID TWEEDLEDEE ♫

♫ HAD SPOILED HIS NICE NEW RATTLE. ♫

HAH! HAH!

HAH! HAAAHH! HAH!

HAHA HA! HAH HAH HAH HAH HA!

HA HA HA HA HA HA! WHADDA COUPLA--

--JOKERS! HA HA HA HA HA!

HAPPICARDS

FORGET THEM! LOOK!

HOLY--

♫ JUST THEN FLEW DOWN A MONSTROUS CROW, ♫

♫ AS BLACK AS A TAR-BARREL; ♫

BATMAN? IN METROPOLIS?

BELIEVE IT, BUDDY!

TOUCH THAT ALARM AND YOU'RE--

PAWN SHOP

♫ WHICH FRIGHTENED BOTH THE HEROES SO, ♫

♫ THEY QUITE FORGOT THEIR QUARREL. ♫

PAWN SHOP

FREEZE-- POLICE!

LET HIM GO, OFFICER! HE SAVED MY LIFE!

HE'S RIGHT, EDDIE...

THOSE TWO CLOWNS 'RE THE BAD GUYS!

YOU BETTER BEAT IT, BATMAN! YOU AIN'T IN GOTHAM NOW...

WE DO THINGS DIFFERENT HERE.

CHOP CHOP, TWEEDLES, AND DON'T BE SAD!

I WAS EXPECTING THAT POINTY-EARED SPOILSPORT TO FLUTTER BY SOONER OR LATER!

THOUGH WITH HIM, IT'S USUALLY LATER...

POOR BATTY FELLOW DOESN'T LIKE THE DAYLIGHT, YOU KNOW.

PREFERS TO STAY HOLED UP UNTIL IT'S DARK!

SO HE'S REALLY IN FOR A TREAT...

THE NIGHT WE BLACK OUT OL' BALDY!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

...URGENT, CALLING ME THIS LATE!

WHAT? B-BUT THAT'S THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW! A-AND THEN METROPOLIS?

YES. YOU KNOW I HAVE NO CHOICE. BUT W-WHY THE RUSH?

BY WHEN? CHRISTMAS? MAXIMUM P-PUBLICITY... I SEE.

LOOK, I CAN'T TALK NOW--

HE'S COMING!

SHHH!

ANYONE I KNOW?

OF COURSE NOT. WRONG NUMBER.

NUISANCE. NOW, ABOUT YOUR, HEH, ENCOUNTER GROUP, SON...

I TOLD YOU. THEY'LL BE READY SOON. WE'VE--

HE SHUT THE DOOR, ANNIE...

ZACK, SOMEONE'S--

ANN? ZACHARY?

WHAT ARE YOU TWO UP TO...?

TH-THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE UPSTAIRS...

ME, TOO. THEN THE PHONE RANG...

YES. PHONE WOKE ME, TOO... THOUGHT I'D GET A SANDWICH TO HELP ME SLEEP.

WANT TO SHARE IT?

YES, SIR, REVEREND FULBRIGHT!

OH, YES, PLEASE!

OKAY. THEN BACK TO BED BEFORE YOU WAKE UP THE REST OF THE DORM...

SOMEONE IN THE ATTIC-- A FINE TALE...!

...END O' STORY, MR. KENT. SEEMS OUR WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD'S GONNA BE WIPED OFF THE BOARD...

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

HMM. WHAT WAS THE PLACE LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS?

SCHIFF'S

OH, WE WERE ONE BIG, HAPPY FAMILY!

AND, EVEN AFTER OUR OWN KIDS HAD GROWN AND GONE, THE ORPHANAGE KEPT THINGS LIVELY...

'TIL REVEREND MONKS TOOK IT OVER, ANYHOW. KIDS NEVER SEEMED SO HAPPY AFTER THAT...

AND THERE WAS THAT TROUBLE...

TROUBLE?

BUNCH OF ORPHAN KIDS GOT ARRESTED FOR STEALIN'...

REALLY?

THEN FINALLY, MONKS SOLD THE ORPHANAGE TO LEXCORP?

SORTA. WORD ON THE STREET WAS, THE JOKER BOUGHT IT FIRST. REAL CHEAP.

THE JOKER?

LORD KNOWS WHAT HE'D HAVE BUILT THERE!

A STRIP JOINT--OR WORSE!

HIM GOIN' FOR A QUICK PROFIT WAS THE BEST WE COULDA HOPED FOR...

THANKS FOR ALL THE BACKGROUND, FOLKS--HOPE MY REPORTS HELP A LITTLE.

AND ENJOY... IT'S ON THE PLANET.

APPRECIATED. DO YOUR BEST, SON.

I'LL WALK BACK, ALFRED. UH, ABSORB SOME ATMOSPHERE...

IF YOU INSIST, SIR. BUT PLEASE--TAKE CARE...

...THERE ARE SOME FUNNY PEOPLE AROUND AFTER DARK.

LEXCORP

SERVING OUR COMMUNITY'S NEEDS

WELL, WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY...

WANT SOME? WARM YOU UP.

:HSSST!:

YEAH... COSTELLO?

SOMETHING TRIPPED THE INFRA-RED. FOLLOW ME--

AND HAVE YOUR WEAPONS READY...

ALMOST GOT IT!

922

VOLTAGE

SHHHH! H-HEARD SOMETHIN'! QUICK, LET'S--

STOP RIGHT THERE!

WHEN'S HE BACK, THEN?

FIRST THING TOMORROW, I HEARD.

BUNCH O' KIDS PLAYIN' A JOKE...

WITH EXPLOSIVES?

YEAH, I NOTICED... AND I AIN'T LAUGHIN'.

WHOEVER PUT THEM UP TO THIS SHOULD LEARN HOW LEXCORP DEALS WITH TRESPASSERS...

WASTE 'EM!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

BUTT OUT, PAL! THIS AIN'T *METROPOLIS*...

TRUE ENOUGH... BUT YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO *MURDER* PEOPLE LIKE THIS--EVEN IN *GOTHAM*!

THEY'RE JUST *CHILDREN*...

THEY'RE *SABOTEURS*-- AND *WE'RE* RESPECTABLE *BUSINESSMEN*, DEFENDIN' OUR PROPERTY.

WE'VE GOT *EVERY* RIGHT...

...IT'S THE *AMERICAN* WAY.

WHOSE *SIDE* ARE YOU *ON*, ANYHOW?

DEVELOPMENT

THE JUST--

--AND THAT DOES NOT INCLUDE YOU OR YOUR BOSS.

I SUGGEST YOU BOYS TELL THE POLICE THE TRUTH...

FAT CHANCE. I AIN'T SQUEALIN'.

YEAH, ALMOST GOT KILLED ONCE OVER THIS!

WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

I AM, OFFICER...

THROW THIS OUT-OF-TOWNER OFF OUR PROPERTY, WOULDYA?

HOW MANY WAYS DO YOU HAVE TO BE TOLD, KENT? GET OUTTA HERE!

I'VE HAD A LONG NIGHT AND I'M LOSIN' MY PATIENCE...

THIS IS HIM NOW, SIR.

MORNING, MR. LUTHOR. KENT, DAILY PLANET.

I WANT TO ASK YOU ABOUT *HELP FOR THE NEEDY* IN *GOTH--*

SORRY ABOUT THIS, MR. LUTHOR.

I WARNED YOU, PAL!

CAREFUL--

OOF! YOU CLUMSY--

ALLOW ME.

LUTHO ORPHANAGE GOTHAM

LUTHOR

REVEREND *MONKS...?*

WHY ARE *YOU* BACK IN GOTHAM?

B-BUSINESS, KENT... *PRIVATE* BUSINESS. I--

MISTER KENT...

MY *ASSOCIATES* AND I WILL TALK TO THE *PRESS* WHEN *WE* CHOOSE.

YOU *HEARD* MR. LUTHOR, NEWSBOY --TAKE A *HIKE!*

RIGHT *NOW*, WE HAVE *WORK* TO DO.

BETTER LEAVE THE *MEDIA* TO *US* IN THE FUTURE, MONKS.

S-SORRY. BUT IT'S ALL JUST MOVING SO *QUICKLY* ... AND I D-DON'T WANT ANY *LEAKS* TO *UPSET* THINGS.

I TAKE IT YOU SAW THAT *BLUE-PRINT*, SIR.

OH, *YES*, ALFRED. AND MONKS' *RED FACE*.

HE AND LUTHOR ARE EVIDENTLY GOING INTO THE *ORPHANAGE* BUSINESS...

HARDLY A PROSPECT TO PROMOTE *RESTFUL SLUMBER*, IS IT, SIR?

METR[illegible] PLAZA HOTEL

30 22

IS YOUR CHARITY WORK A FULL-TIME BUSINESS, MR. WAYNE?

IT COULD BE, BUT AS I SLEEP VERY LITTLE, I HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR OTHER THINGS...

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING LOIS?

POST

WELL, IT IS PRETTY EARLY FOR HER. THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!

SHE GAVE ME A LIST OF QUESTIONS IN CASE SHE COULDN'T MAKE IT!

I SEE...

PITY. I'D BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING BREAKFAST WITH HER.

UNNH? OH, SURE! FOOD'S GREAT! SHE'S REALLY MISSING OUT!

SO'S CLARK-- ON ALL THE EXCITEMENT! HAVE YOU HEARD? BATMAN'S IN TOWN!

MUST BE ON THE TRAIL OF THE JOKER!

M.P.

REALLY...? NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

I'M DUE IN SUICIDE SLUM TO STUDY DEPRIVED LIVING CONDITIONS.

B-BUT I HAVEN'T ASKED YOU ANY OF LOIS'S QUESTIONS YET! CAN'T I COME WITH YOU?

SORRY, OLSEN. MY VISIT'S INCOGNITO. I'LL SEE LOIS LATER...

...AND DON'T WORRY--SHE CAN HARDLY ACCUSE YOU OF SLEEPING ON THE JOB.

YEAH, AN' *BUMS* LOUSIN' UP THE SIDEWALK...

RISE AND *SHINE*, FLEABAG! TAKE IT *SOMEPLACE ELSE!*

BOSS AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT WHEN HE *GETS IN* IN TONIGHT. S'MORE LIKE *GOTHAM* EVERY *DAY*...

BATMEN PUNCHIN' OUT *CLOWNS*-- *RIOTS* IN THE *STREETS*...

HEY, *LOOKIT!* THOSE TWO *STOOGES* O' THE *JOKER'S!*

HEY, *FAT BOYS!* THEY NEVER HEARD OF *DIETIN'* IN GOTHAM? HAW, HAW!

PUTTING FUNNY *MASKS* ON, EH?

THAT'S AN IMPROVEMENT, ANYHOW!

THEY WANNA PLAY *CATCH*, TOO! *HAW, HAW, HAW!*

LEX CORP

ETROPOLIS

elopment Project

KEEP OUT

WHA--? THIS AIN'T NO *JOKE!* ;KOF; ;KOFF;

;KOF; WHY, YOU FAT-- ;KOF;

FCCOF

DON'T ;KOF; SHOOT, FOR ;KOF; SAKE--

--YOU'LL ;KOF-KOF; HIT ME! ;KOF-KOF-KOFF;

RRRPPP

;KOFF; BLACKING ;KOF-KOF; OUT-- ;KOFFFF;

;K...;

THAT'S IT... ARM THE DETONATOR. QUICK, GOTTA GET BACK DOWN BEFORE--

WAIT-- WHO?

BATMA--

;NNNGHH!;

LEX

METROPOLIS

Development Project

KOF! WHAT'S--? KOFF-KOF!

D-DON'T...

POLICE! HOLD IT!

OH, NO... BATMAN. ALL I NEED!

METROPOLIS POLICE TO SERVE TO PROTECT

I'LL PRETEND I DIDN'T SEE YOU...

MY REPORT'S GONNA BE COMPLICATED ENOUGH ALREADY...

LET'S KEEP IT SIMPLE, MR. WAYNE...

I'M A REPORTER. MY EDITOR TOLD ME TO BE HERE. MY INTEREST IN YOU IS STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL. OKAY?

SURELY WE CAN PRETEND...?

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

To Lois, Fondly, Bruce

YOU MAY BE GOOD AT PRETENDING -- I DEAL IN THE TRUTH.

AT LEAST CALL ME BRUCE... IT'S MY REAL NAME, I PROMISE!

TO BUSINESS. YOU'RE HERE IN METROPOLIS TO STUDY THE DEPRIVED...

ISN'T THAT RATHER HYPO-CRITICAL FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU?

HMM.

DEPRIVATION TAKES MANY FORMS. FINANCIAL, OBVIOUSLY. BUT THERE IS ALSO LOSS OF FAMILY, LOSS OF--

WAYNE!

WHAT A CO-INCIDENCE-- WE JUST GOT IN FROM YOUR HOME TOWN.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN AS EVER, I SEE... ENCHANTED, MISS LANE.

LUTHOR...

AND MONKS...? WHAT BRINGS YOU TO METROPOLIS?

I BROUGHT HIM, WAYNE. HE'S ADVISING ME ON MY NEW PLANS FOR SUICIDE SLUM... CHARITY WORK, Y' KNOW...

WHAT...? LIKE REBUILDING THE ORPHANAGE?

I-ISN'T THIS A LITTLE PREMA-TURE...?

FRANKLY, LUTHOR, YOU HELPING THE NEEDY IS LIKE A WOLF FATTENING UP SHEEP.

HOW-- HOW DARE YOU, WAYNE?!

NOW... WHERE WERE WE?

OH, YOU WERE JUST POINTING OUT SOME HOME TRUTHS...

...BRUCE.

OH, I'LL ADMIT IT, COMMISSIONER--I AM GLAD TO BE GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS...

WELL, METROPOLIS, ANYHOW.

UH, WHERE ARE WE NOW?

THAT'S CRIME ALLEY OVER THERE... WELL NAMED, AS YOU CAN SEE.

WHAT HAPPENED? ARSON?

YEAH. ODD CASE... MANAGER CATCHES SOMEONE PLANTING A FIRE-BOMB. GUY PUTS UP HIS HANDS--

--AND THE DAMN THING EXPLODES ANYWAY. FORENSIC FOUND REMAINS OF A REMOTE-CONTROL DEVICE.

I UNDERSTAND THE JOKER OWNS MOST OF THESE--AHEM--ESTABLISHMENTS, COMMISSIONER...

WHO IN GOTHAM WOULD DARE CROSS HIM?

I HAVE MY SUSPICIONS. LET'S JUST SAY WE'RE LOOKING INTO OUT-OF-TOWN CONNECTIONS.

SPEAKING OF WHICH, DID YOU GET ONE OF THESE?

AH, THE PARTY.

Reverend Oliver Monks, M.D.
requests the pleasure of the company of
COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON
at a grand
Christmas Party
to be held at MIDWAY ORPHANAGE
DECEMBER 24th AT 8.00 PM
SPECIAL GUEST LEX LUTHOR
The children wi... rm their version
of the classic... 'ALICE" stories
DRESS OPTIO... R.S.V.P.

NOT YET. THE STAR GUEST IS NO SURPRISE, THOUGH.

HMM... DIDN'T REALIZE MONKS WAS A DOCTOR. INTERESTING...

WELL, THANKS FOR THE TOUR, COMMISSIONER GORDON.

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE SOME, UH, URGENT CALLS TO MAKE BEFORE I LEAVE FOR HOME...

PLEAS... GIV...

THAT WAS KENT, CALLING LONG DISTANCE. WANTS TO COMPARE NOTES WITH YOU WHEN HE GETS BACK TOMORROW...

DEBBY WHITE EDITOR

NATURALLY.

NOW, YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT YOUR EARLY DAYS IN SUICIDE SLUM...

A WORLD AWAY... LEX LUTHOR AND I WERE FRIENDS BACK THEN.

MY PARENTS DIDN'T LIKE ME PLAYING WITH THE ORPHANAGE KIDS...

...SAID THEY WERE A BAD INFLUENCE.

DEBBY WHITE

DAILY PLANET

SUICIDE RE-THINK? LEXCORP PROMISE STATEMENT SOON

IRONIC, CONSIDERING HOW LUTHOR TURNED OUT, AFTER HIS FOLKS' DEATH...

STILL, WYLIE FINALLY DRAGGED THE ORPHANAGE THROUGH THE MUD, TOO.

THE ROBBERIES, YOU MEAN, AND THE LITTLE GIRL... THE DECOY.

YES. HER DEATH DREW ATTENTION TO THE ORPHANAGE AND, INEVITABLY, TO WYLIE HIMSELF...

BUT THEY NEVER FOUND THE MONEY. WYLIE TOLD THEM NOTH--

SAAAY... THERE'S A CONNECTION I NEVER MADE BEFORE.

NOW I THINK OF IT, HE WOULD'VE BEEN A DEAD RINGER FOR MONKS!

HAVE TO ASK MONKS ABOUT IT TOMORROW NIGHT. WILL YOU BE THERE, WAYNE?

I REMEMBER A KID VISITING THE ORPHANAGE FOR WYLIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY ONCE... HIS NEPHEW OR SOMETHING.

MAYBE. IF MY RESEARCH GOES TO PLAN.

THANKS FOR ALL YOUR TIME, MR. WHITE...

SO THIS IS THE GRATITUDE I GET FOR ALL THOSE WASTED YEARS...

TO BE KEPT IN THE DARK AND HAVE PLANS MADE BEHIND MY BACK!

I HOPED YOU'D BE PLEASED, BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN--YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND, CAN YOU?

YOUR OLD WAYS JUST WON'T WORK ANYMORE. THE WORLD HAS CHANGED...

SO HAVE YOU, OLIVER! FROM THE DAY I LEFT, YOU BECAME A WASTER...

THROWING OUR MONEY AWAY. SPENDING IT ON WOMEN AND GAMBLING AND GOD KNOWS WHAT ELSE. AND NOW THIS!

YES, YES--LET'S HAVE THE TRUTH AT LAST, OLD MAN! I'VE BEEN A FOOL TO HUMOR YOU ALL THESE YEARS...

GOD! I WISH I'D KILLED YOU WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!

OLIVER! I'M WARNING...

NOT ANY MORE! I'M IN CHARGE NOW... AND I'M WARNING YOU!

YOU JUST BE QUIET--AS QUIET AS THE GRAVE. YOU'RE DEAD, REMEMBER.

SO, I INTEND TO TAKE THE CHILDRENS' TALK OF GHOSTS SERIOUSLY NEXT TIME...

VERY SERIOUSLY, INDEED.

HA HA HA HA HA ! SAY WHAT, SONNY ? YOU WANT YOUR OLD UNCLE JOKER'S AUTO-GRAPH ?

HA HA HA HA ! HOW FLATTERING ! WELL, SEEING IT'S NEARLY CHRISTMAS...

M-MY BOOK'S AT HOME. I KEEP IT SAFE. SEE, I ALREADY GOT SUPERMAN AND--

YES, YES. QUITE A FAN, AREN'T WE ? HA HA HA !

MUST HAVE A PIECE OF PAPER SOME-WHERE...

THANKS FOR THE INTERVIEW AND THE RIDE INTO WORK, BRUCE ...THOUGH THIS IS HARDLY THE PRETTIEST ROUTE DOWNTOWN !

NO, BUT I WANT TO SEE EVERYTHING, SO MY REPORT IS WELL-BALAN--

STOP HERE, DRIVER !

JOKER ! GET AWAY FROM THOSE CHILDREN !

OOPS, ANOTHER DO-GOODER FROM GOTHAM !

THERE YOU GO, SONNY ! MUST RUSH ! TA TA !

YOU DON'T NEED ANYTHING FROM HIM, KID, BELIEVE ME...

WRITE TO ME HERE. I'LL GET YOU BATMAN'S AUTOGRAPH INSTEAD.

GEE, THANKS, MISTER--THAT'D BE COOL !

HE DIDN'T SIGN IT RIGHT, ANYHOW !

COME ON, BRUCE ! CLARK'LL BE WAITING FOR US AT THE PLANET...

AND I'VE GOT SOME HEAVY WRITING TO DO !

LEXCORP PRESS RELEASE

LUTHOR TO MAKE DOUBLE DONATION

Metropolis's greatest benefactor, LEX LUTHOR, is to make a generous new contribution to the needy of his beloved city and also to match the gesture in neighboring Gotham, where his recent investments have already re-vitalized the deprived areas of the city.

An exciting announcement is expected on Christmas Eve at Midway Orphanage, at a party personally paid for by the popular LexCorp Chairman.

Lex Luthor is unavailable for comment until that time, being hard al details of this, his late

THIS ISN'T A PRESS RELEASE, JIMMY -- IT'S A MAJOR WORK OF FICTION!

I KNOW IT! PERRY HAD ME CUT IT TO ONE PARA-GRAPH, AS A SIDE-BAR TO YOUR FIRST GOTHAM REPORT...

WHICH WAS JUST GREAT, BY THE WAY, CLARK.

MAYBE I'LL BE THAT GOOD ONE DAY!

GOTHAM

THANKS, JIMMY. I HAD A LOT OF, UH, HELP, YOU KNOW...

CLARK! WELCOME BACK, STRANGER!

HI, LOIS. MR. WAYNE... GLAD OUR SCHEDULES COULD CO-INCIDE.

KENT. HAVE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL. EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT.

DIR

SO YOU AND MR. WAYNE FINALLY MADE FRIENDS, EH, LOIS?

I HEARD HE HAS, UH, QUITE A REPUTATION...

DIRECTORY

SO DO I, CLARK... AS A REPORTER. HE GAVE ME SOME GOOD QUOTES -- PERIOD!

READY WHEN YOU ARE, KENT. WHERE CAN WE GET SOME PRIVACY?

I KNOW JUST THE PLACE, MR. WAYNE. GOT A GREAT VIEW, TOO!

DAILY PLANET DISPATCH

WINTER WONDERLAND, ISN'T IT? SHOULD BE A WHITE CHRISTMAS, TOO...

...BUT A BLACK DAY FOR OLIVER MONKS, DON'T YOU AGREE?

EXIT

YES. LUTHOR EATS HIS BUSINESS PARTNERS ALIVE. BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT, I'M AFRAID...

BYRON WYLIE, YOU MEAN? YOUR EDITOR GAVE ME A LEAD THERE -- I CHECKED AT THE STATE PEN...

WYLIE HAD AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR OVER THE YEARS. WELL DISGUISED, BUT FITS MONKS' DESCRIPTION PERFECTLY.

EXIT

HMM. I DID SOME CHECKING IN GOTHAM, WHERE WYLIE'S DEATH WAS REGISTERED...

HIS DEATH CERTIFICATE WAS SIGNED BY THE ATTEND-ING DOCTOR... OLIVER MONKS... M.D.

GOOD PROFESSION FOR A SON -- OR A FAVORITE NEPHEW. IF ONE CAN AFFORD THE SCHOOL FEES...

SO WHY WOULD A SMART MAN LIKE MONKS SELL PROPERTY CHEAP -- AND TO THE JOKER, AT THAT?

FAVOR TO A FRIEND?

THE OPPOSITE, I SUSPECT, BUT A NOCTURNAL VISIT TO CRIME ALLEY SHOULD CON-FIRM THAT...

HOPE THAT WON'T KEEP YOU FROM THE PARTY, BRUCE. DRESS IS OPTIONAL, YOU KNOW, IF YOU HAVEN'T TIME TO CHANGE...

I'LL BE THERE, CLARK. WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD.

WE CAN'T TALK ABOUT THIS *NOW*, CHILDREN-- WE'LL MISS OUR *ENTRANCES!*

BUT YOU'VE BEEN *BUSY* ALL DAY --AND WE REALLY *DID* HEAR IT LAST NIGHT...

YEAH. REVEREND *OLIVER* WAS WHISPERING TO SOMEBODY ON THE PHONE AGAIN, BUT *THEY* WERE LAUGHING REAL *LOUD* AND THEN...

ANN, ZACHARY, *PLEASE*-- WE'LL SEE ABOUT THIS *GHOST* OF YOURS TOMORROW.

NOW *RUN ALONG!* YOU'RE ON STAGE ANY *MINUTE*... AND *I* STILL HAVE TO *DRESS!*

SI-I-LENT NIGHT, ♫ HO-O-LY NI-- ♪

KLIK

OFF

IS THAT YOU *AGAIN*, CHILDREN? *REALLY*, THIS IS *NO* TIME FOR--

YOU?

♪ ... IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

THE MOON WAS SHINING SULKILY, BECAUSE SHE THOUGHT THE SUN HAD NO BUSINESS TO BE THERE AFTER THE DAY WAS DONE-- "IT'S VERY RUDE OF HIM," SHE SAID, "TO COME AND SPOIL THE FUN!"

♪ THE SEA WAS-- ♫ ♪

THANK YOU, THANK YOU, CHILDREN! I HAVE TO *STOP* THERE. *FINE* SHOW.

NOW, HURRY AND GET YOUR PRESENTS FROM SANTA CLAUS, BECAUSE WE HAVE A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT-- FROM MR. LEX LUTHOR!

ER... THANK YOU.

Welcome

ALL!

ALICE

YAY!

BRAVO!

♪ PHEEW PHEEW PHEEEW! ♫

MORE!

AIN'T NO SANTY CLAUS! IT'S OL' FULBRIGHT DRESSED UP!

I KNOW THAT, STOOPID! I'M GOIN' TO SEE SUPERMAN-- HE'S FOR REAL!

I DIDN'T ASK HIM TO COME, LUTHOR. IT WAS THAT BUSYBODY KENT'S SUGGESTION...

HE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUN FOR THE CHILDREN. I COULD HARDLY REFUSE.

SHOULDN'T LET PEOPLE PUSH YOU AROUND, MONKS.

WAITER!

FRIGHTFULLY SORRY--THIS IS MY NIGHT OFF.

WAY TO GO, ALFRED.

ER, CAN I GET YOU SOMETHING, SIR?

FORGET IT, MARSHALL! THE STAGE IS READY--

WE'LL MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT RIGHT NOW! SANTA CLAUS CAN WAIT!

SO MR. WAYNE IS WORKING TONIGHT, ALFRED?

CLARK KENT MISSING A PARTY, I CAN BELIEVE! BUT BRUCE WAYNE...?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SILENCE, PLEASE...

...FOR THE CHAIRMAN OF LEXCORP--

--LEX LUTHOR!

THAAANK YOU! IN KEEPING WITH THE SEASON, I HAVE SOME PRESENTS FOR THE CHILDREN OF MIDWAY...

...AND FOR ALL YOU GOOD CITIZENS OF GOTHAM AND METROPOLIS! AFTER CONSULTATION WITH REVEREND MONKS, I AM GOING TO BUILD--

--TWO BRAND-NEW ORPHANAGES! ONE IN EACH OF YOUR FAIR CITIES!

MIDWAY IS PICTURESQUE, BUT IT LACKS THE PURPOSE-BUILT FACILITIES THESE BUILDINGS WILL INCORPORATE.

LUTHOR

OLIVER WILL SUPERVISE BOTH ORPHANAGES, WITH LEXCORP STAFF MEMBERS TO ASSIST HIM.

ADAM FULBRIGHT, AFTER HIS LONG AND SELFLESS SERVICE, WILL RETIRE ON FULL PAY.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS FROM LEXCORP, ADAM.

IN RETURN FOR ALL THIS, MIDWAY WILL BECOME MY PERSONAL HEADQUARTERS AND BE RENAMED LUTHOR MANSION.

FROM HERE, I CAN GIVE EQUAL ATTENTION TO MY INTERESTS IN BOTH CITIES. SO, OLIVER, IF YOU'D SIGN FIRST...

THANK YOU, ER, LEX. I'M SURE WE ALL...

WHAT IS IT, MONKS? WHAT'S WRONG NOW?

THE PEN WON'T WRITE... LOOKS SORT OF, WELL, MELTED.

MELTED? CONFOUND IT, MARSHALL...

GIVE ME ONE THAT WORKS!

CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR. IT...

HERE, MONKS...

HURRY UP AND SIGN!

PERHAPS I MIGHT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS PAUSE...

YOU'VE NO BUSINESS UP HERE, SUPERMAN...

OH, BUT I HAVE, LUTHOR. THE WELL-BEING OF THE ORPHANS IS MY BUSINESS. THAT'S NO SURPRISE, SURELY...?

UNLIKE ALL THIS. YOU EVEN KEPT IT FROM FULBRIGHT.

TELL ME, DOES BYRON WYLIE KNOW?

WYLIE? HE'S DEAD, YOU FOOL!

AND YOU VISITED HIM IN JAIL-- BUT YOU KEPT THAT A SECRET, TOO. WONDER WHY?

TH-THIS IS RIDICULOUS! ADAM --YOU WERE THERE WHEN WYLIE DIED ...TELL HIM!

ADAM? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OF COURSE HE IS. YOU EVEN SIGNED HIS DEATH CERTIFICATE, DIDN'T YOU, MONKS?

OUT OF MY WAY!

WHA...?

LOOK!

GAAAHH!

WOW!

THAT'S NOT ADAM!

GOD, NO! IT'S--

--THE JOKER?

I FOUND FULBRIGHT UPSTAIRS. YOU'RE LUCKY HE'S ALIVE.

AND MAIL FROM YOU IS USUALLY BLACK. RECOGNIZE THIS?

Have Fun! -Napoleon XV

ER. HA HA. NAPOLEON THE FIFTEENTH'S AUTOGRAPH? SOMEONE'S PLAYING A JOKE ON YOU BATS! HA HA!

NO JOKE. THERE'S A PHONE NUMBER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BELONGS TO OLIVER MONKS. WHY DO YOU NEED TO CALL HIM?

HA HA HA! DIDN'T MEAN TO CRASH THE PARTY, BATS OL' BOY, BUT REVEREND FULBRIGHT WAS ALL TIED UP--!

SO I THOUGHT I'D DELIVER THE CHRISTMAS MAIL FOR HIM! HA HA HA HA HA

YES... WHY, OLIVER?

WHY...?

WISH HIM A HAPPY CHRISTMAS?

IN GOD'S NAME, OLIVER, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING...?

STOP IT NOW, I BEG OF YOU...

SAY NOTHING, MONKS. I'LL--

NO.

THIS IS THE END.

AT LAST.

I-I WANT TO TELL THEM EVERYTHING! IT'S BEEN INSIDE TOO LONG!

IT WILL BE A RELIEF...

L-LIKE MANY OF YOU, I WAS AN ORPHAN...

WHEN MY P-PARENTS WERE KILLED IN A CAR CRASH BYRON... BYRON WYLIE... TOOK ME UNDER HIS WING...

B-BUT HE WAS MAD! HE HAD THIS, THIS OBSESSION WITH THE IDEA OF TRAINING CHILDREN TO BECOME CRIMINALS...

H-HE WANTED ME TO BE HIS HEIR, SAID I HAD A TALENT FOR IT. I KNEW NO BETTER...

AND THE CRIMES FINANCED YOUR EDUCATION, DIDN'T THEY?

YES. HE PLANNED IT ALL. I DISAPPEARED THE DAY HE WAS TAKEN. I BECAME A DOCTOR ...THEN A MINISTER.

BUT OLIVER--YOU RAN THE GOTHAM ORPHANAGE. YOU DID GOOD WORK...

HE INTENDED TO CARRY ON WHERE HE LEFT OFF-- BUT WITH ME AS HIS PUPPET. I HAD YOUTH... AND TRUST.

IT WAS ALL A FRONT. I VISITED BYRON IN PRISON...

AND YOU WENT ALONG WITH HIS INSANITY FOR THIRTY-SIX YEARS...?

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE POWER HE HAD OVER ME--HE'D GIVEN ME EVERYTHING!

I KNEW IT WAS CRAZY, BUT I COULDN'T STOP...

THEN HE DECIDED TO FAKE HIS DEATH AND MOVE BOTH ORPHANAGES TO MIDWAY... AWAY FROM PRYING EYES.

GOD HELP ME, I WENT ALONG WITH THAT, TOO.

S-SORRY ADAM... YOU WERE SO TRUSTING AND EASY TO DECEIVE...

BUT YOU COULDN'T RESIST GOTHAM'S TEMPTATIONS, MONKS. AND THE JOKER NOTICED YOU.

Y-YES. HE FOUND OUT ABOUT MY--MY--H-HOBBIES AND I HAD TO COPY BYRON, JUST TO MEET HIS PAYMENTS...

WHEN I FINALLY SOLD HIM THE OLD ORPHANAGE CHEAP, I THOUGHT THAT WOULD SATISFY HIM...

HE'S NEVER SATISFIED--NOR IS LUTHOR! HOW DID HE GET INVOLVED?

CAREFUL, SUPERMAN...

HE REALIZED THE JOKER MUST HAVE HAD SOMETHING ON ME...

HIS LAWYERS FOUND OUT EVERYTHING! ABOUT GOTHAM... EVEN ABOUT MY PAST, WITH WYLIE!

THEN CAME THE DEMANDS...

HE'D TAKE MIDWAY FOR HIS PERSONAL USE AND BUILD NEW ORPHANAGES, WHICH WOULD PAY FOR THEMSELVES IN TAX CREDITS AND GOOD WILL.

I WAS TO BE HIS PUPPET NOW, AND OVERSEE EVERYTHING...

EVEN THE RECRUITING OF SUITABLE CHILDREN FOR HIS CRIMINAL SCHEMES!

LIES! SLANDER! MONKS, I'LL HAVE YOU--!

AND WYLIE? IS HE *REALLY* DEAD NOW? HAVE YOU FINALLY *KILLED* HIM?

NO!

FOR HIS *MOTHER'S* SAKE, I ADOPTED HIM AS MY *OWN*! KEPT HIM *OUT* OF THE ORPHANAGE--LET HIM LIVE *HERE*!

HE *STILL* DOESN'T KNOW *ALL* MIDWAY'S *SECRETS*, THOUGH... ITS HIDDEN *DOORS* AND *PASSAGES*!

BUT *I* KNOW EVERY *INCH* OF IT--THIS *HOUSE* WAS *ALL* MY FATHER *EVER* GAVE *ME*.

HE WAS *ASHAMED* OF HIS WEALTH-- WANTED *HIS* SON TO DO SOMETHING *TRULY* WORTHWHILE.

HE HASN'T GOT THE GUTS!

BUT HE *THOUGHT* HE'D *LOCKED* ME UP AGAIN!

DIDN'T YOU, BOY?

BYRON, I--

AND AFTER ALL I'VE *DONE* FOR HIM!

SO HE BUILT AN *ORPHANAGE* FOR ME IN *METROPOLIS* AND PUT ALL HIS *MONEY* IN *TRUST*...

BUT *I* SHOWED *HIM*. OH, YES...

I *TOOK* HIS ORPHANAGE AND MADE IT INTO WHAT *I* WANTED.

AND NOW YOU'VE SPOILED EVERYTHING, OLIVER. YOU REALLY WERE MY MISTAKE!

STILL-- IT DOESN'T MATTER ANY MORE. I'M DEAD... AND SOON THERE WILL BE NO MORE MIS-TAKES, NO MORE OLIVER, NO MORE MIDW--

STOP IT, WYLIE...

HEH. TOO LATE TO STOP THINGS NOW, SON... EVEN FOR YOU.

WHILE YOU YOUNGSTERS HAVE BEEN PARTYING, I'VE BEEN BUSY.

BUSY...?

YES, BEHIND THE SCENES, AS USUAL. US WYLIES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN HARD WORKERS...

YOU SHOULD BE SMELLING MY SMOKE SOON.

WYLIE 1902 GOTHAM'S METROPOLITAN RAILROAD

GET THE CHILDREN OUT!

AAIIEEEE!

NNOOO!

WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

SAVE THE OTHERS, SUPERMAN!

DON'T PUSH! IF YOU KEEP CALM, EVERYONE WILL GET OUT SAFELY--!

OUT OF MY WAY, DAMN YOU, GORDON!

GOOD GOD! THE WHOLE PLACE IS ALIGHT!

LOOK OUT!

KEEP MOVING!

I'LL CHECK UPSTAIRS.

KOF-KOF CAREFUL --KOF

KOF KOF ANNIE-- KOF KOF I'M C-COMING KOFF-KOF

HOLD KOF KOF ON KOF-KOF ANNIE...

ANNIE ?

SHE WENT ⸗KOF⸗ UP THERE ⸗KOFF-KOF⸗

A JOB FOR ME...

TEDDY. ⸗KOF⸗ SAFE

YOU TOO...

ANYONE *LEFT* IN THERE ?

ALL THE *CHILDREN* ARE SAFE, THANK GOD...

BUT WAIT--

WHERE'S *OLIVER?*

IT'S TOO LATE.

NO ONE COULD LIVE THROUGH THAT...

JUST BE THANKFUL THERE ARE NO ORPHANAGES IN HELL.

THE JOKER GOT AWAY, THEN...

AND LUTHOR, DAMN THEM BOTH.

LUCY, KEEP THESE TWO APART-- I WANT TO USE THE COMMISSIONER'S PHONE...

SCOOP OF THE YEAR, EH, LOIS...?

W-WAS IT THE GHOST, REVEREND FULBRIGHT?

GHOSTS AND OLD HURTS, ANNIE...

AND POOR LOST BOYS.

THEY'VE ALL GONE.

GOOD IDEA OF YOURS TO STOP THE TRAINS...

SEEMED OBVIOUS.

THE RELIEF SERVICES SAY THEY WILL FIND FAMILIES FOR THE ORPHANS TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH.

BEST GIFT OF ALL...

OH, THAT REMINDS ME.

I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU.

FOR ME?

TO:

YES, FOR YOU. COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON...

ZORRO

VHS

Movie Classic

THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE YOUR KIND OF THING.

UH...

PERHAPS YOU'VE ALREADY SEEN IT?

YES.

I HAVE.

UH... WELL...

SHOULD, UH, BRING BACK SOME *MEMORIES*, ANYWAY...

HAS ALREADY.

YOU KNOW, YOU'D BE WELCOME TO SPEND THE HOLIDAYS AT *WAYNE MANOR*, IF--

OH, FRIENDS IN *METROPOLIS*, I MEAN...

WELL, ANYWAY, HAPPY *HOLIDAYS*, BRUCE.

CRIME NEVER TAKES A *HOLIDAY*, CLARK.

THANKS, BUT I'LL BE SPENDING CHRISTMAS WITH *FRIENDS*.

METROPOLIS

RAMP

BUCKLE UP

I DON'T CARE IF IT IS CHRISTMAS DAY, COSTELLO! THERE ARE URGENT ACCOUNTS TO SETTLE--

YOU'LL BE IN MY OFFICE AT NINE-- SHARP!

SI-YI-LENT NI-YIGHT...

DAMN IT, DRIVER-- HAVE YOU GOT THE RADIO ON?

N-NO, SIR, MR. LUTHOR.

♪ HO-O-LY NI-YIGHT...♪

THINK IT'S COMING FROM THE TRUNK...

IT'S BEEN FORCED, SIR.

SOMEONE'S IN--

METROPOLIS ALREADY, RUDOLPH? HO HO HO!

AARGH!

JOKER?

THAT'S ME-- A FESTIVE CARD THAT WISHES YOU A HAPPY CHRISTMAS! HO HO HA HA!

THOUGHT I'D SPEND THE HOLIDAYS IN METROPOLIS! SAAAY... WHY DON'T WE GET TOGETHER, LEX?

WE COULD TALK ABOUT OLD TIMES-- BOTH OF THEM! HA HA HA!

NOT VERY WELCOMING, LEX-- BESIDES, DON'T YOU REMEMBER...?

WE MADE A DEAL. MY METROPOLIS VACATION STILL HAS A WEEK TO RUN...

MR. LUTHOR, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD--

TALK? ONE MORE WORD AND I'LL...

MARSHALL'S RIGHT, JOKER. I'M A RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMAN -- I DON'T MAKE DEALS WITH CRIMINAL MADMEN...

BUT THE WAY I SEE IT, AFTER TONIGHT -- YOU OWE ME!

OH, AND JOKER -- I ALWAYS COLLECT MY DEBTS.

RRMMMMNNN

I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS, TWEEDLES...

THE BAD NEWS IS -- CHRISTMAS HAS BEEN CANCELLED...

HO HO

AH-HAH! MY LITTLE HELPERS -- RIGHT ON TIME TO COLLECT ME!

BUT THE GOOD NEWS IS --

DOUBLE FUN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE!

10 mi.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Gotham
Midway
PEACE
ON
EARTH
AND
GOOD WILL TO
ALL MANKIND
from the
children of
Midway Orphanage

...AS TEMPERATURES RISE, GOTHAM'S CRIME RATE HAS FALLEN, CONFIRMED POLICE COMMISSIONER JAMES GORDON TONIGHT.

"YES, THE STREETS ARE QUIET--TOO DAMN QUIET FOR MY LIKING!"

"ALL MY MEN REMAIN ON FULL ALERT!"

PERHAPS SUPERMAN'S RECENT APPEARANCES HAVE GIVEN OUR CRIMINALS PAUSE FOR REFLECTION, EH, MEL?

LET'S HOPE SO, JENNIFER. NOW, TO OUR WORLD NEWS...

...THE PLANET EDITOR HAD THIS WARNING, REGARDING THE SUDDEN, STEEP DECLINE IN CRIMINAL ACTIVITY!

"THE SIGHT OF THE BATMAN MAY HAVE TEMPORARILY STRUCK FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF EVIL-DOERS, BUT METROPOLIS SHOULD NOT BECOME COMPLACENT.

"THIS COULD JUST BE THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM."

HMMM. PERRY WHITE LOOKING ON THE BLACK SIDE. ANY STORMS ON YOUR MAP, DAWN?

HAPPILY NO, GRIFF. THE THAW WILL CONTINUE AND BRING...

...SUNNY TIDINGS FOR THE CHILDREN OF MIDWAY ORPHANAGE THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THEIR HOME, DESTROYED IN A TRAGIC BLAZE AT CHRISTMAS, IS TO BE REBUILT AND RUN BY THE WAYNE FOUNDATION.

WORK WILL COMMENCE IMMEDIATELY AND, IN A FURTHER SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT, LEXCORP HAS PLEDGED TO SHARE THE COST, DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR.

MEANWHILE, THE ORPHANS WILL CONTINUE TO BE FOSTERED BY WELL-WISHERS IN GOTHAM AND METROPOLIS...

HAPPY NEW FROM LEXCORP

HEY, CLARK, LIGHTEN UP! IT'S ALMOST NEW YEAR!

AND THIS YEAR DIDN'T TURN OUT SO BADLY -- THE BAD GUYS LOST AND THE ORPHANS ARE ALL SAFE!

EXCEPT POOR OLIVER... BUT IT IS WONDERFUL NEWS ABOUT MIDWAY.

CELEBRATING THAT IS JUST THE EXCUSE THESE TWO NEEDED TO STAY UP LATE -- AGAIN!

AND FINALLY... THE JOKER IS BACK IN GOTHAM! BUT RELAX... HE SAYS HE'S MADE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION...

HE'S GOING TO TURN HIS BACK ON CRIME AND CONCENTRATE ON HIS ENTERTAIN-MENT CONCERNS!

WELL, IT IS THE SEASON FOR MIRACLES, I GUESS!

SO, AS THE WORLD TURNS, LET US LOOK FORWARD TO NEW BEGINNINGS AND REMEMBER TIMES PAST...

NEWS

AS NEWS 2 WISHES YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR, IN THE TRADITIONAL WAY...

♪ LEST OLD ♫ ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT...

AND ISN'T IT JUST *INSPIRED* OF *BRUCE* TO SHAME *LEX-CORP* INTO COUGHING UP HALF THE CASH?

SEEMS HE'S MADE *LUTHOR* TURN OVER A *NEW* LEAF!

HMM. I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT, LOIS.

BUT I GUESS TIME WILL TELL...

TEN!

NINE!

EIGHT!

SEVEN!

SIX!

FIVE!

FOUR!

...AND NEVER KZZZZT TZZZZT

TZZZZZZZT

LAUGH CLOWN

LUTHOR

TWO!

ONE...?

WHA--?

WHAT'S HA--

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

JOKER

...AND HERE IN CRIME ALLEY, BATMAN HAS JUST ARRIVED TO ASSIST EMERGENCY SERVICES. TO RECAP...

SOME THIRTY MINUTES AGO, FIRE ERUPTED ALL OVER GOTHAM, IN LOCATIONS RUMORED TO BE OWNED BY REFORMED MASTER CRIMINAL, THE JOKER.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SIGNAL WHICH JAMMED ALL THE CITY'S TV CHANNELS AT MIDNIGHT IS SO FAR UNKNOWN.

BUT POLICE FEAR IT MAY HERALD A WAVE OF GANG WARFARE WITH POWERFUL OUT-OF-TOWN FACTIONS...

...STAY TUNED FOR UPDATES.

THAT'S THE SITUATION. ABOUT ALL YOU CAN DO IS HELP US EVACUATE THESE RAT-WARRENS!

BUT DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH CO-OPERATION FROM THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THEM.

IF YOU COULD CALL IT LIVING -- MOST OF 'EM ARE HOOKERS OR JUNKIES... OR BOTH.

INNOCENT OR NOT, CHIEF...

...VERY FEW OF THEM DESERVE TO DIE LIKE THIS.

SLAM

NEWS 2 UPDATE. WHILST MOST ISOLATED FIRES IN DOWNTOWN GOTHAM ARE REPORTED EXTINGUISHED...

...THE LARGER BLAZE IN THE CRIME ALLEY AREA THREATENS TO GET OUT OF CONTROL.

MOST INHABITANTS ARE THOUGHT TO BE SAFE, DESPITE EXTENSIVE PROPERTY DAMAGE...

BUT FIREFIGHTERS ARE CONCERNED THAT THE INFERNO, FANNED BY HIGH WINDS, COULD SPREAD TO OTHER CITY BLOCKS.

IF THIS DOES HAPPEN, LARGE AREAS OF THE CITY WILL BE PUT AT RISK AND A MASS EVACUATION WILL BE NECESSARY.

AS THE SITUATION WORSENS, ONE PERSON IS NOTABLY ABSENT, AND THE QUESTION ON MANY LIPS IS...

WHERE IS THE JOKER?

THE EMERGENCY IS FURTHER COMPLICATED BY REPORTS OF GUNFIRE AND RIOTING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

I'M OVER HERE, STUPID!

GAAAHH--!

GET THAT LIGHT OUT OF MY FACE!

TAKE THAT SILLY THING OFF, TOO-- I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR IT!

AND NO WONDER! BURNT OUT, THEN RUN OFF BY GUN-TOTING MAL-CONTENTS...

THE INGRATITUDE OF SOME PEOPLE! AFTER ALL THE FUN I'VE GIVEN GOTHAM -- THIS IS HOW I'M REPAID IN MY HOUR OF NEED!

AND IF I'D KNOWN HOW THE VISITORS FROM METROPOLIS WERE GOING TO BEHAVE, I'D NEVER HAVE BEEN SO HOSPITABLE TO THEM, EITHER.

STILL... THE SURPRISES I LEFT BEHIND ON MY VACATION SHOULD HELP EVEN THE SCORE!

AND THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG! LET'S GET GOING...

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

YOU DON'T THINK I'M PADDLING THROUGH THAT, DO YOU?

GOOD BOY! YOU'RE LEARNING...

ALWAYS ROOM IN MY ORGANIZATION FOR BRIGHT KIDS!

AND I'VE GOT JUST THE JOB FOR YOU! HA HA HA HA HA!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE *IN* IT OVER OUR *HEADS*, FRIEND...

OUR *GOOD* CITIZENS HAVE BEEN TAKING THE *OPPOR-TUNITY* TO *REVENGE* THEMSELVES ON THE *JOKER*...

SINCE THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO *BURN*, THEY'VE BEEN FIGHTING PITCHED *BATTLES* WITH HIS *JUNIOR GLEE CLUB!*

NOW THEY'RE AFTER *LUTHOR*, TOO-- HIS *SECURITY MEN* ARE UNDER SIEGE AT THE *OLD ORPHAN-AGE* SITE.

WE'RE *ALREADY* OVER-COMMITTED... IT'S GETTING *DES-PERATE!*

I EVEN CALLED *METROPOLIS*, TO SEE IF *SUPERMAN* COULD ASSIST, BUT THE LINES WERE *DEAD!*

SEEMS THEY'VE SUFFERED A MASSIVE *POWER OUTAGE*-- SO I GUESS HE'S BUSY ENOUGH *ALREADY*.

LEXCORP POWER-- OF *COURSE*.

AS FITTING A *TARGET* FOR THE *JOKER* AS HIS VICE-DENS WERE FOR *LUTHOR*...

I'LL GET DOWN TO THE *OLD ORPHAN-AGE*.

THANKS. YOU CAN'T HELP THE *FIRE DEPARTMENT* ANY *MORE*, SHORT OF PRAYING FOR A *CLOUDBURST* OR A...

... MIRACLE.

CAN I HELP?

SUPER-MAN? THANK GOD! BUT...

AREN'T YOU NEEDED IN METROPOLIS?

WE HEARD THE WHOLE TOWN WAS BLACKED OUT...

THERE WERE A FEW SMALL JOBS FOR ME, BUT EMERGENCY GENERATORS ARE WORKING AND THINGS ARE CALM NOW...

CALM?

PEOPLE THINK IT'S AN ACCIDENTAL POWER CUT -- THEY'VE NOT MADE THE JOKER CONNECTION YET.

LEXCORP IS WORKING FLAT OUT TO FIX THINGS AND LUTHOR'S PRIDE IS THE WORST CASUALTY...

SO I'M MORE USE HERE, CLEARING UP AFTER MY HOME TEAM.

FIRST THING IS TO PUT OUT THOSE FIRES...

WHAT'LL YOU DO? SEED THE CLOUDS TO MAKE IT RAIN?

NO. THAT'S TOO SLOW.

I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN...

GAS

OKAY, GORDON -- THE STREET'S CLEAR! THIS JUST BETTER WORK...

HERE HE COMES, CHIEF!

G3

THEN FLEW OFF, RETURNING MERE SECONDS AGO, ONLY TO BURROW INTO THE ROADWAY, HERE AT CRIME ALLEY.

NEWS 2 UPDATE. BRIEFLY -- SUPERMAN ARRIVED AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS SOME FIVE MINUTES SINCE...

NOTHING SEEMS TO--

MY GOD! WATER! HE'S STRUCK WATER!

AND HE'S DIVING AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...

...AND...

...AGAIN!

THIS--THIS IS INCREDIBLE! HUGE WATER-SPOUTS, SWAMPING THE FLAMES! GOTHAM IS SAVED--

--IT'S OVER! WHERE DID ALL THE WATER COME FROM, CHIEF?

SEE, PART OF THE GOTHAM RIVER RUNS DEEP UNDER HERE-- BATMAN KNEW ABOUT IT FROM OLD MAPS...

HE ALSO KNEW THAT WITH THE SUDDEN THAW, THE MOUNTAIN SNOWS WOULD MAKE IT A RAGING TORRENT!

SO HE GOT HIS PAL TO BLOCK IT DOWNSTREAM AND-- WHOOSH! LET THE PRESSURE OFF HERE. THE--

SORRY, CHIEF, MUST STOP YOU THERE-- WE'RE GOING TO THE LEXCORP SITE!

J-JENNIFER...?

THANKS, MEL.

LOCAL RESIDENTS HERE, BLAMING LUTHOR FOR TONIGHT'S EVENTS, HAVE TURNED ON LEXCORP PERSONNEL--

LEX CORP

LYNCH LEX

IT'S AN UGLY SCENE!

HE'S THE LAST! GET 'IM!

YOU GET THIS, BIG-MOUTH--

YEEEAARRG!

SO LONG, SUCKER!

WAIT-- LOOK OUT!

BATMAN'S CAR!

BUT NO ONE'S DRIVING!

LOOK! HERE HE COMES...!

HE'LL SETTLE LEXCORP FOR US!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR SETTLING SCORES. GO HOME, ALL OF YOU...

GOTHAM HAS WOUNDS TO HEAL BEFORE--

DAMN GOTHAM! AND DAMN YOU, BATMAN!

THIS WAS ALL JUST ANOTHER DIVERSION!

DIVERSION?

LOOK! AT THE FUEL TANKS--

DANG
FLAMMA

--THE JOKER'S MEN!

WAIT! DON'T--!

THEY'RE--

IS HE...?

DEAD? YES. A SOLDIER'S REWARD.

GUESS HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW THE RISKS. STILL...

FORGET HIM. THE FIRE'S OUR CONCERN NOW. HERE'S WHAT--

...UPDATE. THE ONCE-ANGRY MOB IS NOW CHEERING AS SUPERMAN TAKES APART THE DEMOLITION RIG WHICH CAUSED SO MUCH TROUBLE HERE A FEW WEEKS AGO...

YES--I THINK I'M AHEAD OF YOU THIS TIME.

WHILE THE BLAZE REKINDLES FEARS OF A CITY-WIDE CONFLAGRATION, HE SEEMS TO BE FASHIONING SOME... ...SOME KIND OF...

OF COURSE--

IT'S A PLOWSHARE!

HE'S PLOWING A GIANT FURROW RIGHT THROUGH THE LEXCORP DEVELOPMENT!

IT'S A SPECTACULAR SIGHT HERE -- DISPLACED EARTH SMOTHERING THE INFERNO...!

AND AS THE FLAMES DIE, IT'S ACTUALLY STARTING TO RAIN!

I'LL SEE IF I CAN TALK TO...

SUPERMAN... BATMAN... CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS FOR...

REALLY, IT WAS...

LET'S GO. POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

ER, WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT -- I GUESS EVEN THE HEAVY RAINFALL IS WELCOME TONIGHT...

NOW SUPERMAN AND BATMAN, NOT FORGETTING GOTHAM'S EMERGENCY PERSONNEL, CAN RELAX IN THE WARM GLOW OF A JOB WELL DONE!

FOR NEWS 2, THIS IS JENNIF--

EXPLOSIVES

HEAVY RAIN? WARM GLOW? YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE HALF OF IT YET, HONEY!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT, EH...?

THANK HEAVENS YOU TWO SEE EYE TO EYE!

ER, ANYWAY, I EXPECT YOU HAVE TO BE GETTING BACK TO METROPOLIS, SUPERMAN...

SURE, I--

I'M COMING WITH YOU.

WITH ME...? REALLY, THERE'S NO NEED. THE BLACKOUT WILL SOON BE--

WHERE THE JOKER GOES, I'LL ALWAYS BE NEEDED.

WELL... IF YOU INSIST. BUT I'LL BE FLYING...

I'LL KEEP ABOVE THE CLOUDS -- IT'LL BE MORE COMFORTABLE FOR YOU.

SO I GUESS YOU BETTER, UH, JUMP ON BOARD.

SAFE JOURNEY, BOYS...

YES, WE'VE BEEN REALLY LUCKY.

LUTHOR HAS POWER PLANTS AND SWITCHGEAR ALL OVER METROPOLIS, BUT THE EXPLOSIVES WERE SO EXPERTLY PLACED...

11:54

THAT THE DAMAGE IS ALMOST COMPLETELY RESTRICTED TO LEXCORP INSTALLATIONS.

GALAXY BROADCASTS

METROPOLIS POLICE DEPT. MOBILE UNIT

THE POLICE HAVE THE SMALL INCREASE IN STREET CRIME AND LOOTING UNDER CONTROL--

I'D SAY THE SITUATION IS STABLE.

THEATRE De-LEX Citizen KANE

NOT A WORD I'D EVER APPLY TO THE JOKER'S HANDI-WORK, MS. LANE.

BUT RIGHT NOW, I NEED SOME TRANSPORT.

HONK HONK

TRANSPORT?

DID SOMEBODY SAY TRANSPORT? I CAN DRIVE YOU ANYWHERE YOU WANT...

AS LONG AS WE GET TO COVER THE STORY.

IT'S THE BEST OFFER YOU'LL GET-- UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE STEALING A POLICE CAR.

YEAH, AND IT'S MY JALOPY'S THE PERFECT DISGUISE FOR SCOPING OUT THE STREETS!

VERY WELL. JUST DON'T GET IN MY WAY.

AND OLSEN -- NO PICTURES.

NO ONE'S SEEN HIM TONIGHT...

PROBABLY HAVING HIS SECURITY MEN STRANGLED!

SUPERMAN! YOU'RE NEEDED -- MERCY HOSPITAL!

ON MY WAY. MEET YOU AT THE PLANET LATER, PERRY...

SURE. I'LL GIVE YOUR REGARDS TO LUTHOR IF I BUMP INTO HIM!

I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING, MARSHALL.

SO SHOULD YOU... AND THE DESIGNERS OF THIS BUILDING'S ELECTRONICS.

LOCKED IN MY OWN OFFICE! ELEVATOR JAMMED! PHONE DEAD! REDUCED TO SHOUTING ORDERS THROUGH KEYHOLES!

IT-IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY, SIR. ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU'VE DONE PERMANENT DAMAGE TO THE JOK--

NAPOLEON

LEXCORP

PERMANENT DAMAGE! OTHER HAND! ARE YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY NOW, MARSHALL?

YOU'LL BE JOINING THE CHIEF OF SECURITY!

B-BUT SIR-- I-I WASN'T--

NO. NO, OF COURSE NOT. YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE TAUGHT THE JOKER A LESSON HE'LL NEVER FORGET.

LET HIM AND GOTHAM ROT WHERE THEY LIE. I'M PULLING OUT, CUTTING MY LOSSES--

TOO MANY COMPLICA--

WAS THAT THE DOOR, MARSHALL?

Y-YES... SOUNDS LIKE THEY'VE GOT THE THERMIC CUTTER UP THE STAIRS AT LAST, SIR.

AND, ER, THERE'S AN URGENT MESSAGE HERE FOR YOU, SIR-- F-FROM THE TWO MILE PLANT!

WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS, MR. LUTHOR...

...FERRYING PATIENTS FROM MET GENERAL WHEN IT CAUGHT THE TEMPORARY CABLES, SUPERMAN.

EVERYBODY'S ALIVE, THANK GOD...

BUT IF THE 'COPTER MAKES CONTACT WITH THE GROUND, THEY'LL FRY!

N8154

500c

HOSPITAL ACCESS ROOF

DON'T WORRY--

IT MAY MEAN ANOTHER SHORT POWER CUT...

...BUT BLINK AND YOU'LL MISS IT!

IF THERE ARE ANY MORE TO COME, I COULD FLY THEM OVER IN AN AMBULANCE... IT'D BE QUICKER THAN DRIV--

SCREEEEECHH

SHEEESH! LOOKIT THEM GO!

LL-1 METROPOLIS

HOPE THEY'RE WEARING SEAT-BELTS--

-- MORE CASUALTIES WE DON'T NEED!

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, BATMAN --ESPECIALLY IN THIS BLACK-OUT...

THAT'S LUTHOR'S MAIN BANK... BUT EVERYTHING LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH.

NO PARKING

TRO BANK

231

BANK PARKING

WE'LL SEE. WAIT HERE.

MAKE CLIMATE THE ROAD BACK

GOTHAM CITY2

MEN AT WORK

LEXCORP

METRO BANK

PROPERTY OF LEXCORP

S-SORRY, BATMAN. I--

I SAID TO STAY WITH YOUR CAR!

NOW THERE'S A MADMAN RUNNING AROUND, WIRED UP TO EXPLODE!

IT MUST BE A MAZE DOWN THERE, BATMAN-- YOU'LL NEVER BRING HIM BACK ALIVE!

WAIT! P-PERHAPS I CAN MAKE AMENDS BY CALLING THE CAVALRY, WITH MY SIGNAL WATCH!

ZEEEEEEEEEEEE

SEE ANYTHING, SUPERMAN...?

YES, JIMMY... HE'LL SOON BE TURNING INTO THE MAIN RUN ON FOURTH.

I'LL--

NO.

I WILL...

CLEANING UP AFTER THE HOME TEAM, REMEMBER?

WHAT A PAIR! WHAT A PICTURE!

TALK ABOUT IDENTICAL TWINS... THEIR CLOTHES, BADGES--

EVERYTHING IS PERFECTLY MATCHED!

PIECES OF SENSITIZED FILM, JIMMY. THEY'RE USED TO DETECT RADIATION.

OH, RIGHT. LIKE IF SUPERMAN'S SEE-THROUGH VISION ACTUALLY USED X-RAYS, THAT ONE WOULD'VE TURNED DARKER...

DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL.

EVEN THESE DOSIMETERS.

DOZZY WHATS?

BUT-- SO WHAT, BATMAN?

SO WHY WEAR THEM AT ALL? THEY'RE NOT FUNNY AND THEY'RE NO USE...

UNLESS YOU NEED TO BE WARNED OF A SUDDEN INCREASE IN RADIATION!

THAT'S WHY LUTHOR WAS LEAVING TOWN SO FAST!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SUPERMAN?

TWO MILE ISLAND-- LUTHOR'S NUCLEAR POWER PLANT!

I ASSURE YOU, SUPERMAN-- EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL...

SUITING UP IS STANDARD PROCEDURE IN THESE ALERT SITUATIONS.

NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND... WE'RE VERY BUSY.

REACTOR SCHEMA

EMERGENCY PROCEDURES

AND THE FLASHING LIGHTS?

THEY JUST SHOW THINGS ARE FUNCTIONING CORRECTLY. NOW, PLEASE, THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY.

GUARD--

AND...

HOW ABOUT THIS?

SECURITY

MELTDOWN IMMINENT

A-700E

A-700G

COOLANT DUCT C-21

CONTAMINATION AREA DO NOT EN- WITHOUT

W-WE THOUGHT WE COULD HANDLE IT... DIDN'T WANT TO CAUSE ANY ALARM...

BAD FOR B-BUSINESS

TURN AROUND

YES. I KNOW THE PHONES ARE WORKING NOW...

BUT, MARSHALL, AFTER TONIGHT-- YOU'RE NOT! GOODBYE!

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP

GOD! CAN'T ANYONE IN THIS WORLD BE TRUSTED?

...ALREADY ON MY WAY TO COLLECT YOU, MASTER BRUCE.

NEAR THE PLANET? CERTAINLY, SIR.

METROPOLIS

OH, IT WAS FAR ENOUGH FROM EARTH TO BE HARMLESS...

AND ANYTHING NASTY GOT BURNT OFF ME ON RE-ENTRY.

YOU'RE CLEAN, ALL RIGHT...

UNLIKE LUTHOR AND THE JOKER.

I KNOW. BUT WE HAVE NO EVIDENCE THAT THEY DID ANY-THING WRONG LAST NI--

EVIDENCE?

STILL HOPING THAT TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY WILL BE ENOUGH, CLARK?

THAT'S DANGEROUS TALK, BRUCE...

WE ALL NEED HOPE.

YES... BUT SOME OF US LOST IT...

...A LONG TIME AGO.

BOYS, BOYS...

WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHAKE HANDS--

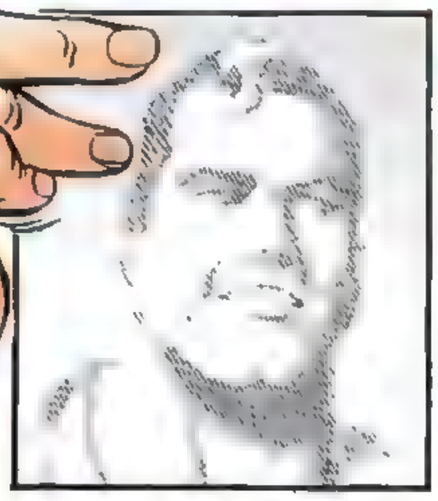
--ON A JOB WELL DONE?

EMERGENCY EDITION

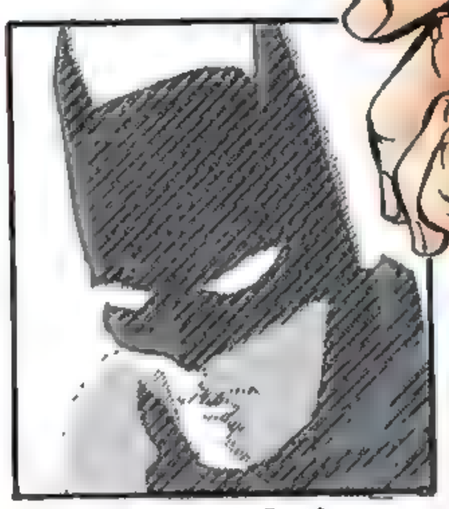
DAILY PLANET

Circulation 153,000,000

WORLD'S FINEST TEAM SAVES CITIES



Superman of Metropolis



Batman of Gotham

DAILY PLANET

WORLD'S FINEST

GOOD DAY, SUPERMAN.

GOOD NIGHT, BATMAN.

UICIDE SLUM DEVELOPMENT

a LEXCORP / METROPOLIS Project

NOT SHAKING HANDS TODAY? NOT EVEN TO WISH YOUR OLD PAL A PROS-PEROUS NEW YEAR?

TUT-TUT!

AND I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO BE AS CLOSE AS TWELVE O'CLOCK, LEX--

OLD PAL? CLOSE?

I SHOULD HAVE YOU DISPOSED OF, RIGHT NOW!

:AHEM:

BUT... YOU'RE NOT WORTH THE EFFORT. YOU AND GOTHAM DON'T MATTER TO ME ANY-MORE--

NOT ONCE THE BOOKS ARE BALANCED.

MS. DA COSTA...

WHAT A CO-INCIDENCE! I'M BORED WITH YOU AND METROP-OLIS, TOO, LEX-- I'VE DECIDED I DON'T WANT A VACATION TAN AFTER ALL!

I'D RATHER BE PALE AND INTERESTING...

SPEAKING OF INTEREST, MR. ... AH ... JOKER--

YOU'RE HERE THIS EVENING BECAUSE OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT YOU OWE LEXCORP A CONSIDERABLE SUM OF MONEY--

I OWE YOU? OH, AN I.O.U.'S NO PROBLEM!

I NEVER LEAVE HOME WITHOUT ONE! HA HA HA HA HA HA!

DAMAGE TO LEXCORP POWER INSTALLATIONS IN METROPOLIS ... LOSS OF A NUCLEAR REACTOR...

...THEFTS, VARIOUS ... DESTRUCTION OF MACHINERY AT LEXCORP GOTHAM.

ALL INSURED, OF COURSE... BUT OUR EXPENSES WILL RUN, SAY, FIVE MILLION DOLLARS. ADD THE SALE BACK TO YOU OF THE GOTHAM SITE...

A TOTAL OF SOME TEN MILLION DOLLARS--

AND IT'S UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU WILL DONATE THE GOTHAM SITE TO CHARITY TO MATCH MR. LUTHOR'S GENEROSITY TO MIDWAY ORPHANAGE. AGREED?

;GULP!; YOU'VE TALKED ME INTO IT, LADY...

ANYWAY, IT'S WORTH IT FOR ALL THE FUN I'VE HAD! HA HA HA HA HA!

FUN? FUN? GET HIM OUT OF HERE BEFORE I--

SEE TO THE ARRANGEMENTS, MS. DA COSTA.

OH, AND JOKER... ONE LAST THING.

IF YOU EVER CROSS ME AGAIN--

--YOU'LL THINK THE SKY HAS FALLEN IN.

EXCUSE ME, BUT I'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, LEX ... THIS MUST BE WHERE I CAME--

SPLASH!

NYAAAAGH!

--IN.

I--

--AM NOT JOKING.

HA. NEITHER WAS I UNTIL--

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

ONLY ONE THING TO DO WITH A BUCKET...

KICK IT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

HA HA HA

WYLIE
1917 - 1990
OLIVER MONKS
1939 - 1990

...APPARENTLY ONE OF LEXCORP'S EX-EMPLOYEES PRACTICALLY PAINTED THE JOKER A PICTURE OF HOW TO BREACH THEIR SECURITY SYSTEMS.

GRAND OPENING

WELCOME TO THE NEW MIDWAY ORPHANAGE
GRAND OPENING * MIDSUMMER FAIR

FINISH LINE

SACK RACE ALL AGES

NAME OF KENDRICK... MUST'VE HAD SOME KIND OF GRUDGE.

HE WAS FOUND DEAD A COUPLE OF DAYS AFTER NEW YEAR...

LOOKED ACCIDENTAL, BUT WHETHER HE WAS KILLED FOR SILENCE OR FOR REVENGE, WE'LL NEVER KNOW.

THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH LUTHOR AND THE JOKER...

PEOPLE ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO TALK, OR TOO DEAD--

OR, LIKE THE JOKER'S FAT FRIENDS, TOO DUMB.

AT LEAST LUTHOR DIDN'T HAVE THE GALL TO TURN UP TODAY...

BUT I'M SORRY, ADAM--TODAY IS SUPPOSED TO BE A NEW BEGINNING FOR YOU AND THE CHILDREN...

I SHOULD GIVE THIS A REST.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, COMMISSIONER ... WE CAN ALL LEARN FROM THE PAST. IT'S ONLY DANGEROUS WHEN WE GET OBSESSED BY IT.

I-I MUST CONFESS THAT I STARTED TO LOOK FURTHER INTO THOSE AWFUL REVELATIONS ABOUT BYRON WYLIE AND POOR OLIVER...

I DISCOVERED IN SOME OLD NEWSPAPER FILES THAT WYLIE WAS ONCE, ER, ROMANTICALLY INVOLVED WITH OLIVER'S MOTHER...

B-BUT WHEN I STARTED TO WONDER IF OLIVER MIGHT REALLY HAVE BEEN HIS SON, I DECIDED ENOUGH WAS ENOUGH.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS, THE TRUTH BECOMES FADED... ONLY YELLOWED IDEALS AND BRITTLE EMOTIONS REMAIN.

DEAR DIARY

I JUST FEEL SO SORRY FOR OLIVER.

TO LIVE LIKE THAT, THE PAST ALWAYS HOVERING OVER HIM, FOREVER BARRED FROM BECOMING HIMSELF--

MAYBE THE WORST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS.

MAYBE...

...BUT IT'S SOME CONSOLATION THAT YOUR SUGGESTION TO NAME THE NEW ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND ON THE OLD GOTHAM ORPHANAGE SITE AFTER HIM WAS ADOPTED.

AT LEAST FUTURE GENERATIONS WILL LINK HIS NAME WITH CHILDHOOD FUN...

NOT A BAD LEGACY...

HEY, IS THAT THE TIME? EXCUSE ME-- I'VE GOT A DEADLINE! MY COLUMN'S DUE...

NO TIME FOR FUN WHEN YOU'VE GOT A PLANET TO WORRY ABOUT, EH, PERRY?

PERRY'S PLANET

The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.
—LEWIS CARROLL

There are times when this world of ours seems to me just like one of Lewis Carroll's distorted dreams, a Looking Glass World full of strange sights, curious costumes and peculiar personalities.

A World where the patterns of Light and Darkness, Good and Evil, are forever balanced on a checker board of dazzling contrasts.

A World where a bald megalomaniac and a grinning lunatic, careful to keep the Law, do battle for control of their cities, like some latter-day Lion and Unicorn.

A World where those cities are defended by two lone Champions, men gifted yet somehow driven, White and Black Knights.

Our media tell of the steps and turns of their deadly Quadrille, yet little of the dancers themselves. What of the private worlds, the inner realities of these four remarkable beings?

Have they ever felt the warmth of a caring family, of a lover's touch, of undemanding devotion? Or the chill of doubt, of fear, of remorse? We know not.

Are they truly mature adults or, despite their power and stature, merely overgrown children? We cannot tell.

Will the potential to do Evil be defeated by the desire to do Good? We must hope so.

Personally, whatever our world is and whatever lies ahead, I take comfort in my belief that our Champions will continue to protect us, true to their lights.

Perhaps they will even grow closer together, adopting and adapting each others' methods and philosophies.

Perhaps.

Or perhaps they must simply reflect what is obvious to anyone who cares to look through a window.

LUTHOR

SUPERMAN ?

BAH !

For, in Metropolis, the lights of LexCorp burn ever brighter.

While in Gotham's Crime Alley...

JOKER

BATMAN ?

IS IT A BAT?

INFRA RED

LASERS

CANNON

SIDEWINDERS

CLUSTER BOMBS

CONCEALED WEAPON

IS IT A PLANE?

NO! HA HA HA!

IT'S A BATPLANE! HA HA HA HA HA!

HA HA HA HA HA!

PT

RE

...the night grows darker yet.

NATIVE SONS

ON A HILLSIDE JUST OUTSIDE OF SMALLVILLE, KANSAS...

...AN OTO SHAMAN PERFORMS AN ANCIENT RITUAL...

JERRY ORDWAY
artist/writer

DENNIS JANKE
inker

GLENN WHITMORE
colorist

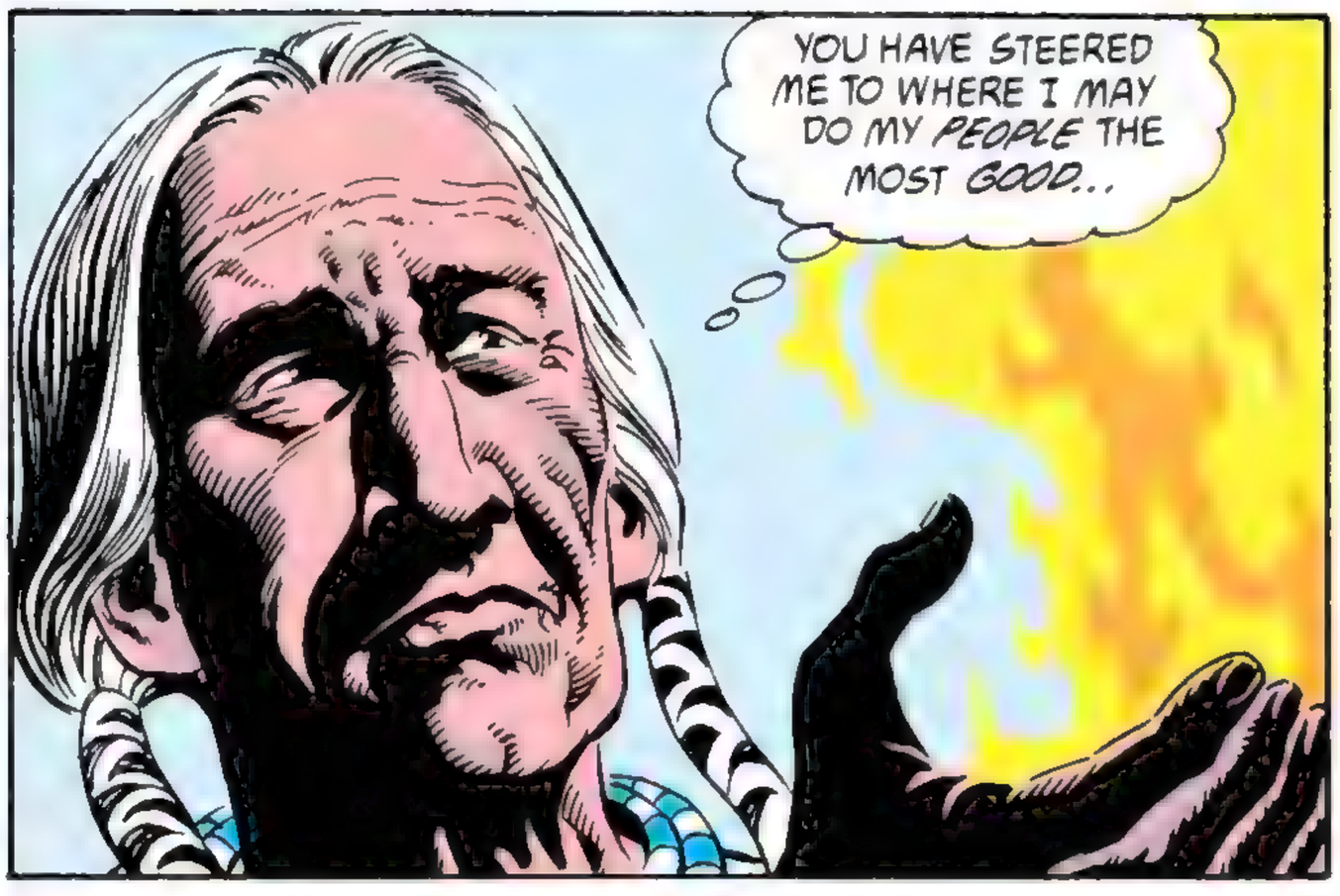
JOHN COSTANZA
letterer

JON PETERSON
associate

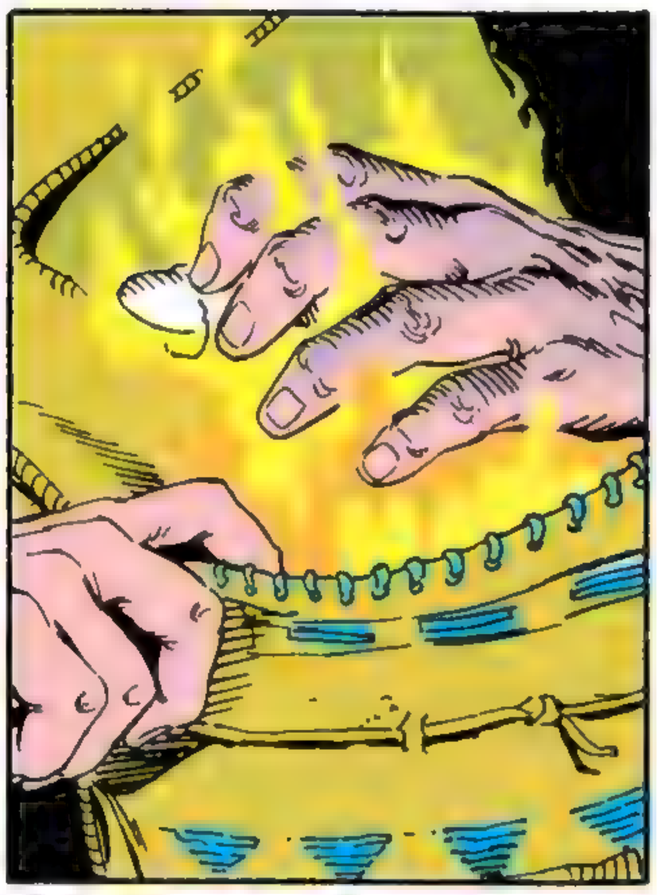
MIKE CARLIN
editor

SUPERMAN created by: JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

‹SPIRIT OF THE GREAT WOLF WHO RESIDES IN THE SUN...›
‹...YOU HAVE SHOWN ME THE SIGN...›


YOU HAVE STEERED ME TO WHERE I MAY DO MY PEOPLE THE MOST GOOD...

A DAY OF RECKONING IS AT HAND...



THE FUTURE OF THE OTO NATION WILL BE DECIDED IN THE TOWN KNOWN AS SMALLVILLE.
"IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK HERE..."
Welcome to Smallville
THE TOWN WHERE MIRACLES HAPPEN...
POP 3753
MAYOR RUTHERFORD B SMALL MAYOR

...KANSAS HOLDS SO MANY GOOD MEMORIES FOR ME.

THE OLD SIMONSON QUARRY, WHERE I PLAYED AS A KID...

...THE OTO INDIAN RESERVATION DOWN THERE--TAUGHT ME ABOUT THE *CULTURE* OF THIS LAND...

"SMALLVILLE" GETS RAZZED A LOT FOR ITS NAME, BUT AS SOMEONE WHO GREW UP HERE, I KNOW WHAT IT'S GOT TO OFFER.

THE *CLEAN* AIR--WIDE OPEN SPACES UNSPOILED BY THE SIGHT OF SHOPPING MALLS!

HMM, THERE'S PA ON HIS TRACTOR, WORKING THE FIELD.

"I TOLD HIM I'D TAKE CARE OF *THAT* WHEN I GOT HOME!"

"ohhh what a beautiful *MORNIN'*"

"OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAAAAY"

ABRAXIS COAL

ABRAXIS COAL

WHAT THE *HECK?*

HI, POP!

HEH. THANKS FOR THE *LIFT*, STRANGER.

I SEEM TO RECALL MA TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE IT EASY.

IF I SAT STILL FOR A SECOND, YOUR MAW'LL HAVE ME CLIPPING NEWS ARTICLES FOR HER SCRAPBOOK!

YOU KNOW, YOU HAVEN'T PULLED A STUNT LIKE THAT ON ME FOR SOME TIME!

HOW'RE YOU FEELING THESE DAYS?

ISN'T THAT KIND OF OBVIOUS FROM MY BEHAVIOR?

IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU, PA!

AND IT'S GREAT TO SEE YOU, SON-- IN GOOD SPIRITS.

YOUR MA AND I WERE PRETTY SCARED FOR YOU LAST TIME WE SAW YOU! *

* IN ACTION #652

HEY, GOOD-LOOKIN'; HOW 'BOUT A GLASS OF THAT ICED TEA?

SINCE WHEN ARE WE RUNNING A RESTAURANT HERE, PA?

DAILY LEDGER

SUPERMAN IS SLUGFEST IN THE MOON

GLUE

SCRAP BOOK

OH, BE A *DEAR* AND GET ME A GLASS OF TEA ALSO.

SUPERMAN AVERTS DISASTER

ABRAXAS MILLS REFERENDUM

SCRAP BOOK

WHO DO YOU THINK I AM? *A WAITER?*

OOP!

OH, CLARK, YOU *STINKER!*

IT'S *GOOD* TO SEE YOU *KIDDING* AROUND AGAIN!

EASY, MOM.

THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING GREAT IN MY LIFE-- I THINK LOIS LANE AND I ARE FINALLY GETTING CLOSE.

OH, THAT'S, *UH*, WONDER-FUL.

YOU PLANNIN' ON TALKING TO LANA?

YES. IT'S GOING TO BE ROUGH...

...SHE'S MY OLDEST FRIEND.

...BUT YOU'VE GOT TO FOLLOW YOUR *HEART.*

SURE IT'LL BE TOUGH...

SUPERMAN BATTLES ON THE MOOK

PROFESSOR PETERSON INVOLVED IN FREAK MISHAP

SMALLVILLE POST

OTO RESERVATION SITE PROPOSED FOR MINING OPERATION

HER FEELINGS RUN *DEEPER* THAN THAT...

"...BUT YOU'LL BE DOING THE RIGHT THING."

TIME TO WAKE UP, PETER ROSS!

ALLVILLE POST

TO RESERVATION SITE PROPOSED FOR MINING

COUNCIL TO VOTE ON CONTRACT

WHUZZAT?

OH, IT'S YOU!

SMALLVILLE POST

MINING

JOE, YOU SAW THE ARTICLE I GOT INTO THE PAPER!

WORDS!

HOUSE OF COACHES?

JUST WORDS.

IT'S TIME FOR ACTION, ROSS!

SIT HIM DOWN NOW.

WHAT'S WITH THE ROPE?

RELAX, RELAX. WE'VE GOT A PLAN!

NO!

THIS IS NOT THE WAY. PETER ROSS IS OUR FRIEND.

HE CAN ONLY DO SO MUCH AS THE COUNTY AGENT.

OUR FRIEND IS GOING TO GET US SOME ATTENTION...

...WHETHER HE WANTS TO OR NOT!

THIS IS A MIS-TAKE, JOSEPH.

IF YOU'RE NOT WITH US, GET OUT!

"I JUST DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS RIGHT..."

...MAYBE I DON'T *NEED* A NEW HAIRSTYLE, CYNDI.

C'MON, LOIS, DON'T BE SO *BORING!* MAYBE A DIFFERENT *COLOR?*

NOPE.

LOIS, YOU CAME IN HERE *WANTING* A *CHANGE*. WHAT'S UP?

I DON'T KNOW-- I'M JUST KIND OF CONFUSED. THERE'S THIS GUY...

WE'VE WORKED TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME, AND WELL, I'VE *LIKED* HIM, AND *DISLIKED* HIM, AND NOW I--I DON'T KNOW...

YOU *NEED* A NEW HAIRSTYLE. HOW'S *THIS?*

YUCK.

THIS ONE?

NAAH. YOU KNOW, CLARK REALLY *IS* NICE...

THIS? VERY TRENDY.

HE'S A BIT OLD-FASHIONED -- IN A CUTE WAY...

...TALENTED, BRIGHT-- HE'S NO SUPERMAN... ...BUT...

GREAT, WHAT'S HIS *NUMBER?*

JUST KIDDING. SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD GUY-- COULD BE THE START OF AN EXCITING TIME FOR YOU...

NEW BEAU, NEW COIF...

CYNDI, RONNIE'S ON THE PHONE.

JUST A SEC, LOIS.

SHE'S RIGHT-- WE'RE TALKING ABOUT MY *HAIR*...

"...IT'S NOT LIKE I'M CHANGING MY WHOLE LIFESTYLE."

I DIDN'T THINK LUNCHTIME WOULD EVER GET HERE.

CLOSED

IT WAS NICE OF PHOEBE TO GIVE ME THE JOB, BUT WORKING IN A DRESS SHOP ISN'T VERY EXCITING.

ESPECIALLY FOR A GIRL WHO'S FLOWN WITH SUPERMAN!

WHAT IN THE WORLD?

SMALLVILLE COUNTY AGEN

STATE POLICE

CAN'T GO THROUGH, MA'AM. WE'VE GOT A HOSTAGE SITUATION...

THIS IS *SMALLVILLE!* THOSE THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN HERE!

WHO WAS TAKEN HOSTAGE? AND *WHY?*

STATE POLICE

I'LL TELL YOU, YOUNG LADY.

THIS CONCERNS SOMETHING MY PEOPLE ARE *REAL* SENSITIVE ABOUT-- *LAND.* INDIAN *LAND.* I JUST HOPE MR. ROSS IS OKAY.

PETE? THEY'VE GOT PETE ROSS? WHY WOULD THEY WANT TO HURT HIM?

STATE POLICE

THOSE BOYS DO NOT REPRESENT THE OTO INDIAN NATION. THEY ARE IMPETUOUS CHILDREN, BORN IN THE TV ERA.

IT IS NOT THEIR WAY TO SIT IN COUNCIL. THEY SEEK NETWORK *MEDIA COVERAGE* FOR OUR PLIGHT.

GONNA NEED A LOT MORE *FIREPOWER* THAN EVEN *THIS*, TO MAKE THE KANSAS CITY EVENING NEWS!

SMALLVILLE COUNTY AGE

STATE POLICE

C'MON, JOE -- WE'VE BEEN GOING AROUND ON THIS SUBJECT FOR YEARS! YOU'RE GOING TO GET US ALL *KILLED!*

IF *THAT'S* WHAT IT TAKES, THEN SO BE IT!

'SIDES, ROSS, WE'RE NOT GOING TO HURT YOU...

I'M *MORE* CONCERNED ABOUT THE SHERIFF HURTING *YOU!*

"HE'S LIABLE TO SHOOT *FIRST* AND ASK *QUESTIONS LATER!*"

WHUT IN TARNATION?

LOOK! UP THERE IN THE SKY!

THANK GOD -- IT'S *HIM...*

I MUST BE HALLUCINATING!

IT'S A BLASTED *FLYING INDIAN!*

IT'S *NOT* SUPERMAN?

CALL THE KANSAS CITY AFFILIATE AND HAVE THEM SEND A CREW HERE *FAST!*

THIS ONE SHOULD BRING BACK SOME MEMORIES, MOM.

REMEMBER? YOU SNAPPED THE PHOTO.

ME AND SUPERMAN, RIGHT AFTER HE AND I TOOK CARE OF THAT SILVER BANSHEE CHARACTER.

FIRST TIME YOU MET HIM. HE EVEN SAID YOU WERE *BEAUTIFUL!*

MOM? PLEASE SNAP OUT OF IT!

I'M YOUR *SON!* TALK TO ME!

YOU WERE *FINE* WHEN WE GOT YOU OUT OF THE EVIL FACTORY...

RIP!

PLEASE SNAP OUT OF THIS AND *COME HOME...*

SON?

FROM WHAT THE GUARDIAN TOLD ME, YOUR MOTHER WAS THROUGH QUITE A *TRAUMATIC* ORDEAL...

...BEING HELD AGAINST HER WILL, AND THEN FINDING OUT FOR CERTAIN ABOUT HER HUSBAND--YOUR FATHER...

...SHE'S HAD A KIND OF DELAYED *SHOCK* SYNDROME.

MY MOM'S *TOUGH*, DOC. SHE RAISED *ME* ALL BY HERSELF...

MY DAD'S *DEAD*, AND I WON'T GIVE UP ON HER.

SEE YOU TOMORROW, MOM.

NO REACTION.

BROWN INSTITUTE PSYCHIATRY METROPOLIS 1978

WITH ALL *I'VE* BEEN THROUGH LATELY...

Rinaside Cafe

I'M SURPRISED *MY* MIND HASN'T GONE INTO *SHOCK*, TOO!

KOUTA BEER

WHOOPS.

JERRY WHITE, I *DON'T* KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU!

I *CAN'T* BELIEVE YOU'D TAKE A JOB IN A PLACE LIKE *THIS!*

IT'S JUST A *SICK IDEA.*

TAMMY! *WAIT,* COME BACK HERE...

...TURNING AN *OLD CHURCH* INTO A *NIGHT-CLUB!* THAT DOESN'T *OFFEND* YOU?

YOU'RE JUST MAD 'CAUSE I'M NOT SLINGING *BIG BELLY BURGERS* TO THE HUNGRY *MASSES* LIKE *YOU!*

I'M GOING PLACES, BABY! THIS IS GOING TO BE THE *HOTTEST* CLUB IN METROPOLIS, AND I'M GOING ALONG FOR THE RIDE!

WELL, IT'S A RIDE YOU'RE GOING ON *WITHOUT* ME!

TAXI!

PLEASE...

RE-CYCLE

UHH, HI, JER.

...UM, GOOD *RIDDANCE!*

AHHH, "CAN'T LIVE WITH 'EM, AND YOU CAN'T SHOOT 'EM," EH, OLSEN?

I DON'T KNOW--

HEY, WHY DON'T YOU STOP IN SOMETIME? HERE.

I GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK. SEE YOU LATER, DUDE.

COMPLIMENTARY TICKET ADMITS ONE TO THE 10 PM SHOW AT *BLAZES* CLUB

MA'S BEEN UPDATING ON THE OLD PHOTO ALBUM TOO.

HERE'S A FUNNY SHOT OF ME AND LANA AND PETE R--

AHEM. WHEN WERE YOU GOING TO TALK WITH HER, CLARK?

WHY DON'T YOU JUST *CALL* HER AT WORK-- MAYBE SET UP A DINNER DATE.

TAKE HER TO PLASTINO'S STEAKHOUSE...

I GUESS I HAVE BEEN PUTTING THIS OFF, AT THAT, BUT I DON'T THINK A DINNER DATE'S THE PLACE TO SAY WHAT I NEED TO SAY.

WELL, THE LONGER YOU WAIT, THE STRONGER THE CHANCES ARE THAT SOMETHING *ELSE* WILL COME--

WHOOM

--UP!

LAND SAKES, PA!

THAT GIANT *FIREBALL'S* RISING UP FROM THE CENTER OF DOWNTOWN SMALLVILLE--

IN THE SHAPE OF A WOLF?

"HOPE TO HECK YOU GOT *THAT* ON VIDEO!"

FORDMAN'S STORE FORDMAN'S

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING *THIS* ODD SINCE BEFORE THE *DOOM PATROL* LEFT KANSAS CITY!

YOU HAVE *STOLEN* OUR LAND, PUSHED OUR PEOPLES ONTO RESERVATIONS AND NOW YOU PUSH *AGAIN*...

...BUT THERE IS *NOWHERE* LEFT FOR US TO GO.

FIREWOLF IS HERE TO SEE THAT *OTO* BLOOD WILL NOT BE SPILT OVER LAND AGAIN!

OKAY, SO WE'RE *IMPRESSED!* NOW--! THAT WIND...!

THIS WOULD'VE BEEN DOUSED BY NOW IF IT WERE ORDINARY FIRE...

...THAT WOLF-SHAPE INDICATES OTHER, MYSTICAL FORCES AT PLAY...

IT'S *SUPERMAN!*

FOR CENTURIES THEY HAVE TRIED TO *EXTINGUISH* THE INDIAN'S *SPIRIT*...

"...WE WILL NEVER ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN!"

ITS GRIP-- SO TIGHT-- THIS THING'S EMANATING FROM STREET LEVEL...

IF I CAN GET AT THE SOURCE, MAYBE IT'LL LET ME GO!

A LITTLE HEAT OF MY *OWN* ON THAT FIREPLUG...

SPLASH

THOOOM

ARGHH-- THE FLAMES...

I CAN'T BEAR THIS...

PLEASE, DEAR GOD, CAN'T *SOMEBODY* HELP HIM?

I BEAR NO ILL TOWARDS YOU, SUPERMAN --YOU ARE NOT OF THIS EARTH.

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE *INTERFERED.* THIS ISN'T YOUR BATTLE...

THE *PAIN*-- *GONE.*

...IT IS *MINE.*

YOU'RE WRONG, SIR. I'M A SWORN PROTECTOR OF *ALL* PEOPLE... I, TOO, AM AGAINST SOCIAL INJUSTICE.

THE OTO ARE NOW A SMALL NATION, SUPERMAN.

BY YOUR STANDARDS WE ARE A *POOR* PEOPLE, BUT WE SHARE A SPIRITUAL WEALTH WITH THIS LAND.

THE INDUSTRIAL NATIONS OF THE WORLD HAVE STRIPPED AND POLLUTED WHAT LAND *THEY* CONTROL...

NOW THEY WISH TO DO THE SAME TO THE EARTH ON WHICH OUR RESER-VATION LIES.

THERE ARE TREATIES-- LAWS TO PREVENT THAT FROM...

GREED KNOWS NO LAWS...

WHILE YOU TWO ARE *GABBING,* PETE ROSS IS STILL A *HOSTAGE* IN THERE!

THAT'S *OUR* LINE OF WORK, LADY. WE'LL--

HOLD YOUR FIRE, TROOPER.

HIS CAPTORS ARE OTO. I WILL BRING THEM OUT.

THOSE THREE IN PETE'S OFFICE LOOK PRETTY JUMPY, BUT THEY'RE NOT ARMED...

I'D LIKE TO HELP...*UH*..

I AM CALLED FIREWOLF...

...AND YOUR ABILITIES ARE NEEDED *ELSE-WHERE.*

YES, I *AM* NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

HEY! WHERE'S HE GOIN'?

THAT OLD INDIAN DID *SOMETHING* TO HIM...

HOLD YOUR WEAPONS--I WILL BRING AN END TO THIS...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING?

YEAH, LADY. I'M GOING TO HOLD MY FIRE, LIKE HE SAID!

WHAT ARE THEY DOING OUT THERE? IT'S SO QUIET!

CAN'T BE A GOOD SIGN!

THAT'S FOR-- HO-LEEEE!

YOU "PUPS" MUST END THIS GAME.

YAHHH- OOF!

FINALLY WORKED MY HANDS FREE-- 'GOT TO GET INTO THE TOP DRAWER...

I RECOGNIZE YOU--YOU'RE THAT CRAZY OLD PRIEST!

TAKE YOUR MAGIC ELSE-WHERE, OLD MAN!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO FOR *US?* TURN PETE ROSS INTO A *TOAD?*

WATCH YOUR TONGUE, JOSEPH LINCOLN...

YOU, NICHOLAS ELM--*STAY.*

WHOAH-HO!

STOP IT, ALL OF YOU.

PETE, OLD BUDDY!

PUT THAT AWAY, PETER ROSS. I WANT WHAT MY PEOPLE WANT--AN END TO THE *STRIP-MINING* PLANS FOR THE OTO'S LAND.

END THE STRIP-MINING PLANS? THAT'S THE IDEA I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SELL TO THESE GUYS.

I'M PUTTING THE GUN DOWN, BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING.

THAT'S CRAZY!

NO, DON'T!

WE WANT THE MINES. WE ALSO WANT OUR FAIR SHARE OF THE PROFITS.

YOU WOULD SACRIFICE THE LAND?

THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WILL DO THIS ANY-WAYS--WHY SHOULDN'T WE BE ABLE TO EARN A LIVING FROM IT?

WHAT HAVE THE "OLD WAYS" GOTTEN US, SHAMAN?

WAIT-- GET BACK!

BLAM

IS THIS WHAT YOU WANT, PUP?

AIIIIIII

TOMMY, NO! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR IT TO GO LIKE THIS...

NO ONE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HURT...

YOUR FOOLISHNESS IS UNDONE--THANKS TO THE "OLD WAYS."

MY CHEST!

I ONLY SOUGHT TO PROTECT THE LAND FOR MY PEOPLE.

PERHAPS I AM THE LONE VOICE IN THIS MATTER.

YOU! WOMAN. ARE THERE OTO LEFT WHO RESPECT THIS LAND?

SOME OF US *ARE* TRADITION-MINDED.

THEN *HOW* DOES THE *COUNCIL* VOTE ON THIS?

I THINK THESE GENTLEMEN HAVE SOME ANSWERS, FIREWOLF.

SUPERMAN SAYS THIS IS ABOUT THE PROPOSED MINING OPERATION ON THE OTO RESERVATION.

I REPRESENT ABRAXIS MINING, OF BORING, KANSAS.

LOOK, I'M JACK FILCH OF THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

YOUR TRIBAL COUNCIL HAS ALREADY GIVEN US A TENTATIVE OKAY.

AGAIN YOU SEEK CLAIM TO OUR LAND.

WE'RE NOT HERE TO TAKE ANYTHING FROM YOU, SIR.

OUR COUNCIL IS CONCERNED THAT THERE WON'T BE JOBS FOR OUR PEOPLE IN THESE MINES.

WE'LL LEASE *LAND RIGHTS* TO THE COMPANY THAT GUARANTEES EMPLOYMENT, AS WELL AS A SHARE IN ANY PROFITS.

WE WANT TO BE *THAT* COMPANY.

ONE OF YOUR LOCALS HAS BEEN IN TOUCH WITH US ALREADY-- A MR. *ROSE*?

THAT'S *ROSS*.

...PETER ROSS.

I TOLD THESE FOLKS THAT THERE WASN'T ANYTHING TO FRET OVER.

PETE!

OH, *PETE*. I WAS SO WORRIED.

YOUNG LOVE?

I HAVE HEARD *ENOUGH!*

FIREWOLF-- THE COUNCIL REPRESENTS A MAJORITY. THIS DEAL MEANS *JOBS*, AND FOOD FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN.

IT WILL ONLY HASTEN THEIR DOWNFALL.

WE ARE PARTICIPATING IN OUR FUTURE.

YOU ARE HASTENING YOUR OWN EXTINCTION.

STAY-- GUIDE THEM...

SMALLVILLE BANK

FWOOOM!

HE'S *GONE.*

AHEM, MR. ROSS. THERE'S *STILL* THIS BUSINESS TO TEND.

I *WON'T* BE PRESSING CHARGES.

YOU *SURE?*

IT IS *GOOD* OF YOU, JOE AND HIS FRIENDS ACTED FOOLISHLY.

MR. ROSS, WILL YOU HELP US WITH NEGOTIATIONS? ALL PARTIES ARE PRESENT.

UH, OKAY.

I WANTED TO TALK...

THEN TALK.

THIS IS REALLY HARD...

WHAT?

IT'S JUST THAT-- WELL, LOIS LANE AND I...

WE'RE SEEING EACH OTHER-- ROMANTICALLY...

I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD KNOW.

RING BELL FOR DELIVERIES

OH, CLARK-- HOW CAN YOU BE *SO* STUPID?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? MY BLESSING?

HERE. I HOPE YOU'LL BE *HAPPY* TOGETHER!

SLAP

'GUESS I DESERVED THAT.

CLARK? I *KNOW* YOU'RE UP THERE.

COME ON UP, PA.

HEARD ABOUT WHAT WENT ON IN TOWN...

I THINK THOSE INDIANS HAVE MADE A GOOD START TOWARDS RUNNING THEIR OWN AFFAIRS.

I TALKED TO LANA...

SHE *SLAPPED* ME.

WHAT 'D YOU THINK SHE WOULD DO?

THAT GIRL'S BEEN EATING HER HEART OUT OVER YOU FOR YEARS, BOY.

I *THOUGHT* LANA KNEW WE WERE JUST FRIENDS.

GUESS I TOOK HER FOR *GRANTED.*

WHAT 'RE YOU TELLING *ME* THAT FOR?

"TELL IT TO LANA."

HI.

HI.

LANA, I'M *REALLY* SORRY.

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT THE *LAST* THING I WANTED, WAS FOR YOU TO GET *HURT.*

I SHOULDN'T HAVE SLAPPED YOU.

I WAS JUST SO ANGRY AT BOTH OF US!

I COULDN'T ADMIT TO MYSELF THAT I *STILL* EXPECTED US TO WIND UP TOGETHER ONE DAY.

I KNOW *NOW* THAT *THAT'S* NOT GOING TO HAPPEN.

IT'S FINALLY OVER.

NEXT ISSUE

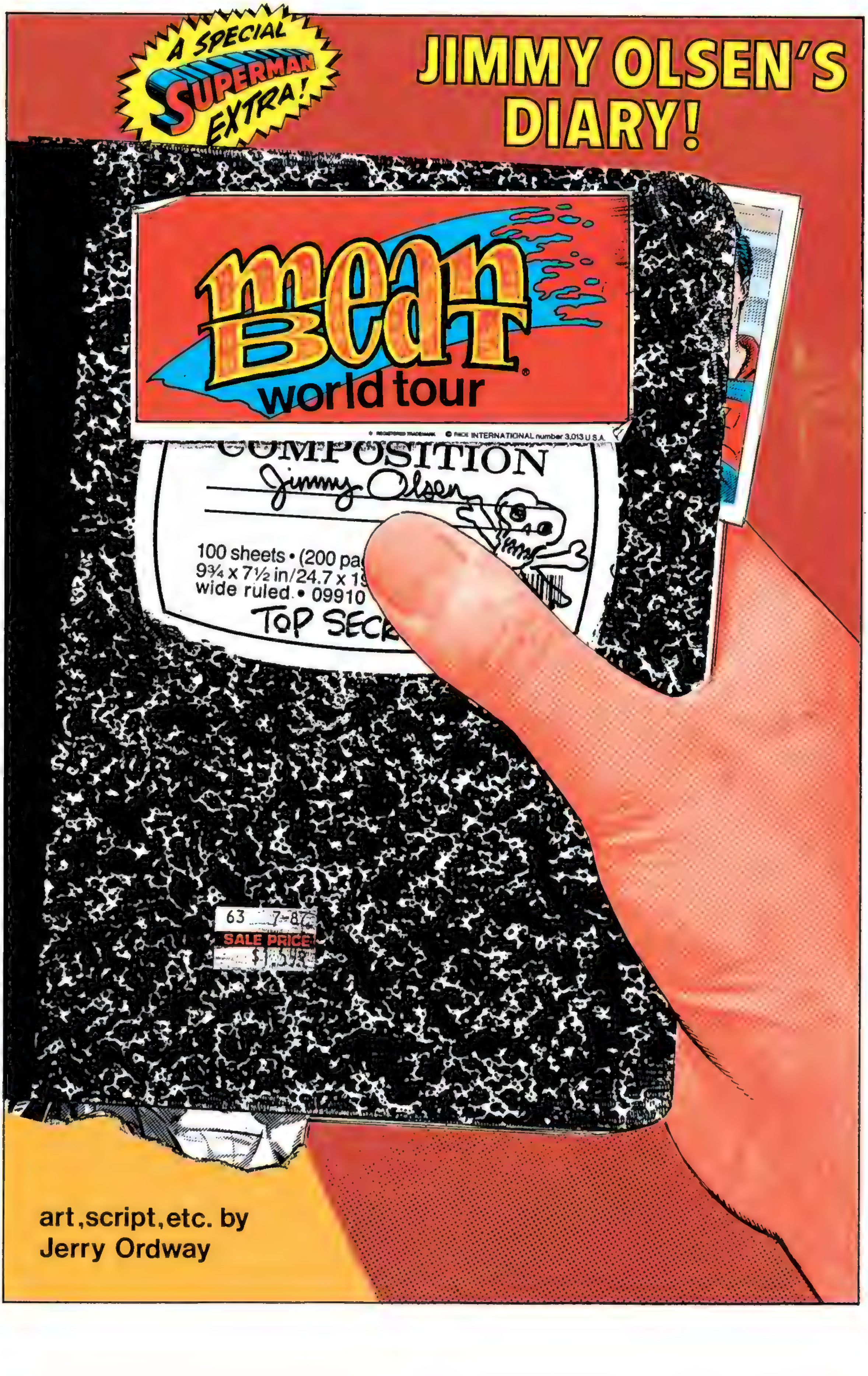
THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

GUEST STARRING JADE™ and OBSIDIAN™

BUT FIRST CHECK OUT ADVENTURES #468, AND ACTION #655!

A SPECIAL SUPERMAN EXTRA!

JIMMY OLSEN'S DIARY!

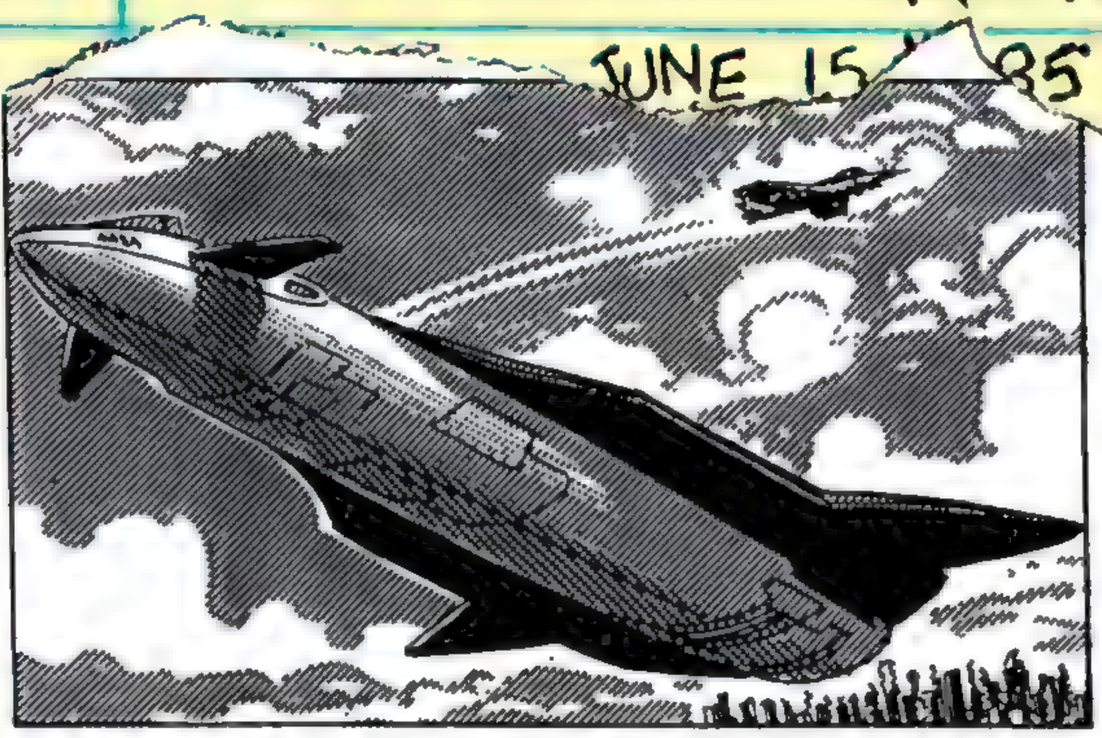


art, script, etc. by
Jerry Ordway

MY ~~DIARY~~ JOURNAL PAGE 1

WRITTEN BY JIMMY OLSEN, ESQ.

JUNE 15 '85



The space plane Constitution preparing for a landing at Metropolis International Airport just before disaster struck yesterday.

The crowd was only able to see the mysterious "Superman" for a few seconds before he flew off in blur that was captured by a Planet photographer.

Metropolis

Today, disaster was averted at Metropolis International Airport as a mystery man single-handedly saved NASA's new spacecraft "Constitution" from a fiery fate in mid-air.

A private aircraft slipped into the Constitution's airspace as the craft was about to land at the airport in honor of Metropolis' two-hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

The mysterious hero, dubbed "Superman" by the media, was not clearly photographed despite the number of photographers present on the scene.

Reporter Lois Lane of the Daily Planet was covering the event as a special member of the crew for this flight. She reported that their ship was losing altitude, heading for a crash in Metropolis' financial district, when the plane suddenly leveled off, and came in for the smoothest landing possible.

Fire crews were relieved not to be needed, as they were having difficulty making their way through the heavy crowds that turned out for the celebration. Mayor Berkowitz proclaimed that if the "Super-man" came forward, the city would honor him.

(continued on page 5)

THIS IS FROM THE NEWSPAPER (Mom was mad 'cause I ripped it out before she read it.)

The coolest thing happened today at the airport and I was almost there to see it happen!! I had to stay home and help Mommy clean the house instead! Argh! Chrissie Macmillan and some other kids were there and they said you could almost see this guy under the space plane holding it up! When everybody tried to talk to him he flew away like some kind of Super-hero! I hope I ~~can~~ can meet him soon cause that'd be excellent!

It's been awhile since I wrote in this book, but a lot has been happening to me lately! This is about a girl I go to school with, Chrissie. this is Chrissie (and a doofey picture of me!! Arghhh!

I've got a job at the Daily Planet now, on Saturday afternoons, and I'm going to be a great reporter like my friend Clark Kent. Anyways, Chrissie was having trouble at home with her folks and so she took a bunch of sleeping pills to kill herself! I couldn't get anybody to help her so I had to think of something fast! I was working on a kind of "morse code" thing like a telegraph message from an old cowboy movie. I used a broken phone wire and spelled out an S.O.S. to Superman in a high-pitched frequency of beeps. He showed up before my mom could flag down a cop on the street in front of our house. Chrissie's okay, and I got to meet Superman who was impressed with my signal device!

Boy, have things been happening to me! I was out with Lucy Lane, Lois' sister, for the first time in a long time (why's she have to be an airline stewardess? (I only see her when she's on a stop-over in Metropolis) She is such a babe -- don't like her hairstyle, but I can deal with it! We were having a burger at Hembeck's ™ when a loony named Bloodsport started mowing down innocents! I signaled for my pal Supes, who fought with Bloodsport 'til B.S. shot him with a Kryptonite bullet! Anyways, I grabbed B.S.'s gun and chased him off, then got Supes to the hospital where doctors patched him up. Then I did some detective work and brought B.S.'s brother to the scene where Supes and he were (again) fighting Brother got Bloodsport to lay down weapons and go back to mental hospital!

(Lucy Lane (an A-1 Babe!)

I helped Supes save the day! Yay!

Supes and Clark together! A first (?) for the cameraman (me)

Superman has been away for a while, but now he's back! (I'M GOING TO START PRINTING THIS STUFF, AS I NOW TYPE SO MUCH, I'VE LOST MY "GOOD PENMANSHIP," IT SEEMS!)

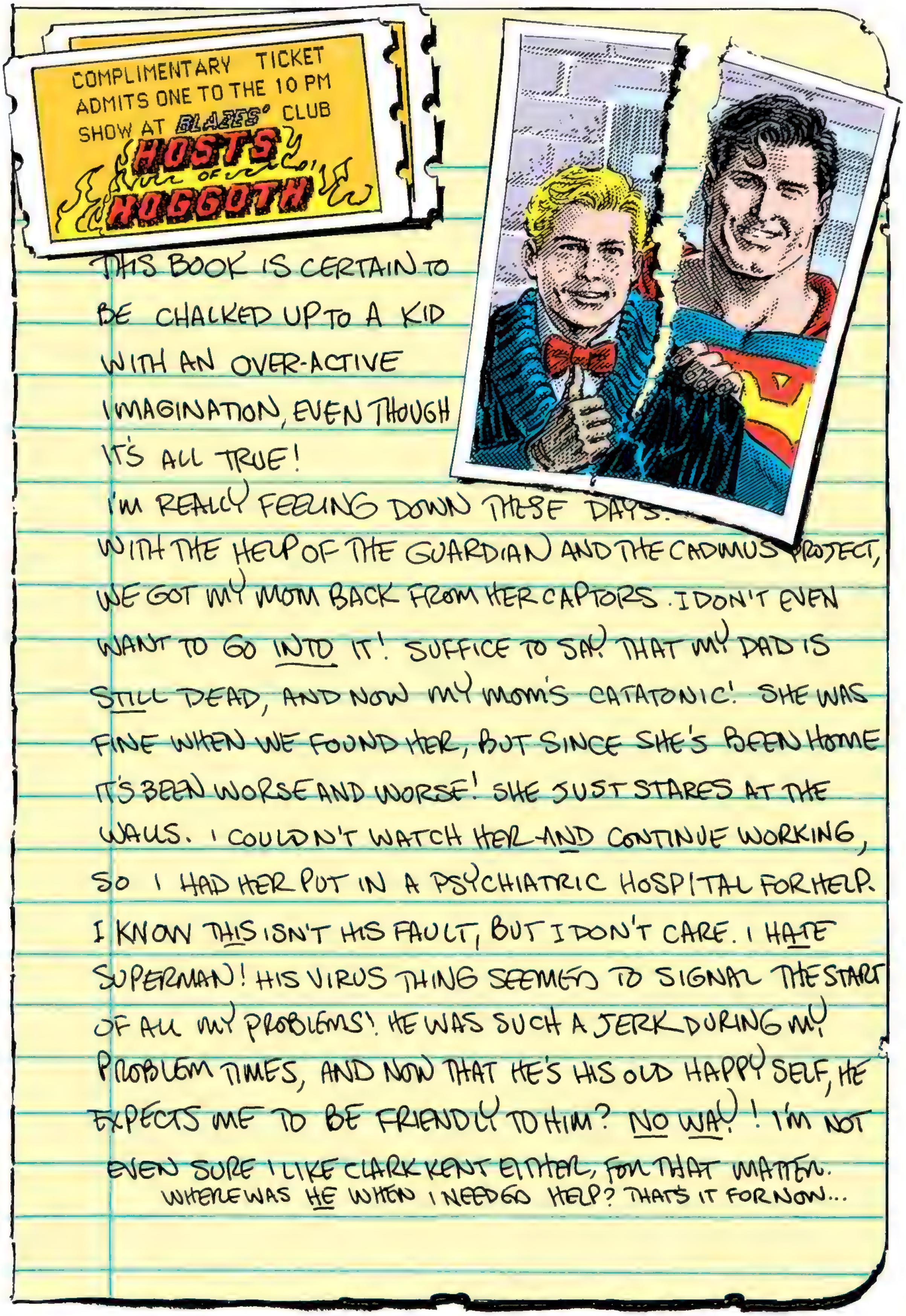
ANYWAY, I'VE BEEN STAYING WITH MY FRIEND CLARK KENT WHILE HE RECOVERS FROM THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE. (INTERGANG THUGS PUT A SCARE INTO HIM, I THINK. HE'S NOT ACTING LIKE HIMSELF LATELY) A GUY LIKE HIM MAKES ENEMIES WITH HIS EXPOSES ALL THE TIME, BUT NO ONE'S TRIED TO KILL HIM BEFORE! (TO MY KNOWLEDGE)

MEANWHILE, MY MOM'S OFF IN LONDON, STILL LOOKING FOR ANSWERS TO MY FATHERS' DISSAPPEARANCE. I WORRY ABOUT HER. SHE'S CONVINCED HE'S STILL ALIVE! I NEVER KNEW HIM, BUT HE'D HAVE TO BE SOME CHARACTER TO HAVE INSTILLED SUCH DRIVE IN MOM! IT WAS GREAT TO HAVE SUPERMAN BACK! (FROM WHEREVER HE'S BEEN, FOR WHATEVER REASON!) HE WON'T EVEN TELL ME WHY HE'S BEEN AWAY! BOY, HE'S BEEN BUSY LATELY!

ME, I'M FEELING KINDOFDRAGGED OUT. MAYBE I'M COMING DOWN WITH SOMETHING? WELL, I'VE GOT TO WASH MY PURPLE (THANKS, MOM!) EXERCISE OUTFIT! GOTTA DO AEROBICS TOMORROW AT LUNCHTIME! (AT WORK)

MAN O' MAN DOES MY LIFE BITE! I HAVEN'T SLEPT A WHOLE LOT SINCE SUPERMAN INFECTED ME WITH SOME VIRUS HE PICKED UP IN OUTER SPACE! FOR A TIME, I WAS LIKE SOME HUMAN RUBBER-BAND! I COULDN'T CONTROL MY BODY AT ALL! THEN PROFESSOR HAMILTON GOT ME INTO THIS TOP SECRET RESEARCH LAB CALLED "THE PROJECT". I WAS LIKE SOME GUINEA PIG!! THEY CURED ME OF THE VIRUS, AND THEN I LOST MY HAIR! BACK TO PROFESSOR HAMILTON'S WHERE HE PUTS ME BACK INTO THE GLASS BUBBLE "ISOCHAMBER!" NEXT THING, I'M IN SOME SORT OF DREAMWORLD (IN BLACK AND WHITE AT THAT) WHERE I'M FIGHTING ALONGSIDE A GUY WHO SAYS HE'S A CLONE OF MY DAD! A CLONE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WELL, WHEN I CAME OUT OF THIS DREAM-DEAL, I REMEMBERED SOME STUFF, LIKE THAT HE SAID MY MOM WAS IN REAL DANGER (SHE WAS STILL MISSING) AND "DAD" TOLD ME WHERE SHE WAS AND WHO HAD HER! SUPERDUD'S BEEN NO HELP, AND EVEN CLARK KENT'S BEEN A JERK! I'M HOPEFUL THAT SOMEONE AT THE PROJECT WILL HELP ME!

- PERRY GAVE MOM A COPY OF THIS PHOTO FROM HIS DAYS IN THE OVERSEAS PRESS CORPS.
- THIS IS MY DAD, AND PIC WAS TAKEN AFTER HE'D BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION!



THIS BOOK IS CERTAIN TO BE CHALKED UP TO A KID WITH AN OVER-ACTIVE IMAGINATION, EVEN THOUGH IT'S ALL TRUE!

I'M REALLY FEELING DOWN THESE DAYS. WITH THE HELP OF THE GUARDIAN AND THE CADMUS PROJECT, WE GOT MY MOM BACK FROM HER CAPTORS. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO GO INTO IT! SUFFICE TO SAY THAT MY DAD IS STILL DEAD, AND NOW MY MOM'S CATATONIC! SHE WAS FINE WHEN WE FOUND HER, BUT SINCE SHE'S BEEN HOME IT'S BEEN WORSE AND WORSE! SHE JUST STARES AT THE WALLS. I COULDN'T WATCH HER AND CONTINUE WORKING, SO I HAD HER PUT IN A PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL FOR HELP.

I KNOW THIS ISN'T HIS FAULT, BUT I DON'T CARE. I HATE SUPERMAN! HIS VIRUS THING SEEMED TO SIGNAL THE START OF ALL MY PROBLEMS! HE WAS SUCH A JERK DURING MY PROBLEM TIMES, AND NOW THAT HE'S HIS OLD HAPPY SELF, HE EXPECTS ME TO BE FRIENDLY TO HIM? NO WAY! I'M NOT EVEN SURE I LIKE CLARK KENT EITHER, FOR THAT MATTER. WHERE WAS HE WHEN I NEEDED HELP? THAT'S IT FOR NOW...

METROPOLIS.

R-R-RRETCH

HEY, WHAT WAS THAT? THERE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE NO ONE IN HERE THIS LATE AT NIGHT.

"SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S REALLY TRASHIN' THE JOINT IN THERE!"

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MAN, EVER SINCE THEM ASTRONAUTS DIED IN THIS LAB* I'VE HATED HAVIN' TO CLEAN IT!

LEXCORP CLEANING SERVICE

AN' HEARIN' SOMEBODY CRASHIN' AROUND IN THERE DON'T EXACTLY CALM MY NERVES!

BETTER HAVE A LOOK JUST IN CASE I GET BLAMED FOR--

HOLY SMOKES! WHAT A MESS!

EXCUSE ME--

UH... PULLIN' ANOTHER ALL-NIGHTER, DR. HAPPERSEN?

*ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #466

NO. I AM NOT YOUR DR. HAPPERSEN.

HAPPERSEN IS A MAN--A BIOLOGICAL CREATURE OF FLESH AND BLOOD.

NO! WOTTAYA DOIN' TA ME?

DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN KILLING YOU, JANITOR.

I AM ONLY INTERESTED--

--IN WHAT REMAINS OF MY LIFE!

SEVERAL MILES OUTSIDE SMALLVILLE, KANSAS.

NOW THIS IS THE LIFE!

AS A KID I SPENT A LOT OF HAPPY HOURS SWIMMING IN THIS STREAM THAT RUNS THROUGH PA'S FARM--

--AND IT'S STILL A REAL KICK!

NO GIRLS

THOSE WERE THE DAYS, ALL RIGHT!

NOTHING TO DO ON SUMMER DAYS BUT GOOF AROUND IN MY TREE HOUSE WITH MY DOG RUSTY!

TOO BAD LIFE CAN'T STAY THAT SIMPLE!

YOU'RE INCREDIBLE, MA! IT'S BARELY SEVEN O'CLOCK AND YOU'VE ALREADY DONE THE LAUNDRY!

IT'S SO NICE HAVING YOU HOME FOR A SPELL THAT I LIKE TO GET THINGS OUT OF THE WAY--

--SO WE CAN HAVE TIME TO CHAT!

TIME DOES FLY SO QUICK--WHY, IT SEEMS LIKE JUST YESTERDAY WHEN THAT *ROCKET* BROUGHT YOU TO US!

GEE--YOU'RE RIGHT!

THOUGH IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I PUT THAT KRYPTONIAN *MATRIX CHAMBER* INTO EARTH'S ORBIT I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN IT.

HERE NOW--DRY YOURSELF OFF BEFORE YOU CATCH COLD!

NOW, DON'T YOU FORGET THAT YOU HAVE TO CALL YOUR FRIEND LOIS LANE.

YOU'RE JUST PROCRASTINATING, SON... SO WHILE YOU DO THAT I'LL THROW THIS SUIT IN THE DRYER.

MAAAAA...

NO SENSE LETTING THE NEIGHBORS SEE IT HANGIN' ON THE LINE!

YOU COULD ALWAYS TELL THEM PA WAS INVITED TO A COSTUME PARTY!

WHAT WITH SUPERMAN SHOWING UP IN SMALLVILLE TO DEAL WITH THAT FIREWOLF YESTERDAY--

--I DOUBT *ANYONE* WILL BUY THAT!

RIGHT AS EVER, MA!

CITY DESK. LANE SPEAKING.

OH, HI, CLARK! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOUR CALL!

LISTEN, ABOUT MY COMING TO SMALLVILLE TONIGHT--

HAPPY B-DAY GREG

LEXCORP

DON'T WORRY, I'VE TAKEN CARE OF EVERYTHING! FLIGHT 317 WILL TAKE YOU TO WICHITA--

--AND I'LL BE THERE TO PICK YOU UP!

I THINK YOU'LL HAVE FUN HERE. MY FOLKS CAN'T WAIT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

CLARK, YOU KNOW I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE YOUR PARENTS, BUT--

HELLO... HELLO...? HELLO, CLARK...?

HEY, WHAT'S THE DEAL?

THE PHONE IS DEAD--MY COMPUTER HAS CRASHED--

--WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

CLARK, I JUST HEARD THE DARNDEST THING ON WICHITA RADIO!

SEEMS LIKE COMMUNICATIONS ALL OVER THE EAST COAST HAVE BEEN CUT OFF!

IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE REGION HAS DROPPED INTO THE ATLANTIC!

HMMM... NO WONDER LOIS GOT CUT OFF!

LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN PLANS, MA!

HOW ABOUT YOU LET ME DRY THAT WITH A QUICK SHOT OF HEAT VISION?

NEW CLEAN GIANT SIZE

SOAP

LAUNDRY DETERGENT

SUPERMAN®

Created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

THE OUTCAST

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
DAN JURGENS
FINISHED ART BY
ART THIBERT

FOR ALL I KNOW, THERE'S NO REAL PROBLEM THERE!

THEN AGAIN, IT COULD BE MORE! AND IF IT ISN'T--

--IT GIVES ME A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR THE COBWEBS A BIT!

ALBERT DE GUZMAN - LETTERER
GLENN WHITMORE - COLORIST
JONATHAN PETERSON - ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR

AN ADVANCED NASA TRACKING FACILITY NINETY MILES NORTH OF METROPOLIS.

UNBELIEVABLE! LIGHTS--

--RADIO, TELEVISIONS--

--PHONES AND COMPUTERS--

5 5 5 ? ?

--NOTHING WORKS! WE'RE COMPLETELY CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD!

HEY, YOU DON'T SUPPOSE SOMEONE COULD HAVE DROPPED THE BIG ONE?

HULLO? HULLO? CAN ANYBODY HEAR ME?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ROBERTS?

THE ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE THEORY--YOU KNOW...

HOW IF ENOUGH NUCLEAR WARHEADS WERE DETONATED IN THE ATMOSPHERE ALL ELECTRONICS WOULD BE SEVERELY DISRUPTED!

DIM

DIM

FM

AM

AW, C'MON WE'D HAVE HEARD SOMETHING!

OKAY, CUT THE PANICKY SPECULATION AND KEEP LOOKING FOR THE CAUSE!

WE SURE COULD USE OUR RESIDENT ELECTRONICS EXPERT! UNFORTUNATELY, EVER SINCE HER HUSBAND'S DEATH--

"--TERRI HENSHAW ISN'T MUCH MORE THAN A *BASKET CASE!*"

"CAN YOU BLAME HER?"

"WE ASSUMED SHE WAS *LUCKY* TO SURVIVE THE SHUTTLE CRASH!

"BUT COMBINED WITH HAVING TO WITNESS THE RESULTING DEATHS OF THE *REST* OF THE CREW-- HER FRIENDS AND *HUSBAND* --SHE'S BEEN LEFT IN A STATE OF DEEP DEPRESSION."

"DOUBT I'D BE ANY DIFFERENT IF I WENT THROUGH THE HELL SHE DID.

"CAN YOU IMAGINE LIVING THROUGH AN ACTUAL SHUTTLE CRASH JUST BECAUSE SOME RUN-OF-THE-MILL RADIATION EXPERIMENT WENT OUT OF CONTROL?"

"SURE, YOU MIGHT *SURVIVE*, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PRICE YOU PAY?

"WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DISCOVER THE RADIATION *MUTATED* EVERYONE ON BOARD?

MAN! SEEING ONE OF YOUR COLLEAGUES TURNED INTO A WALKING JUNK HEAP, ANOTHER INTO A LIVING GAS CREATURE--

--AND WORST OF ALL, HAVING TO IDLY WATCH AS YOUR OWN HUSBAND *DETERIORATES* RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES!

NOW, TERRI ALMOST BOUGHT IT TOO, DIDN'T SHE?

"YUP... BUT THANKS TO HER HUSBAND HANK'S BRILLIANT INTELLECT, SHE HUNG IN THERE.

"IN FACT, *HE* DIED SITTING AT A COMPUTER IN THE LEXCORP BUILDING WHILE DEVISING A WAY TO SAVE TERRI'S LIFE.

"AND IT FINALLY TOOK SUPERMAN'S INTERVENTION TO PULL HER THROUGH! IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM--

"--SHE'D BE *FURTHER GONE* THAN SHE IS NOW!"

TERRI?

TERRI... I HAVE COME BACK TO YOU.

I HAVE NOT *DIED*! I MERELY TRANSFERRED. MY--*SOUL*--

--INTO THE COMPUTERS AND EXISTED THERE UNTIL I COULD FORMULATE A METHOD ENABLING ME TO "REMAKE" MYSELF!

QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY... IF YOU CONSIDER THE *MAGNITUDE* OF WHAT I'VE DONE.

TERRI... IT'S ME! I'M YOUR *HUSBAND HANK*!

NO.

I REALIZE MY *APPEARANCE* MUST BE DIFFICULT TO TO ACCEPT--

--BUT I ASSURE YOU I AM, IN FACT, YOUR HUSBAND, HANK.

IN THE SAME WAY THAT JIM GARRISON WAS ABLE TO FASHION A "BODY" OUT OF SHUTTLE DEBRIS AND EARTH--

--SO HAVE I FASHIONED ONE OUT OF MACHINERY!

CLINT... SUDDEN POWER SURGE! FROM *THE DORMS!* IT ACTUALLY TURNED THE WHOLE BOARD BACK ON!

PIN POINT THE *EXACT* SOURCE AND GET SECURITY OVER THERE ON THE DOUBLE!

NO. NO. NO. NO. NO! *NO!*

LISTEN TO MY *VOICE*-- CONCENTRATE!

RAY! IT'S COMING FROM HENSHAW'S ROOM!

WELL, GET IN THERE! *PRONTO!*

HEY, OPEN UP IN THERE!

IT WOULD NOT DO TO BE DISCOVERED...

NO NO NO NO NO

...CONSIDERING THE APPARENT *PROBLEMS* THEY COULD HAVE *COMPREHENDING* MY *CURRENT* FORM.

FORTUNATELY--

--I AM NOT *BOUND* BY THIS HAPHAZARD HUSK.

CRASH

HANK!?

WHERE ARE YOU, HANK?

DON'T WORRY, TERRI. IT IS STRANGELY EASY FOR ME NOW TO TRAVEL *THROUGH* ELECTRICAL CIRCUITS AND MECHANICAL DEVICES.

ONCE I LOCATE A PLACE WHERE I CAN ESCAPE DETECTION AND RECONSTRUCT MYSELF--

--I SHALL RETURN.

I PROMISE.

PLEASE, HANK, YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME NOW! *COME BACK!*

EVERYTHING OKAY IN HE--OH, *MAN!*

TALKIN' TO WALLS... POOR WOMAN'S NUTTIER THAN I THOUGHT.

GET DOCTOR DORSEY IN HERE! *HURRY!*

AHH AHH AHH AHH AHH...

AHH AHH AHH--!

WHOA! EASY--!

PULL UP! PULL UP!

PULL--? HEY! IT *WORKED!*

SOMEHOW WE GOT THE LIFT WE NEEDED TO AVOID THAT LITTLE GUY!

161C

U.S. AIR FORCE

WHEW! JUST MANAGED TO PUSH THAT TRANSPORT UP AND OUT OF THE WAY OF THIS SMALLER JET--

--TOOK A *WHOLE LUNGFUL* OF AIR TO DO IT, THOUGH!

CAN'T BELIEVE THAT'S THE THIRD MID-AIR COLLISION I PREVENTED TODAY!

WITH COMMUNICATIONS DISRUPTED, NONE OF THE PILOTS CAN TALK TO THE AIR CONTROLLERS!

STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT COULD CAUSE SUCH CHAOS!

DO NOT ENTER

IS THIS THE RESULT OF SOME WEIRD NATURAL OCCURRENCE--

--OR WORSE, THE INSANE SCHEME OF AN UNKNOWN MADMAN?

WHATEVER-- I'D BETTER FIND A WAY TO STRAIGHTEN THIS OUT BEFORE THINGS GET TOTALLY OUT OF HAND!

SO WHERE-- AND *HOW* DO I START LOOKING?

SUPERMAN? *SUPERMAN!* ANY IDEA WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?

GEEZ, HOW PUSHY CAN YA GET?

SORRY, LOIS, BUT WITH ALL THIS COMMOTION I DON'T HAVE TIME TO CHAT!

YOU HAVE TO! PEOPLE ARE IN A NEAR *PANIC* OVER THIS!

LOIS,,, PLEASE,,, NOT NOW...

BUT THEY'LL *LISTEN* TO YOU ...THE PUBLIC DESPERATELY NEEDS AN EXPLANATION!

UH, OH,,, GOT TO RUN!

WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER TONIGHT AT DINNER, OKAY?

OKAY-- HEY!

I *CAN'T* HAVE DINNER WITH YOU, I'M SUPPOSED TO BE IN SMALLVILLE TONIGHT--

--AND I CAN'T BE *THERE* EITHER!

HOPE HE HAD HIS HEARING TURNED UP,,, BUT SOMEHOW I THINK HE WAS HOMING IN ON SOMETHING *REALLY* IMPORTANT.

NASA...

POWER'S BEEN DOWN FOR 'BOUT AN HOUR AGAIN... MAYBE WE'RE NOT LOOKIN' IN THE RIGHT PLACES!

BETCHA FIFTY THE ANSWER'S RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSES!

THAT'S ALWAYS THE WAY! IF IT HAD *TEETH* IT WOU-- HEY, *LOOK!*

DID SOMETHING JUST SHOOT OUT OF THE CONSO--?

HOLY COW! HALF OUR INSTRUMENTS ARE RIPPING THEMSELVES APART!

YEAH, AND ALL THE PIECES ARE HEADING RIGHT FOR THAT CHAIR!

FIP

SWIP

THIP

AM I LOSING MY MIND... OR IS *SOMETHING* ASSEMBLING ITSELF IN THAT CHAIR!

BOTH.

BUT THERE'S NO SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION I KNOW OF THAT COULD--

YOUR SCIENCE IS GOVERNED BY ITS OWN LIMITS, DOCTOR.

I, HOWEVER, AM SIMPLY LIMITLESS SCIENCE.

TECHNOLOGY LITERALLY BROUGHT TO LIFE... EVER CHANGING, EVER GROWING... BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL--

-- I AM NOW *SCIENCE WITH AN IMAGINATION!*

HOKAYYY... HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING UNUSUAL WITH MY VISION POWERS--

--MAYBE MY SUPER-HEARING CAN PICK UP THE SLACK!

NORMALLY I "BLOCK OUT" ANY SOUNDS THAT ARE BEYOND THE RANGE OF HUMAN HEARING--

--OR THE BOMBARDMENT OF SOUND WOULD DRIVE ME NUTS.

SINCE IT'S MOSTLY BROADCAST COMMUNICATIONS SUFFERING, SOME KIND OF *JAMMER* COULD BE INVOLVED--

--SO THAT'S WHAT I'LL LOOK FOR!

NEVER TRIED ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE--

--BUT IF I CONCENTRATE AND LISTEN TO EACH FREQUENCY--

--BINGO! I CAN HEAR IT!

SOMETHING'S OUT THERE, ALL RIGHT--STRONG AND *WEIRDER* THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER HEARD!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM UPSTATE--

"-- WHICH MAKES THAT MY NEXT STOP!"

PUT ASIDE YOUR FEARS, GENTLEMEN.

I AM HERE FOR MY WIFE.

NOTHING MORE.

WHUUU...

YOUR WIFE?! WHAT ARE YOU MARRIED TO--A MICROWAVE OVEN?

AN' IF YOU'RE NO THREAT, HOW COME YOU'RE WRECKING OUR EQUIPMENT AND BLOCKING OUR COMMUNICATIONS?

BLOCKING YOUR COMMUNICATIONS?

I AM UNAWARE THAT-- HOLD!

IT IS SUPERMAN! HE APPROACHES AT TREMENDOUS SPEED AS THOUGH SOMETHING IS WRONG!

INCREDIBLE! THE JAMMING SIGNAL IS COMING FROM THIS NASA INSTALLATION--AND I THINK I SEE THE CAUSE!

FIND YOURSELVES SOME COVER, GENTLEMEN!

NO TELLING WHAT THIS TIN CAN IS CAPABLE OF OR WHAT IT'LL TAKE--

-- FOR ME TO PUT HIM OUT OF COMMISSION!

SKAKK-K-K-K

SKTASSH!

WATCH IT, SUPERMAN! THAT CRAZY THING SEEMS PRETTY DANGEROUS!

HE'S BEEN MESSIN' WITH OUR EQUIPMENT AND CLAIMS HE'S LOOKING FOR HIS *WIFE!*

WIFE?!

SOUNDS WEIRD, BUT ALL I KNOW IS I'VE GOT TO *HAMMER* IT--

--TO GET IT TO STOP TRANSMITTING THAT DISRUPTIVE FREQUENCY, BEFORE IT CAUSES A BIG-TIME *DISASTER!*

I ASSURE YOU, ANY MAYHEM I CAUSED WAS QUITE ACCIDENTAL, SUPERMAN.

THE METHOD I USE TO MANIFEST MYSELF IN A PHYSICAL FORM APPARENTLY EMITS VAST AMOUNTS OF EXCESS ENERGY--

--ENERGY STRONG ENOUGH TO DISRUPT COMMUNICATIONS.

FIP WIP

UNFORTUNATELY, THE EMISSIONS ARE A NATURAL BY-PRODUCT I AM UNABLE TO PREVENT--

THIP

--UNLESS I CEASE FUNCTIONING. SOMETHING I WILL NOT DO.

I WILL LEAVE, HOWEVER, ONCE YOU BRING ME MY WIFE--

--TERRI HENSHAW.

C'MON! IF SHE WAS YOUR WIFE, THAT WOULD MAKE YOU--

INDEED, SUPERMAN.

I AM THE MAN YOU ONCE KNEW AS *HANK HENSHAW.*

HANK?!

BUT YOU'RE DEAD! I SAW YOU DIE WEEKS AGO!

SO YOU THOUGHT. YOU WERE THERE WHEN MY BODY EXPIRED.

BUT THE RADIATION THAT ENABLED MY FALLEN COMRADES TO ASSUME DIFFERENT FORMS ENABLED ME TO DO THE SAME.

IT WAS JUST A MORE DIFFICULT TRANSITION.

WELL, THAT'S TERRIFIC! SOON AS WE GET YOUR SIGNAL EMISSIONS STOPPED--

--WE'LL TAKE YOU TO TERRI. SHE'LL BE THRILLED!

NO! WHATEVER YOU DO, YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP THAT MECHANICAL MENACE AWAY FROM HER!

SHE'S ALREADY SEEN THIS--THIS THING AND HAS SUFFERED AN EVEN GREATER TRAUMA THAN SHE HAD BEFORE.

AS A RESULT OF THAT SHOCKING VISIT SHE'S BEEN LEFT IN A CATATONIC COMA SHE MAY NEVER RECOVER FROM!

WHAT? ARE YOU SURE?

I'M MRS. HENSHAW'S PSYCHIATRIST. I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT.

MY GOD, THEN I HAVE MADE THINGS WORSE!

NOT ONLY HAVE I ENDANGERED LIVES WITH MY PRESENCE--

--I HAVE HARMED THE WOMAN I LOVE!

HEY. NOW HOLD ON, HANK!

WE'LL FIND A WAY TO HELP YOU BOTH!

DOUBTFUL... AND WITHOUT TERRI--

--EARTH HOLDS NOTHING FOR AN ENTITY OF MY UNIQUE MAKE-UP.

AND SINCE MY HUNGER FOR KNOWLEDGE HAS NOT WANED--

--THE MYSTERIES OF THE COSMOS BECKON!

IF TERRI EVER RECOVERS, PLEASE TELL HER--

--HOW MUCH I LOVE HER.

H--HANK?

AMAZING! THAT LOOKS A LOT LIKE THE PILE OF JUNK IN TERRI'S ROOM!

WHY DID HE DO THIS?

WHY DECIDE TO STOP LIVING AFTER ALL HE'S BEEN THROUGH?

THERE'S ALWAYS *HOPE!*

I DON'T THINK WE WITNESSED A SUICIDE, SUPERMAN.

BEFORE YOU ARRIVED WE SAW AN ELECTRICAL FLASH--HENSHAW, I THINK--

--BURST OUT OF OUR MAIN CONSOLE AND ASSEMBLED A BODY WITH ELECTRICAL COMPONENTS!

WE ALL JUST SAW A SIMILAR FLASH RETURN TO THE CONSOLE.

TIME OUT, DOC! ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT HANK'S--SPIRIT--IS ALIVE IN YOUR COMPUTERS?

I *THINK* THAT IS WHAT I'M SAYING--

--SINCE THAT'S HOW HE SAID HE SURVIVED IN THE FIRST PLACE!

IF I CAN FIND HIM, WE MAY BE ABLE TO COMMUNICATE!

HEY, ALL OF A SUDDEN WE'RE BACK ON LINE LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED!

HENSHAW MUST'VE EXITED THE SYSTEM! HE'S *GONE!*

YOU SEE, WE'RE MORE THAN A RADAR INSTALLATION.

WE ALSO BROADCAST A CONTINUOUS SIGNAL INTO SPACE FOR ALIEN RACES TO MONITOR.

HENSHAW RODE THAT SIGNAL RIGHT OFF THE PLANET!

YOU MEAN HE DISPERSED HIMSELF IN *SPACE?!*

NOT QUITE... I'VE ALREADY LOCATED HIM, AND SUPERMAN--

--YOU'RE NOT GOING TO *BELIEVE* WHERE HE IS!

SHORTLY AFTER I WENT PUBLIC AS SUPERMAN I TRACKED MY MISSING MATRIX CHAMBER TO AN ABANDONED LAB--

--COMPLETE WITH A DEAD SCIENTIST AND LOTS OF DETAILS REGARDING MY ARRIVAL HERE.

SEEMS THAT YEARS EARLIER THE SCIENTIST HAD TRACKED MY JOURNEY FROM KRYPTON TO THE KENT FARM.

HE EVENTUALLY STOLE IT FROM PA'S HIDING PLACE--

--AND USED THE KRYPTONITE HE FOUND EMBEDDED IN IT TO BUILD *METALLO!**

AS DETAILED WAY BACK IN SUPERMAN #1

IN ORDER TO KEEP MY SECRETS I PLACED THE WHOLE LAB IN ORBIT AROUND EARTH--

--UNTIL I COULD GIVE THE POLICE THE INFO THEY NEEDED. I EVEN CLUED *NASA* IN ON ITS PRESENCE.

ONCE I RETURNED TO ERASE ALL THE DATA CONCERNING ME--

--I PUT IT OUT OF MY MIND--

--UNTIL NOW!

HENSHAW'S ZEROED IN ON THE LABORATORY--

--"INHABITED" THE MATRIX CHAMBER--

--AND MOVED IT OUT OF THE LAB!

IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY I COULD COMMUNICATE WITH HIM HERE IN THE VACUUM OF SPA--! HUH?

WHAT'S THIS?

AN *EARPLUG!* I DON'T RECALL THE MATRIX CHAMBER HAVING ONE OF THESE BEFORE!

IS THERE ANYTHING HANK HENSHAW CAN'T DO NOW?

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

--FOR I'LL DEPEND ON YOU TO TELL MY WIFE OF MY FATE ONCE SHE RECOVERS.

THIS TELEPATHIC PLUG WILL ENABLE US TO CONVERSE--

WHEN I DISCOVERED THIS TECHNOLOGICAL MARVEL IN *NASA'S* COMPUTERS I KNEW I COULD AT LAST TRAVEL THE UNIVERSE!

SO YOU JUST FIGURE TO WANDER THE COSMOS, HUH? SOUNDS LIKE A PRETTY LONELY LIFE TO ME.

I AM DESTINED TO BE ALONE--TO ABSORB THE VAST KNOWLEDGE OF THE UNIVERSE-- *ALONE.*

WHY NOT SEEK OUT SOMEONE WHO CAN *RESTORE* YOUR HUMANITY... BEFORE YOU MAKE ANY DECISIONS YOU'LL REGRET?

MY VERY *EXISTENCE* IS A LONELY ONE! BEFORE TERRI, EARTH ONLY OFFERED ME SCIENCE--

--AND NOW I HAVE ABSORBED ALL KNOWLEDGE OF EARTH'S SCIENCE AND BROUGHT PAIN TO THE ONLY LIVING THING I EVER CARED FOR.

IF THERE WAS ANYONE WHO COULD FIGURE OUT A WAY TO DO WHAT YOU SAY, IT WOULD BE *ME.*

NO... THERE IS NO GOING BACK.

LIKE YOU, I AM NOW *BEYOND* MORTAL MEN.

AND A FEW PRECIOUS COMPONENTS FROM YOUR KRYPTONIAN SHIP WILL GIVE ME THE PROPULSION I NEED--

--TO LEAVE EARTH *FOREVER!*

NO! YOU'RE DISTRAUGHT... NOT THINKING CLEARLY!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WOULD WANT TO ABANDON YOUR LIFE WHEN YOU'VE BEEN GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE!

SECOND CHANCE?

WHAT I'VE BEEN GIVEN IS THE *OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME--*

--AND I SHALL *NOT* *IGNORE* IT!

HAVE TO CATCH HIM--BRING HIM BACK LONG ENOUGH TO RECONSIDER!

HENSHAW'S BEEN THROUGH AN AWFUL LOT RECENTLY--

--AND HE JUST DOESN'T REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS TO WANDER AIMLESSLY THROUGH SPACE!

IF I DON'T CATCH HIM NOW, I NEVER WILL--

--BECAUSE IF I GO ANY FARTHER, I WON'T HAVE ENOUGH AIR TO GET BACK TO EARTH!

ALMOST THERE--

NO.

ARRGH!

MY PAST DIED WITH MY BODY.

MY FUTURE LIES IN THE STARS.

NO CHANCE OF CATCHING HIM NOW! THAT SHOCK-BLAST WAS PRETTY STRONG!

DID HE USE KRYPTONIAN TECHNOLOGY TO FIND SOMETHING THAT COULD HURT ME THAT WAY?

IF SO, I'D BETTER TAKE THAT MATRIX CHAMBER WHERE *NO ONE* WILL EVER LAY THEIR HANDS ON IT!

FAR INSIDE THE ANTARCTIC, MILES BELOW BEARDMORE GLACIER...

STRANGE TO FEEL THIS WAY... BUT AT LEAST HENSHAW'S STILL ALIVE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.

FELT A BIT OF A FAILURE NOT HAVING SAVED HANK AND THE OTHER SHUTTLE CREW MEMBERS.

HAVE TO GET IT INTO MY HEAD THAT EVEN I CANNOT DO *EVERYTHING*.

ODDLY ENOUGH, I'M KIND OF GLAD I RAN INTO HENSHAW ONE LAST TIME...

IF HE DIDN'T CHOOSE THE COURSE HE DID INTO OUTER SPACE--

--IT MIGHT'VE BEEN MONTHS BEFORE I THOUGHT TO BRING MY MATRIX CHAMBER *HERE*...

HERE WHERE IT *BELONGS*.

KIND OF NICE HAVING A PLACE TO STORE *SUPERMAN'S* THINGS.

CLARK KENT'S APARTMENT IS OKAY FOR A COUCH BUT A SPACE SHIP MIGHT BE PUSHING IT A BIT.

THIS WILL ALSO GIVE ME SOME TIME--

--TO WORK ON MY *JOURNAL*.

GUESS THE NEWSPAPER MAN IN ME FEELS IT'S IMPORTANT TO KEEP A WRITTEN RECORD OF MY ACTIVITIES.

...IN *KRYPTONIAN*, OF COURSE. NO SENSE TAKING CHANCES!

"BETTER HURRY, THOUGH--LOIS WILL BE LEAVING METROPOLIS PRETTY SOON!"

CHECK IT OUT!

I THOUGHT I HAD A DATE WITH JAMES OLSEN TONIGHT--

--NOT JAMES DEAN, LOOKING PRETTY SLICK, ACE!

WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO BLAZES--

--METROPOLIS' HOTTEST NEW NIGHT CLUB--

--YOU HAVE TO DRESS THE PART, I KNOW!

HEY, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GO-- :UHF!:

WHY DON'T YOU--HUH? JERRY WHITE?

SORRY, OLSEN!

WELL, YOU CAN MAKE UP FOR IT BY BUYING ME A TALL COOL ONE AT THE CLUB.

NO WAY, JOSE! I GOT PLACES TO GO AND PEOPLE TO SEE! CIAO!

HEY, I GOT MY BOMB-MOBILE... CAN WE GIVE YOU A LIFT?

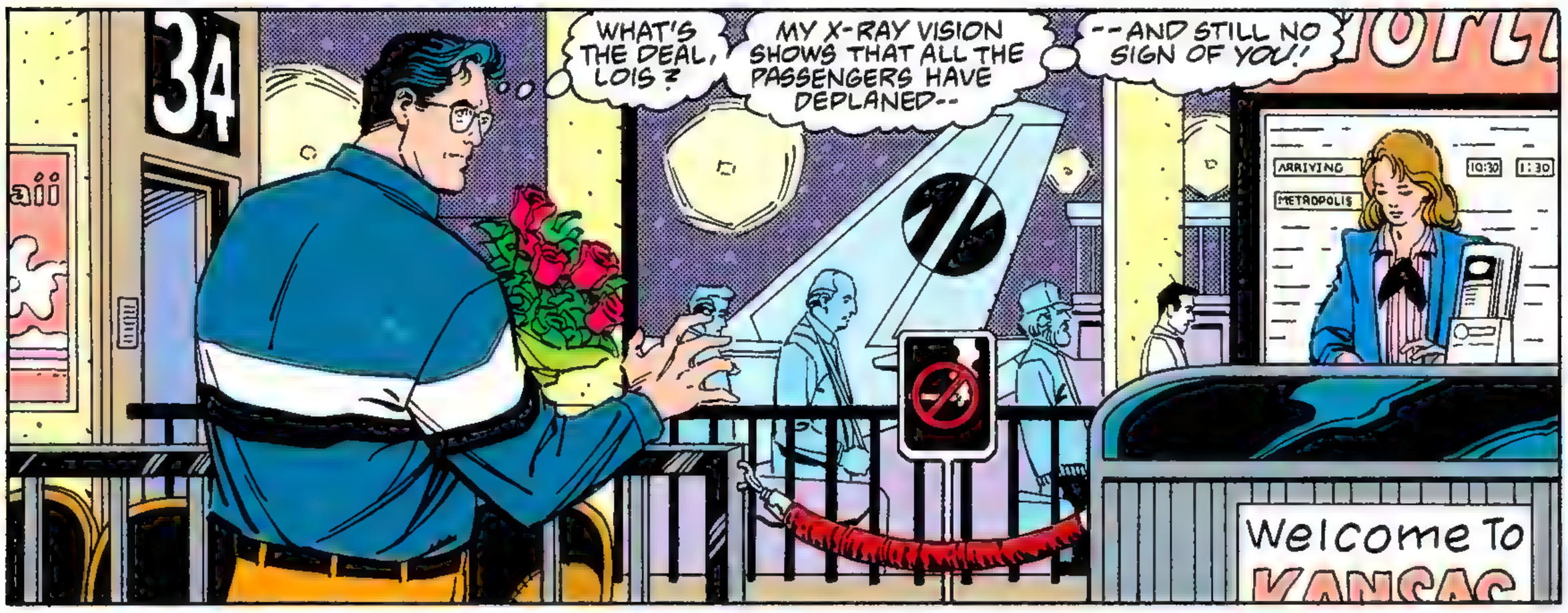
NFE-142

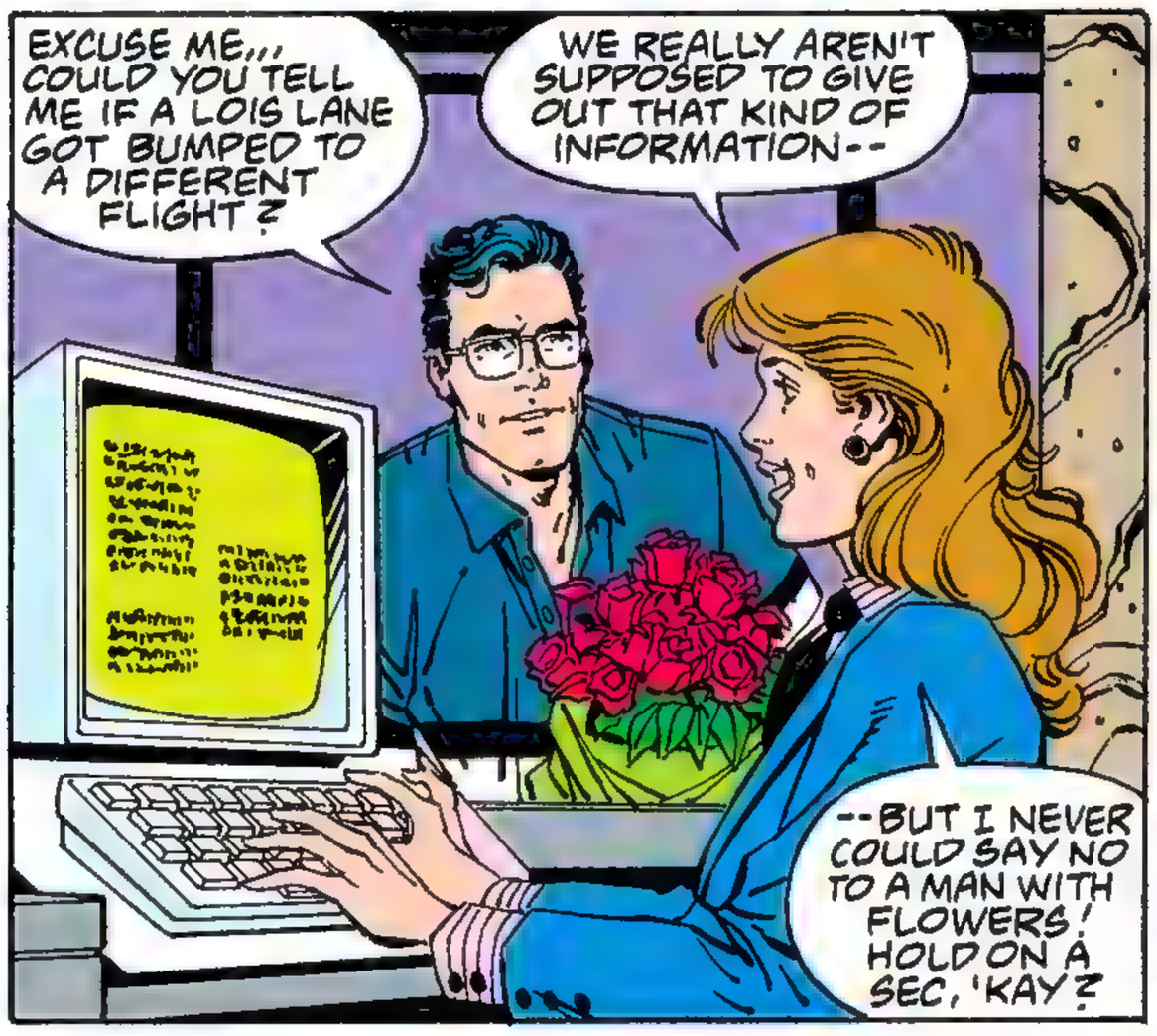
NAH... LATER, PAL.

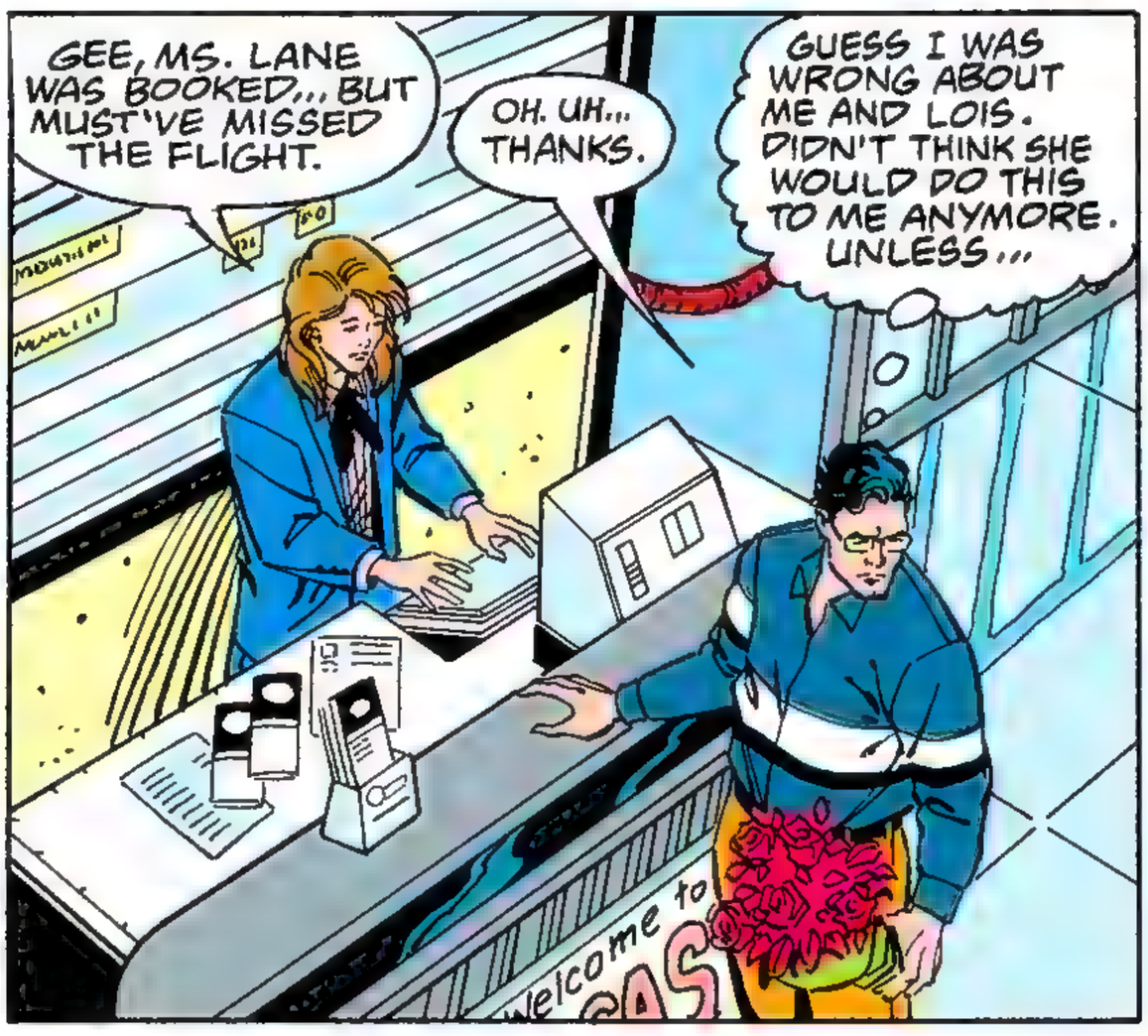
GEEZ, TALK ABOUT YOUR BASIC COLD-SHOULDER TREATMENT!

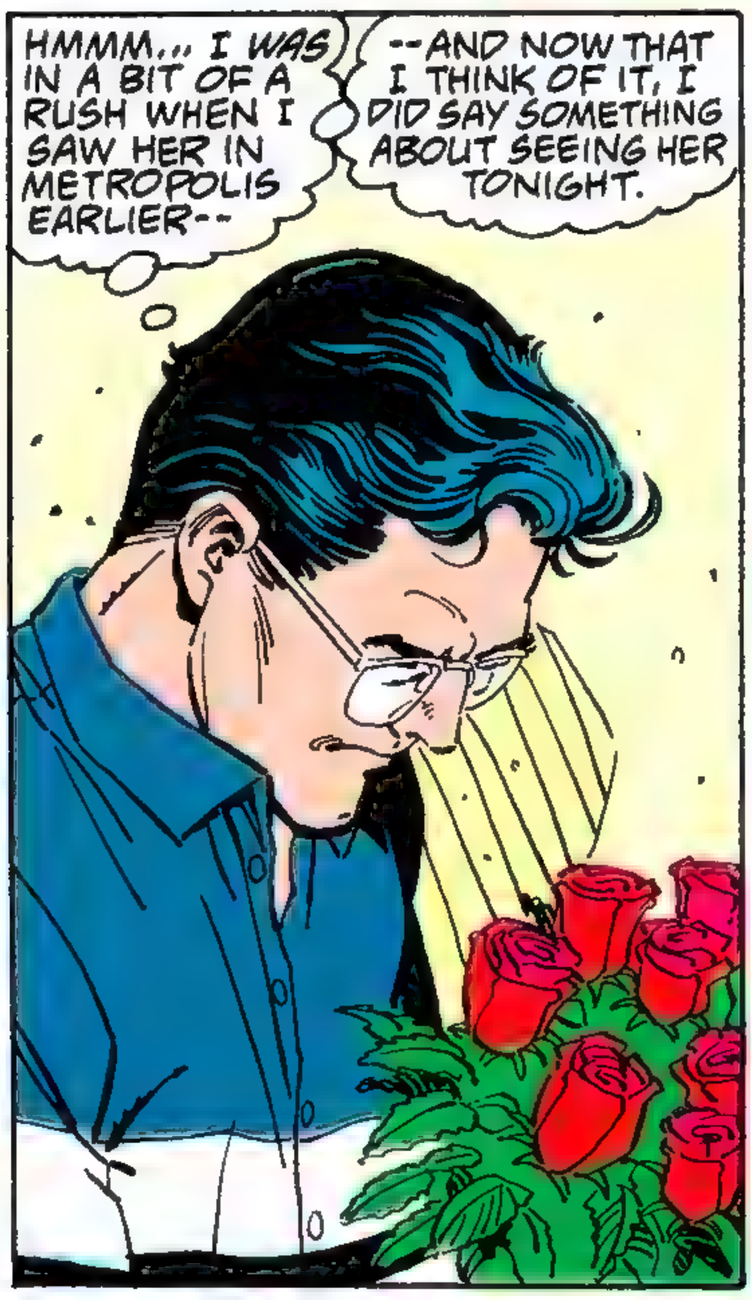
--AND HE CLUTCHED THAT BAG LIKE HE HAD A MILLION BUCKS IN IT!

AH, JERRY'S OKAY. HE DID SEEM KINDA EDGY, THOUGH--

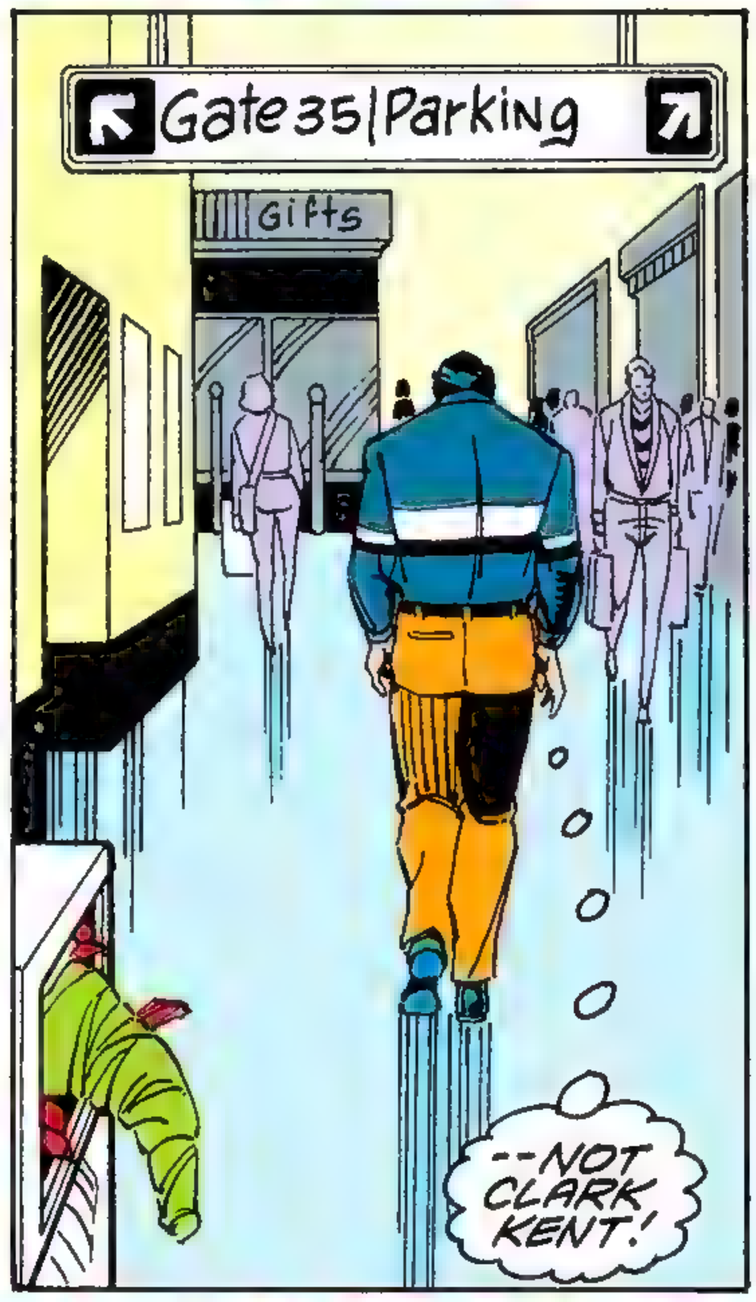



EXCUSE ME,,, COULD YOU TELL ME IF A LOIS LANE GOT BUMPED TO A DIFFERENT FLIGHT?
WE REALLY AREN'T SUPPOSED TO GIVE OUT THAT KIND OF INFORMATION--
--BUT I NEVER COULD SAY NO TO A MAN WITH FLOWERS! HOLD ON A SEC, 'KAY?


GEE, MS. LANE WAS BOOKED,,, BUT MUST'VE MISSED THE FLIGHT.
OH. UH... THANKS.
GUESS I WAS WRONG ABOUT ME AND LOIS. DIDN'T THINK SHE WOULD DO THIS TO ME ANYMORE. UNLESS,,,


HMMM,,, I WAS IN A BIT OF A RUSH WHEN I SAW HER IN METROPOLIS EARLIER--
--AND NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, I DID SAY SOMETHING ABOUT SEEING HER TONIGHT.

CAN'T BELIEVE IT. I GAVE HER THE CHOICE,,, A WEEKEND IN SMALLVILLE WITH ME--
--OR A CLANDESTINE MEETING WITH THE GUY IN THE RED CAPE!
TIME TO FACE FACTS,,, IT'S SUPERMAN LOIS LANE STILL WANTS--



NEXT WEEK IN ACTION #655: "WHERE IS LOIS LANE?"

A SPECIAL SUPERMAN EXTRA!

THE MAN OF STEEL'S JOURNAL

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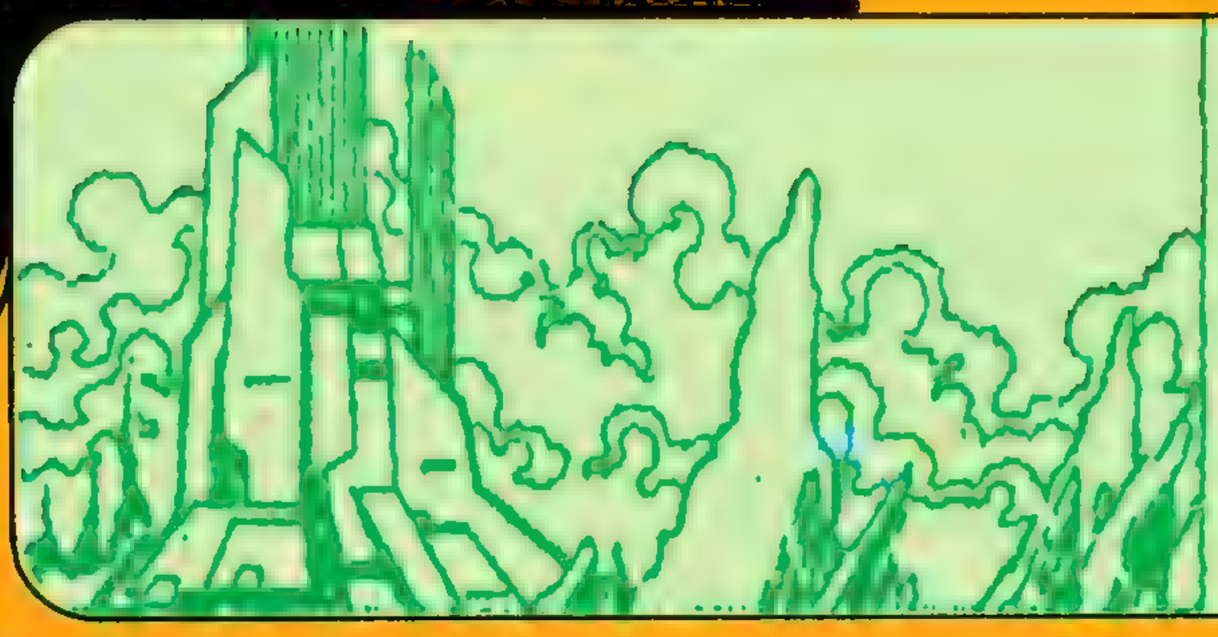
the last son of Krypton, I keep this record of my life... a Superman's life... Krypton's life.



The unique experiences I describe began fifty light years from Earth on a world called Krypton, a planet with a history long rooted in the belief that science and technology could solve every imaginable problem. Golden spires of metal, each with a single occupant, stood defiant against the planet's harsh environment as symbols of their high ideals. Yet this mighty race, with its mighty science, was doomed to extinction... except for one.

Except for me.

I am the result of a union that was ordered when Jor-El and Lara were deemed perfect genetic matches for reproduction. Krypton's society, so strict and isolated, saw little value in personal contact. Mine was the rare case when biological parents actually met; even then I was "born" only after the proper cell tissues were taken from each parent. Soon those cells were cultivated and nurtured in Krypton's great genetic chambers.

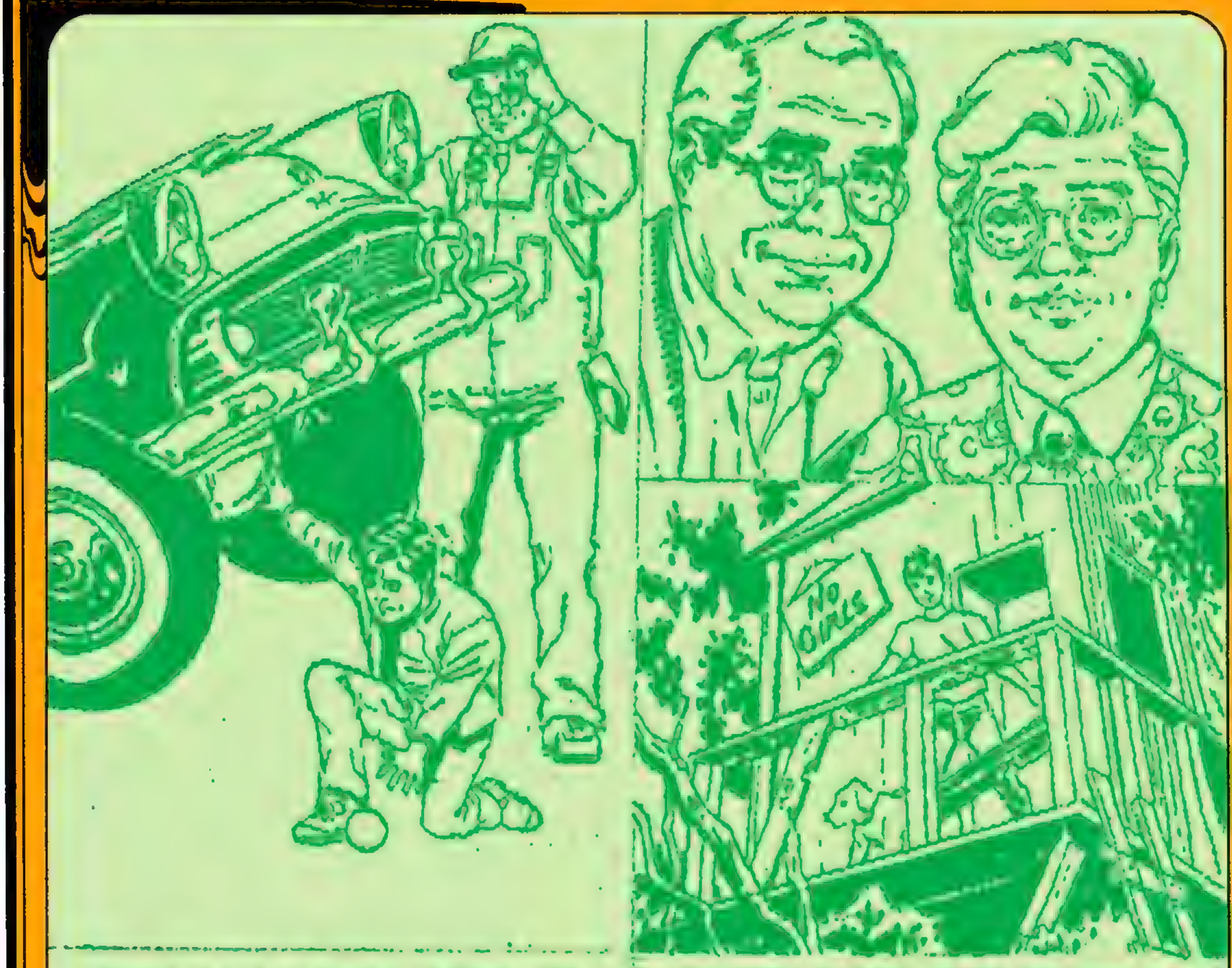
Ever since I became aware of my true heritage I've wondered what my life might have been like had I grown up on Krypton. It seems so different and alien that it's hard to imagine. Without saying that I'm glad an entire planet died, I am glad that I'm here...that I have the life I now lead.

If Jor-El hadn't been a rebel, that would have been impossible. Once he discovered the planet's impending doom he did the unthinkable and removed my matrix orb from the chambers and fitted it with a hyperlight drive unit. Then, as his cold, sterile world crumbled about him, he and Lara sent me rocketing into the black void of space.

To Earth.

I've often had a dream where the three of us came to Earth together as a family. We all end up living with the Kents in idyllic fashion. The dreams of a child, I suppose.

Smallville, Kansas became my home on Earth and it's truly hard to imagine a place more different than Krypton. While Kryptonians built towering spires of metal to isolate themselves from their world, the farm I grew up on depended on it for survival. Every drop of rain was vital, and every hour of brilliant sunlight fed the crops. While Kryptonians shunned the rock and dirt around them, our living depended on the rich black soil. And I loved it.



Despite my true parental heritage, this environment molded me into the man I am today. And it was the love and nurturing care of Jonathan and Martha Kent that shaped my character. Human first; Kryptonian second. Kent first; El second. I'm like any other guy from Kansas except for a special talent. For that alone, I owe Ma and Pa a debt I'll never be able to repay.

How many people could find a smoldering rocket ship in their fields and take its sole passenger in as their own son? I asked Ma once if she really ever thought I would grow up with these powers. "No," she said, "but for the first couple of weeks I was always afraid I'd peek into your crib some morning and find that you'd turned into some kind of green beastie!"

What a woman.

Fortunately, the farm's isolation kept others from seeing the occasional display of my emerging powers. Had I grown up in town, discovery would have been inevitable, but the farm protected me. We were miles away from anyone, and the closest friend I had growing up was old Rusty. Good thing, too. A six-year-old that was strong enough to lift an ox could have become an overnight media sensation. I can see it now... "Superboy" joins circus-- film at eleven!

Of all the world's mysteries one of the most mysterious to me is Lana Lang. When I was old enough to guard my powers in public we became close. Real close. And while I've long left Smallville and taken on what sometimes feels like the responsibilities of the world, she stayed behind living the simple, happy life of a dress shop employee. I always wonder why. I mean, with a mind and personality like hers, she could have been-- or done-- anything she wanted.

I guess most people go through life wondering about their first true loves and Lana was certainly mine. We were voted "cutest couple" by our classmates two years running and pretty much the whole town expected us to get married. Everyone had our lives planned out for us. And for a time I must've been planning the future as well, since I told Lana of my abilities... and to this day-- because of all the grief this knowledge has caused her-- she's the only person I ever told.

I know that I really did love her back then.It was the kind of love where every problem can be solved over a pizza and life's greatest highlight was going to the prom. We intertwined our lives and became inseparable. School dances, movies, athletic events... nothing came between us. If I was starring on the football field, Lana was the loudest cheerleader. If I needed help in a study group, Lana was the first one there for me... and the last one to leave. I think Ma came to see her as the daughter she never had and really took a shining to her. And I'm glad their relationship has stood the test of time.

Even though our relationship has lasted as well, it's changed. I love Lana for what we had and all, but more like a brother. If anything, I've always felt a bit guilty about that unfortunate reality. Lana's burdened with one of the greatest secrets the world has to offer-- the knowledge of my true identity-- and she can't tell a soul. And all she gets in return for keeping the secret is some guy with a cape coming around to dump his problems on her. I always get the feeling that she was just staying in Smallville waiting for me to turn my back on the rest of the world and come back to marry her. And every time that doesn't happen, I hurt her a little more

In reality I could go back to Smallville. There are times when I've considered it, too. After all, Superman can sit just about anywhere on the globe and find a truckload of problems to solve. When the noise and grime of the city start getting to me, going home sounds especially nice.

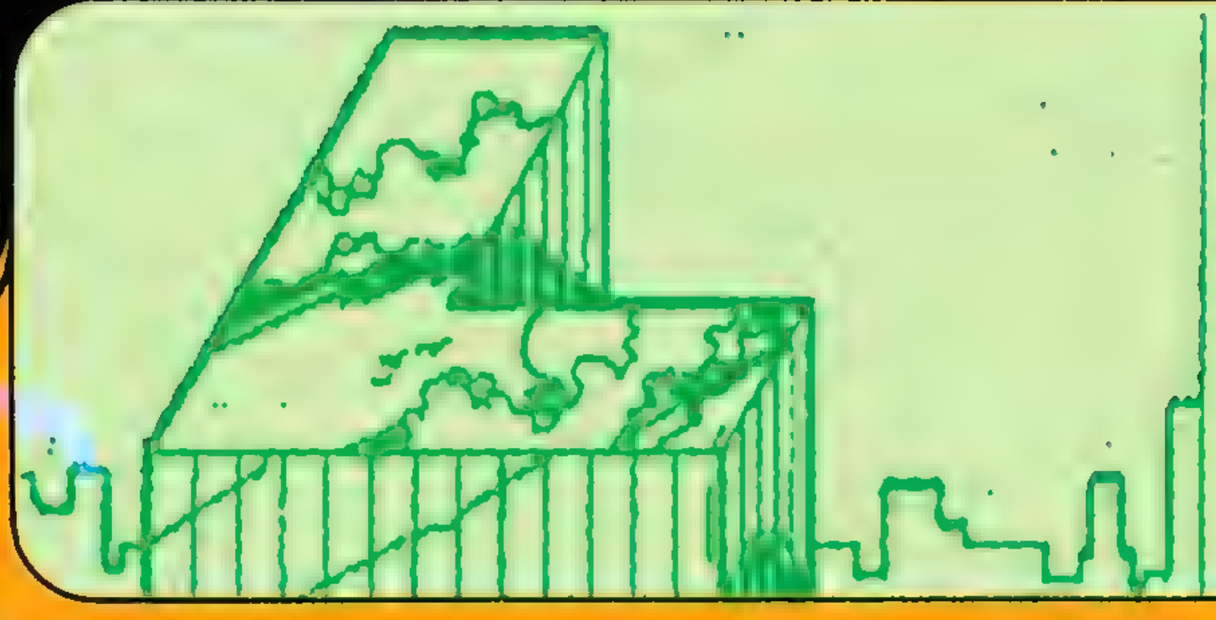
But as I grow older it's easy to see that, especially to me, this really is a small world-- and miles away from Smallville, my family and home keep growing in Metropolis, most notably at the Daily Planet.

I think it was a healthy respect for the truth that inspired me to become a journalist. Long before I found out I could fly or be a Superman, I wanted to be a writer... someone who could ease the world's tensions, through either fact or fiction. And in truth, my writing is the only place I can actually compete and be judged as a complete equal with my peers. A strange need for a Superman, I guess, but my power of words is the one I am most proud of.

Perry White gave me the forum to make a difference as Clark Kent and I'll always value his guidance-- both then and now. The people who know this business say if you can work for Perry White, you can work for anybody. Nobody's tougher and nobody's fairer. Lois Lane gave me a run for my money at first. She was a hot reporter on the rise and the last thing she wanted was more competition. Eventually a mutual respect grew and became true friendship.

Cat Grant intrigued me when she first hit town, but we were just too different. Still, she remains a close and valued friend. The Planet's copy girl, Alice, whose "home" literally was the Planet Building itself, helped pull the "family" together through a tough time in her life. Nobody has a brighter future than Jimmy Olsen. We've had our troubles of late... that is, Superman and Jimmy have, but Clark is still like Jimmy's big brother. (It's these kinds of triangles that tax more of my mettle than any super-powered conflict I've faced.)

Outside the Planet, the inventive Professor Hamilton and the vigilante Jose Delgado, a.k.a. Gangbuster, are two complete opposites Superman can always depend on. And when I need extra-special assistance, The Guardian and the rest of Project Cadmus are always ready to help.



As good as Metropolis can be, it can also be bad. Maybe it's the size of the city, maybe it's something else, but there's an undercurrent of evil at work here. No city in America is as dominated by one corporation as Metropolis is by Lexcorp. Its tentacles are woven into every facet of life here. I've come to realize that were Lexcorp shut down today, the city would shut down tomorrow. The economic ties are strong and the man who runs it keeps it that way.

Lex Luthor, a man unlike any I have ever met, has tried to destroy me from the start. At first it seemed merely an ego thing. Luthor just couldn't stand anyone in town that could rival him in prominence. But it soon became more than that... as a direct result of his obsession with me, Luthor lost his right hand to radiation poisoning from the Kryptonite ring he wore to keep me at a distance. The mechanical hand he now wears as a replacement seems to serve as a constant reminder of his intense hatred for me.

Is there a permanent solution to Luthor's twisted evil? I've toyed with the idea of breaking into his office and removing him for good... perhaps to imprison him somewhere remote. But if I resort to those methods-- his methods-- and the public becomes aware of my transgressions, its trust in Superman would vanish. The one thing that could end my usefulness is to be perceived as a threat.

And ultimately there are others besides Luthor to make my presence necessary. Skyhook actually kidnapped children to warp them into his pawns; Metallo almost succeeded in killing me; Mr. Mxyzptlk is a force to be reckoned with. He may look like an innocent imp, but he has no regard for human life and doesn't hesitate to display it. Brainiac progressed from a two-bit carnival act into a lethal, alien-killing machine. Of all my enemies, he could be the most dangerous.

No one, though, has affected my life as greatly as three people who, while not even a part of this universe, managed to destroy an entire planet. A planet called "Earth " no less, that resides in a kind of pocket universe.

Somewhere at the end of the time stream lies a vast citadel that is home to a creature known as the Time Trapper. I don't know if it was anger that moved him or some sardonic humor, but the Trapper reached out across time and fashioned another Earth and another Krypton that gave birth to only one super-hero--

--Superboy. With that Superboy came a very different Krypton and three Kryptonian criminals: General Zod, Zaora, and Quex-Ul. In their zest to conquer and rule they razed Earth and callously snuffed out the lives of over five billion humans.

Only I stood between them and this Earth. There was no jail that could hold them, no place to exile them. I balanced the price of my soul against the potential horror they might cause and, God help me--

--I killed them. But such an action does not come cheap. Taking lives is against everything I stand for, no matter how valid the reasons. The sense of guilt wore me down until my mind created a defense against it by hiding behind the personality of a second Gangbuster... a vigilante working on the edge and -- at times-- outside the law. Once I realized that, I had only one course open to me... I had to leave earth. For the moment my usefulness had ended... As I feared I had become a threat to Earth.

I exiled myself in space, wandering listlessly until I was forced to battle Draaga in Mongul's filthy arenas. I never expected to return until the Cleric, an old prophet who once taught on Krypton, gave me the Eradicator and taught me to learn from my guilt.

Even that had a price as the Eradicator took over my mind and tried to turn me into a pure Kryptonian.

Though deadly to humanity, the Eradicator was beneficial to my entirety. It reached across the gulf of time and space into a Phantom Zone where it found the materials necessary to build this great fortress under the Antarctic. It exists as a tribute to Krypton and all her treasures, and it gives me a place to go. A getaway of sorts. Buried in the ice as it is, its position is constantly changing and shifting, and its sophisticated electronics can prevent detection by any human technology.

Without this Fortress this journal could not exist. Not only would there be no first-hand account of my travels and confrontations, but, more important, there would be nowhere for me to dream and hope. Written in Kryptonese it is also completely illegible to my enemies. It is here for me alone, for I am ultimately alone on Earth... I have few or no equals, and I can never turn to Lana again.

I've known Lois Lane since I first started working at the Daily Planet and our relationship has run the gamut. We've been friends, rivals, enemies, and now? Who knows? But still there are things I cannot reveal to her.

In some ways I can't even explain my attraction to her. I've rarely met a person who constructs more barriers around herself than Lois does. She tries so hard to portray the image of a career-oriented, goal-minded woman that she often seems brusque. Yet I know that underneath that highly competent exterior lies a sensitive and caring woman. One I have to get to know better.

Someday, as we grow closer, I hope to have the kind of honesty that I have with Lana... without the pain. Living the life I do can be terribly lonely at times. It's hard keeping friends at arms' length so they never guess the truth or question sometimes obvious inconsistencies and absences. But if things work out with Lois, I can let her into my whole life and tell her about Superman. About the real Clark Kent. Then I'll have the one thing my life lacks so far.

No matter what the world thinks, even a Superman has his dreams.

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY DAN JURGENS

HELL ON EARTH

I am Despero: I am hate given form. Rage given breath.

I floated...unliving, but not dead... across space for untold months. My heart cried out for peace, rest, non-existence--but my dreams sang of vengeance--against those who hurt me, thwarted me, ruined me

"You cannot rest," the dreams sang, "until you have achieved your goal; until you have destroyed them--and all they hold dear. Until you have annihilated the Justice League."

And now, alive again, hating, raging...

SILENCE, GNAT!

YOU... AKK--... DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THIS, DO YOU?

THAT'S BEETLE BUT I DO HAVE AN UNCLE NAT, IF YOU--AKKK!--

HEY...TAKE IT EASY KEEP SQUEEZIN' ME LIKE THAT...AKKK! AND I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD.

THAT IS MY INTENTION.

...my goal is within reach.

KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DeMATTEIS, ADAM HUGHES, JOSÉ MARZAN, JR., BOB LAPPAN, GENE D'ANGELO, KEVIN DOOLEY, AND ANDY HELFER PRESENT PERHAPS THE *STRANGEST* JUSTICE LEAGUE TALE *EVER!* (AND CONSIDERING HOW WEIRD THIS BOOK *USUALLY* IS, THAT'S SAYING A *LOT!*)

LET
HIM
GO.

The Martian. The most powerful, the most troublesome of them all. And perhaps I hate him most of all:

an alien like myself, alone on this world and yet he has, somehow, made a home for himself within this wretched race.

Despite his tragedy-scarred past, he has found some measure of peace within himself.

H-H-HI, J'ONN. NICE WEATHER WE'RE... -AKKK!... HAVING, ISN'T IT?

DESPERO--I TOLD YOU TO LET HIM GO. NOW DO IT!

He speaks with urgency, anger--but his heart is filled with compassion...and that most appalling of emotions called love.

I learned, long ago, that compassion is useless, love is a lie.

It's time he learned, as well.

GO TO HELL, MARTIAN.

BEETLE!

YOU.. INHUMAN ANIMAL!!

Inhuman? Of course I'm inhuman. To despise compassion, laugh at love, revel in hate -- to be utterly, unrepentently inhuman - is the only sane response in a universe as brutal and senseless as this one.

See as I see, Martian. Feel the power of Despero's Third Eye filling you with the truth of my vision. The truth behind this lie of a life

And once your mind has absorbed this, once your very thoughts have turned on you, eating away at you like ten thousand maggots...

...once your spirit has been utterly decimated -- then I shall decimate...

..your body.

FAREWELL, MARTIAN. YOU, AT LEAST, KNOW PEACE NOW.

While I know only pain. Perhaps, one day, I, too, will rest...

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...but not until I have fulfilled my purpose.

DAMN YOU, DESPERO!

Not until the fires of my hatred...

... consume the Justice League.

TWO GOOD MEN... TWO GOOD MEN!

MY FRIENDS, YOU STINKING--!

YOU KILLED MY FRIENDS!!!

This one is a being of fire. But her flames cannot touch me. How can they touch me-- when the flames of my pain, my rage, my hatred...

...burn hotter than the fires of hell?

But there is something about this one. Something that reminds me of someone I knew long ago...

...in the Days of Foolishness when I allowed myself to feel.

SURRENDER TO ME-- AND I PROMISE YOU A QUICK AND PAINLESS DEATH.

Why did I say that?

SURRENDER? I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, DESPERO! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!!

Just an echo of a man I once was: an after-image of an ancient life of hope and longing...

Memory, hanging-- a useless mirage-- in the air.

A useless mirage.

SWAK

Snuffed out now... and forgotten.

As her teammates soon will be.

Heroes, they call themselves; risking their lives for ideas and ideals. Risking their lives for illusions.

Like the people of my homeworld they claimed to be peaceful and loving; idealists of the first order

Till I was born among them: a mutant, feared and shunned. Spat upon Laughed at. Locked away

These humans attach so much importance to their illusions lip-service: but their hearts are rank, vile

The woman who birthed me showed me tenderness; fed my dreams of hope... and they murdered her for it.

Just as they sought to murder me

But I murdered their world instead, Rose up and claimed it for my own...

As I now claim this planet.

HEAR ME, PEOPLE OF EARTH!

FOR I LEARNED AT AN EARLY AGE THAT HATE IS THE *ONLY POWER* IN THIS CHAOTIC UNIVERSE! THE ONE TRUE *BELOVED*-- WHO WILL NEVER ABANDON OR BETRAY YOU!

WHAT I DO NOW, I DO FOR *HATE'S SAKE!*

Embrace hate-- and you will be free of torment! Free of pain!

Free of life itself!

Hear me, people of Earth: In the name of hate...

...I bless you

In the name of hate...

I destroy you.

And in this destruction, you will find eternal rest.

The bliss of non-existence.

No more false ideals, fragile dreams, shattered hopes. No more clinging to the lie of love.

In the name of hate I consume your world I set you free.

All of you...

.. and myself, as well...

At last! My hate has lived, breathed, moved...

...found expression!

The Justice League is dead. Their race, gone. Their world, ashes.

Rest. Non-existence.

At

long

last.

Peace--

--is mine--

UH--SOMEBODY CARE T'TELL ME WHAT JUST *HAPPENED* HERE?

ONE MINUTE DESPERO'S CRUSHING MY WINDPIPE, THE NEXT HE'S JUST STANDING THERE STARING INTO SPACE LIKE SOME ACID CASUALTY--

--AND *THEN* HE FLIES OFF HAPPY AS A CLAM.

509

MAYAVANA.

GESUND-HEIT!

NO. *MAYAVANA:* THE SACRED TREASURE... THE GREAT GIFT...

..THE MARTIAN ABILITY TO REACH INTO ANOTHER'S CONSCIOUSNESS... AND CREATE A REALITY MORE POWERFUL THAN THAT WHICH WE *TAKE* TO BE REALITY

WAIT A MINUTE! ARE YOU SAYING THAT YOU JUST--

REACHED INTO HIS MIND...AND GAVE DESPERO THAT WHICH HE WANTED *MOST.*

IF IT WAS *THAT* EASY, WHY DIDN'T YOU DO IT BEFORE, AND--

IT IS *NOT* "THAT EASY," FIRE.

THE STRAIN ON THE MIND AND SOUL DURING THE MAYAVANA EXPERIENCE IS SO TREMENDOUS-- THAT IT CAN BE EMPLOYED ONLY... *ONCE IN A LIFETIME*

THAT'S WHY WE CALL IT THE GREAT GIFT-- THAT'S WHY WE SAVE IT... FOR THOSE WE *LOVE.*

AND YOU *USED* THIS... THIS GIFT OF LOVE--ON *DESPERO?*

I USED IT FOR MY FRIENDS. FOR MY ADOPTED *WORLD.*

AND PERHAPS FOR *DESPERO,* AS WELL. AT THE VERY *END,* I THOUGHT I FELT--

HEY-- WHERE'D THAT THREE-EYED *JERK* GO? I OWE HIM SOME *LUMPS!*

AN' WHERE'S *ICE?*

UM... NOT THAT I REALLY *CARE*

TORA?

TORA-- WHERE *ARE* YOU? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SO... ANSWER ME-- WHERE'S THE BIG GEEK?

HE'S *GONE,* GUY. NOW SHUT UP--

WHO ARE YOU TELLING TO *SHUT UP?*

LOOK-- JONN'S BEEN THROUGH A LOT AND *SCOTT*--

BEETLE-- WHERE *IS* SCOTT?

OHMIGOD-- FOR A MINUTE THERE, I *FORGOT* OR AT LEAST, I *TRIED* TO--

FORGOT *WHAT,* BUTTHEAD?

SCOTT... *MISTER MIRACLE.* HE'S--

-- *DEAD.*

POKT

...I SUPPOSE IT WAS *INEVITABLE*

BUT... HONEST TO GOD, J'ONN... I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD REALLY *HAPPEN*. I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D *LOSE* ONE--

AND THE FACT THAT IT'S *SCOTT*... ONE OF THE MOST *DECENT* MEN I'VE EVER KNOWN--

MAXWELL LORD

AND YOU SAY THAT THE SHIP WAS *VAPORIZED*? THERE WASN'T EVEN A *BODY*?

NOTHING, MAX. I COULDN'T EVEN FEEL THE ECHOES OF HIS *SOUL*.

SOMEONE SHOULD CALL BARDA.

I HAVE ALREADY SEEN TO IT.

AND *OBERON*...?

SEEMS TO BE *MISSING* AT THE MOMENT.

TERRIFIC.

WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF SCOTT'S...UH... FAMILY?

ACCORDING TO BARDA, THEY'RE A LITTLE... *HARD TO REACH*.

WHAT ABOUT HIM? IT. *DESPERO*.

IN THE LAB.

DEAD?

I'M NOT SURE. HE MIGHT JUST BE... *DEVOLVED* OR PERHAPS IN SOME STATE OF BIOLOGICAL SUSPENSION.

THERE'S A *CONSCIOUSNESS* THERE... UNFORMED... BUT IT'S THERE, AND I SWEAR TO YOU, MAX--

MAX, I DIDN'T MEAN--

I *KNOW*, J'ONN. I'M SORRY.

-*SIGH*- I THINK IT'S TIME I TOOK CARE OF THE *FUNERAL* ARRANGEMENTS

-- IT'S *HAPPY*.

TELL THAT TO *BARDA*.

BEETLE...?

TED?

OH *HI,* ICE.

TED, YOU CAN'T *DO* THIS TO YOURSELF.

I'M NOT DOING *ANYTHING.*

YOU DIDN'T FORCE SCOTT TO SWITCH STATIONS WITH YOU. YOU CAN'T *BLAME* YOURSELF

I'M NOT BLAMING MYSELF OH, HELL, MAYBE I AM. I DON'T REALLY KNOW

ALL I KNOW IS THAT I FEEL AWFUL. AND I MISS SCOTT.

AND I *REALLY* WANT TO BE ALONE RIGHT NOW.

I DON'T THINK THAT'S A VERY GOOD--

I WANT TO BE ALONE.

ALL RIGHT BUT, IF YOU *NEED* ME--

ONLY THING I NEED RIGHT NOW-- IS MY *FRIEND* BACK. CAN YOU HELP ME WITH *THAT* ONE?

YOU KNOW I CAN'T

THEN I'LL SEE YOU *LATER.*

"...BIRTHS AND DEATHS ARE ILLUSORY PHENOMENA ONE REALLY DIES WHEN ONE IS BORN TO LIVE AS GOD THE ETERNAL, WHO IS BEYOND BOTH BIRTH AND DEATH."

"BE COMPOSED IN THE REALITY OF MY LOVE, FOR ALL CONFUSION AND DESPAIR IS YOUR OWN SHADOW, WHICH WILL VANISH WHEN I SPEAK THE WORD."

"I AM PRESENT IN ALL HEARTS GATHERED IN MY NAME TO HEAR MY MESSAGE OF LOVE."

THESE WORDS GIVE COMFORT TO THE SOUL, TO THE ACHING HEART... BUT THE MIND STILL CRIES OUT IN CONFUSION: "*WHY?*"

AND TO THAT MIND I CAN ONLY SAY, "I HAVE NO ANSWER THAT WILL *SATISFY* YOU."

ANY MORE THAN I CAN EXPLAIN WHY A MAN LIKE SCOTT FREE WOULD SO *WILLINGLY* RISK HIS LIFE AGAIN AND AGAIN SO THAT OTHERS COULD *LIVE*.

BECAUSE THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT... THE LIFE OF LOVE AND SACRIFICE... *DEFIES* THE MIND. JUST AS SCOTT FREE DEFIED DEATH, TIME AND AGAIN, WITH HIS INCREDIBLE *ESCAPES*.

ONE COULD ALMOST SEE HIS LIFE AS A *METAPHOR* FOR THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT AS MR. MIRACLE, HE *LAUGHED* AT LOGIC... AT THE RATIONAL MIND THAT SEEKS SO DESPERATELY TO *IMPRISON* US IN EXPLANATION...

...TO *STUFF* GOD'S UNIVERSE INTO A DARK LITTLE TRUNK AND CLAMP THE *LID* DOWN TIGHT.

SCOTT FREE'S LIFE WAS A LIVING STATEMENT THAT EXISTENCE IS ONE *SUSTAINED* MIRACLE... THAT THE CHAINS OF SO-CALLED REALITY CAN BE *SHATTERED*...

...THAT GOD'S GRACE RAINS DOWN AT THE MOST SURPRISING MOMENTS... EVEN WHEN... *ESPECIALLY* WHEN... THIS WORLD SEEMS DARKEST AND MOST DESPAIRING.

I'M TOLD THAT SCOTT FREE CAME FROM A CULTURE VERY *DIFFERENT* FROM OURS... THAT THE BELIEF SYSTEMS THAT *NURTURED* HIM MIGHT SEEM ODD AND UNCONVENTIONAL TO US

BUT THE MANNER IN WHICH SCOTT FREE LIVED, THE MANNER IN WHICH HE *DIED*...

...ASSURES ME THAT HIS CULTURE VALUES WHAT *WE* VALUE... AND THAT PERHAPS HE *LIVED OUT* THOSE VALUES FAR BETTER THAN MANY OF US.

AND NOW? WELL, I PREFER TO THINK OF THIS AS *ANOTHER* OF SCOTT'S AMAZING ESCAPES; FOR HE HAS *BROKEN* THE BONDS OF THE FLESH... *ESCAPED* THE TRAP OF THE BODY...

...AND EMBRACED THE *FREEDOM* OF THE SPIRIT, AND, THOUGH WE *MOURN* HIM, AND *MISS* HIM ..

...LET US *REJOICE* FOR HIM, TOO.

AMEN.

MAX...?

BARDA--I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW--

ALL WE EVER WANTED WAS A *SIMPLE LIFE!* NO MORE FIGHTING...NO MORE *MADNESS!*

BUT YOU--!! YOU AND YOUR DAMNED *LEAGUE!*

BARDA.. *DON'T--!*

DON'T *DO* THIS TO YOURSELF!

DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU *ALL!*

...*BARDA...?*

...HEY--THERE'S *BOOSTER*. I *KNEW* HE'D SHOW UP. WHATEVER PROBLEMS HE'S GOT WITH THE LEAGUE, WE'RE ALL STILL FRIENDS--

--AND HE REALLY *CARED* ABOUT SCOTT.

I'M NOT GONNA LET THE FACT THAT HE'S BEEN A COMPLETE *ASS* GET IN THE WAY OF OUR MENDING FENCES

AFTER ALL, I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO HEE-HAW NOW AND THEN *MYSELF*.

OF COURSE, I DON'T "HEE-HAW" QUITE AS *LOUDLY* AS BOOSTER. BUT--

...SO, *GYPSY*, THIS NEW *TEAM* I'M INVOLVED WITH... AH-- I CAN'T REVEAL OUR NAME OR THE NAMES OF OUR *BACKERS* JUST YET; IT'S ALL HUSH-HUSH--

BUT WE *ARE* LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD MEN .. *AND* WOMEN. THE MONEY'S GOOD. THE BENEFITS ARE GREAT

AND, UNLIKE *THESE* YOKELS, WE ALL TREAT EACH OTHER WITH A LITTLE *DIGNITY*. SO, IF YOU'RE *INTERESTED*, I--

WHY, THAT *SLIMY*--!

WHA' HAPPEN'...?

GOD, I REALLY DIDN'T *MEAN* TO.. I MEAN, SCOTT WAS MY *FRIEND*. I SWEAR I DIDN'T *COME* HERE TO--

ME AND MY BIG MOUTH.

BEETLE'S JUST UPSET, MR. GOLD. WE *ALL* ARE.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M NOT *INTERESTED*. YOU HAVE A *CARD*?

MY *FIST* HAPPENED, *SLEAZEBUCKET!*

I DIDN'T THINK EVEN *YOU'D* STOOP *THIS* LOW, GOLD! HUSTLING AT YOUR FRIEND'S *FUNERAL!*

YOU'RE *SCUM*, YOU KNOW THAT?

WELL... *YEAH.*

BIG

STUPID

MOUTH

BATMAN--CAN I HAVE A *WORD* WITH YOU?

HOW CAN I REFUSE MOTHER, COUNTRY, AND APPLE PIE?

PARDON?

WHAT DO YOU *WANT?*

HAVE I DONE SOMETHING TO *OFFEND* YOU?

LOOK: I'M NOT EXACTLY FEELING *SOCIABLE* TODAY. THEY JUST BURIED MY *FRIEND* BACK THERE.

I KNOW-- AND I'M TRULY *SORRY.*

WHAT... DO... YOU... WANT?

I'M CONCERNED ABOUT THE LEAGUE.

THEN TALK TO MAX LORD.

THEY'RE UNDER-POWERED. IF THEY KEEP FACING ENTITIES LIKE *DESPERO*... I'M AFRAID THERE ARE GOING TO BE *MORE* DEATHS.

THIS TIME IT WAS MR. MIRACLE... NEXT TIME IT MIGHT BE BLUE BEETLE OR--

IS THERE A *POINT* TO THIS?

THERE'S NO REASON FOR THIS *HOSTILITY*, BATMAN. I CAME TO YOU OUT OF CONCERN. I *ADMIRE* THE LEAGUE. I WANT TO SEE IT CONTINUE TO FUNCTION -- AND FUNCTION WELL.

BUT TO *DO* THAT, IT'S GOING TO NEED MORE *MUSCLE.*

I TOLD YOU: TALK TO *LORD.* I'M JUST A PART-TIMER THESE DAYS.

I DON'T REALLY KNOW MAXWELL LORD, BUT YOU AND I--

--ARE *STRANGERS* YOU DON'T *KNOW* ME YOU NEVER *WILL*...

ANYTHING *ELSE* ON YOUR MIND?

NO *YES.*

I REALLY *AM* SORRY ABOUT MISTER MIRACLE

SO AM I.

DING

GOOD EVENING, MR. GOLD!

BOOSTER! I'VE HAD SOME *WONDERFUL* NEWS WE'VE GOT A CONFIRMATION FROM *PRAXIS*. I'VE SET UP A MEETING FOR --

LATER.

NOT ONE DAMN *BIT.*

BOOSTER, THIS IS *IMPORTANT*--

NO, *CLAIRE*, IT'S *NOT.*

KNOCK KNOCK

UM... AH... ICE?

GUY?

AH... YEAH. IT'S ME... YOU *GOT* A MINUTE?

OF COURSE I DO. COME-- SIT DOWN.

ARE YOU ALL *RIGHT*? YOU LOOK *AWFUL*.

I MEAN, I KNOW YOU'RE THE *SENSITIVE* TYPE AN' ALL. Y'KNOW... I FIGURED YOU MIGHT WANNA... I DUNNO... *TALK*.

ABOUT *SCOTT*?

YEAH. *I* REALLY WASN'T THAT *CLOSE* TO 'IM. I MEAN, WE *WORKED* TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME, BUT, Y'KNOW... WE NEVER REALLY *CONNECTED*.

NO. OF *COURSE* YOU DIDN'T

ME? NAH, NAH... I'M JUST *FINE*. I WAS JUST.. UH... WORRIED ABOUT *YOU*--

BUT I KNOW HOW MUCH *YOU* LIKED 'IM. I MEAN, YOU REALLY THOUGHT HE WAS A GOOD GUY, HUH?

YES, I *DID*.

AN' I BET YOU REALLY FEEL *LOUSY* ABOUT ALL THIS KINDA SICK TO YOUR *STOMACH* KINDA LIKE YOU JUST WANNA PUNCH A *HOLE* IN THE WALL OR *SCREAM* OR SOMETHIN'--

SOMETHING LIKE THAT...

ISN'T THERE AT LEAST SUPPOSED TO BE A BRIEF PERIOD OF *MOURNING*?

I DON'T NEED SACKCLOTH AND ASHES TO REMIND ME OF THIS TRAGEDY, J'ONN. I'LL MOURN SCOTT IN MY HEART --

--AND I'LL CARRY THIS LOSS WITH ME... FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

BUT THE CONVERSATION I HAD WITH *BATMAN* MADE SENSE. ALMOST *TOO MUCH* SENSE.

WE *NEED* TO FILL UP OUR RANKS. WE *NEED* TO BOLSTER OUR STRENGTH.

THE NEXT TIME WE GO UP AGAINST SOMEONE LIKE DESPERO... IT COULD BE BEETLE OR ICE -- OR *YOU*-- THAT WE LAY IN THE GROUND.

I SIMPLY WON'T *HAVE* THAT.

I CAN HANDLE *MYSELF*, MAX.

THAT'S NOT THE *POINT*, DAMMIT, AND YOU *KNOW* IT! SCOTT'S *DEAD* --THE J.L.E IS *MISSING*! IT'S ALL GONE *WRONG* --

I THINK YOUR *TIMING* IS WHAT'S WRONG, MAX. THE TEAM NEEDS TIME TO REMEMBER TIME TO *HEAL*.

ON *MARS*, WE--

THIS ISN'T MARS TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO, J'ONN --THIS IS *EARTH*. *NOW*. AND THE WORD IS GOING OUT... *TODAY*. THIS *MINUTE*

THE J.L.A NEEDS NEW MEMBERS--AND WE'RE GOING TO *GET* THEM..

I *SWEAR* TO YOU, I'LL *DISBAND* THIS TEAM RATHER THAN SEE ANOTHER OF MY FRIENDS *DIE*.

AND IF WE *DON'T*--?

...SCOTT FREE: SUCH A RIDICULOUS NAME. BUT WHAT COULD ONE EXPECT FROM A WOMAN NAMED GRANNY GOODNESS?

THE WITCH MADE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HELL, DIDN'T SHE? BUT YOU BEAT HER. YOU AND BARDA BOTH

YOU ROSE ABOVE THAT STINKING PIT CALLED APOKOLIPS-- AND MADE REAL LIVES FOR YOURSELVES. LIVES OF DIGNITY.

AND WHAT HAVE I DONE?

MY SHARE, I SUPPOSE BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FIGHTING A WAR INSIDE MYSELF. ALWAYS BEEN SO TORN.

I NEVER HAD THE INNOCENCE, THE CLARITY OF VISION THAT YOU DID.

THAT VISION LED YOU TO EARTH... AND TO THIS-- JUSTICE LEAGUE.

YOU KNOW, A PART OF ME ALWAYS THOUGHT OF US AS... BROTHERS. THOUGHT THAT... PERHAPS...WE COULD HELP EACH OTHER--TEACH EACH OTHER--

--IF WE'D ONLY HAD THE CHANCE.

SCOTT FREE

IT'S TOO LATE FOR ME TO TEACH YOU, SCOTT--

--BUT, PERHAPS... YOU CAN STILL TEACH ME.

I THINK I'LL PAY A VISIT TO THIS LEAGUE OF YOURS.

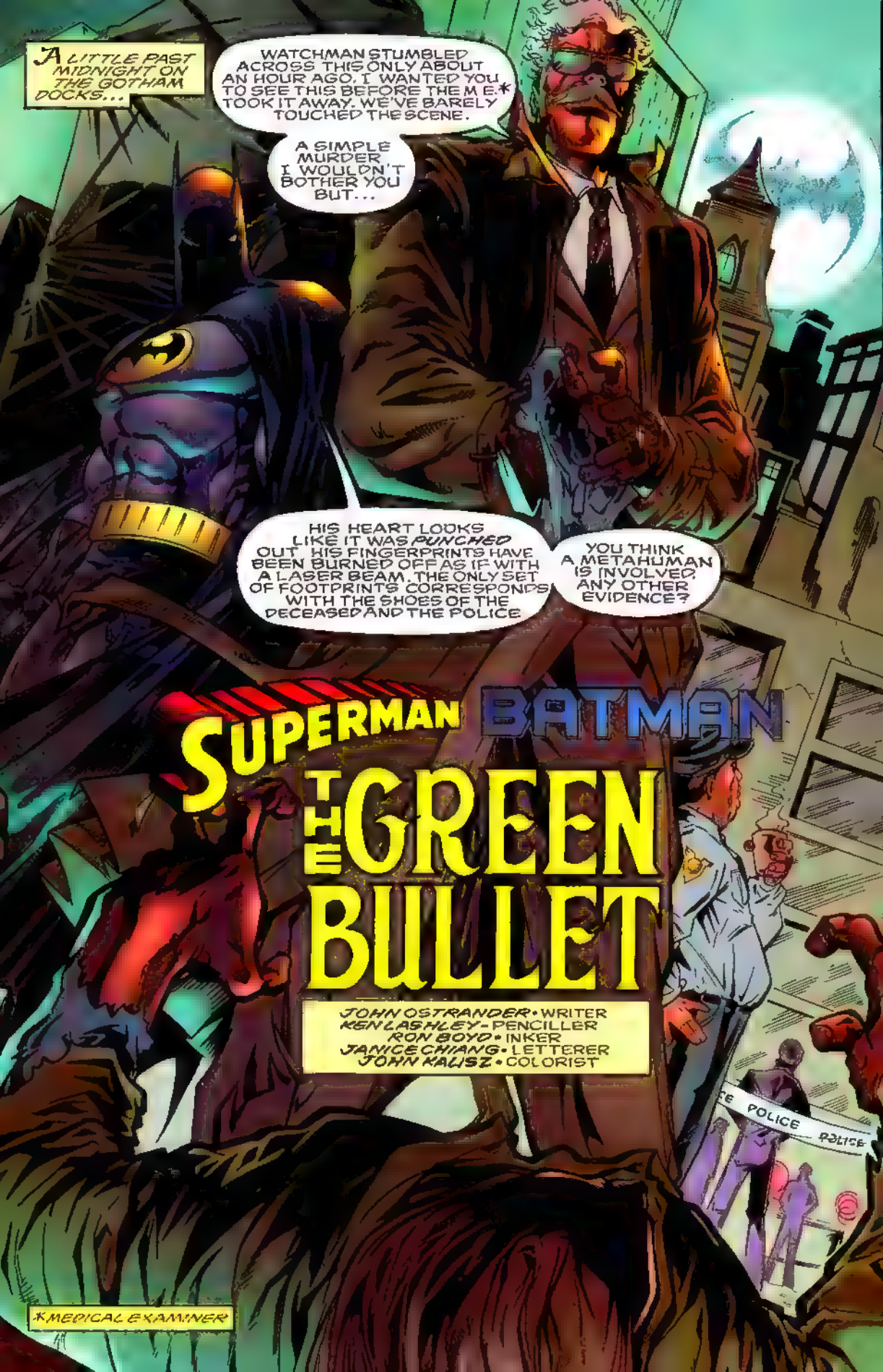
SCOTT FREE

THANK YOU, BROTHER.

REST WELL.

YOU'VE EARNED IT.

MAXIMUM STRENGTH!


A LITTLE PAST MIDNIGHT ON THE GOTHAM DOCKS...
WATCHMAN STUMBLED ACROSS THIS ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. I WANTED YOU TO SEE THIS BEFORE THE M.E.* TOOK IT AWAY. WE'VE BARELY TOUCHED THE SCENE.
A SIMPLE MURDER I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU BUT...
HIS HEART LOOKS LIKE IT WAS PUNCHED OUT. HIS FINGERPRINTS HAVE BEEN BURNED OFF AS IF WITH A LASER BEAM. THE ONLY SET OF FOOTPRINTS CORRESPONDS WITH THE SHOES OF THE DECEASED AND THE POLICE
YOU THINK A METAHUMAN IS INVOLVED. ANY OTHER EVIDENCE?
SUPERMAN BATMAN
THE GREEN BULLET
JOHN OSTRANDER • WRITER
KEN LASHLEY - PENCILLER
RON BOYD • INKER
JANICE CHIANG • LETTERER
JOHN KALISZ • COLORIST
POLICE
POLICE
*MEDICAL EXAMINER

THE WATCHMAN SAYS HE HEARD VOICES AND FELT A RUSH OF AIR AS HE CAME UP.
CRIME SCENE BOYS SAY THE BODY WAS STILL WARM WHEN THEY GOT THERE SO THE MURDER MUST HAVE JUST HAPPENED WHEN THE WATCHMAN WANDERED BY
Hm. MIGHT EXPLAIN WHY THE DECEASED'S JAW IS INTACT. WHY DESTROY THE FINGERPRINTS WHEN DENTAL RECORDS CAN ALSO MAKE AN I.D.? WE'RE ASSUMING, OF COURSE, THAT THE MURDERER WAS INTERRUPTED.
ANYTHING ELSE?
THIS POUCH WAS FOUND IN THE DEAD MAN'S UPPER COAT POCKET. IT'S LEAD-LINED.
THIS WAS INSIDE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE GREEN BULLET MEANS, BUT ALL THE EVIDENCE SEEMS TO SUGGEST OUR PRIME SUSPECT SHOULD BE... SUPERMAN.
YOU CAN SEE THE PROBLEM. IF WORD GETS OUT AND SUPERMAN DIDN'T DO IT, HIS CREDIBILITY IS RUINED. IF HE DID DO IT..
I'LL BE IN TOUCH.
BATMAN?

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO DO THAT--NOT WITH PRIMARY EVIDENCE! I SWEAR, ONE OF THESE DAYS...!
I RECOGNIZED THE DECEASED--ONE ANDREW "FERRET" FULTON.
EXTORTIONIST AND BLACKMAILER. KNOWN FOR HIS ABILITY TO FERRET OUT OTHERS' DEEPEST SECRETS AND MAKING THEM PAY OFF.
MY WORD! BUT WHAT SECRETS WOULD SUPERMAN HAVE--ASSUMING IT WAS SUPERMAN WHO DID THIS DREADFUL THING?
WE ALL HAVE SECRETS, ALFRED. THE QUESTION IS--WOULD HE KILL TO KEEP HIS?
IF THE MAN OF STEEL SHOULD PROVE GUILTY OF THIS MURDER--WILL YOU MAKE USE OF IT?
KRYPTONITE--THE ONE ELEMENT THAT CAN HARM SUPERMAN. THERE ARE SO FEW SAMPLES OF IT ON EARTH--INCLUDING THE SAMPLE SUPERMAN WANTED YOU TO USE SHOULD HE EVER...LOSE CONTROL OF HIMSELF.
I'VE TESTED THE GREEN BULLET AGAINST THE KRYPTONITE SAMPLE SUPERMAN HIMSELF LEFT WITH ME. SPECTROGRAPHIC ANALYSIS CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS.

IF HE IS GUILTY, THEN HE WILL BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.
FIRST--THERE ARE OTHER QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.
JUSTICE LEAGUE SATELLITE HQ.
SORRY, BATMAN--BUT SUPERMAN WAS OFF DUTY LAST NIGHT. "PERSONAL BUSINESS", I BELIEVE.
ANYTHING GO DOWN IN METROPOLIS NEEDING HIS ATTENTION? SAY BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND THREE A.M.
ACCORDING TO THE MONITORS, THERE WERE NO SIGHTINGS OF HIM IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. I GUESS THE GUY HAS TO SLEEP SOME TIME.
DOES HE? HE'S AN ALIEN. HOW MUCH DO WE REALLY KNOW ABOUT HIM?
FOR EXAMPLE--IS HE CAPABLE OF MURDER?
SUPES? C'MON! HE'S THE BEST OF US!
ANYONE IS CAPABLE OF MURDER--IF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ARE RIGHT.
THE CORRECT QUESTION IS--WHAT MIGHT DRIVE A SUPERMAN TO KILL?

"IF YOU CAN, GET A MESSAGE TO HIM, ASK SUPERMAN TO MEET ME AT THIS LOCATION AT THIS TIME TONIGHT."
GOTHAM CITY.
WE CAN'T KEEP THIS QUIET MUCH LONGER. THE WATCHMAN NOW SAYS HE THINKS HE SAW SOMETHING IN BLUE AND RED FLYING OFF FROM THE AREA. EVERYTHING CONTINUES TO POINT TO SUPERMAN.
THAT'S THE PROBLEM. EVERYTHING POINTS TO SUPERMAN.
I KNOW. IT SMELLS LIKE A FRAME. IT'S TOO EASY. SUPERMAN ISN'T THAT STUPID. AND IT'S NOT AS IF THE MAN DOESN'T HAVE ENEMIES.
BUT...
BUT WHAT IF IT ISN'T A FRAME?
WHAT IF IT'S NOT STUPIDITY ON SUPERMAN'S PART? WHAT IF IT'S ARROGANCE? PERHAPS HE BELIEVES HE WON'T BE FOUND OUT--OR THAT NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO HIM IF IT DOES?
PART OF THE REASON HE'S ALLOWED TO DO WHAT HE DOES IS THAT PEOPLE TRUST HIM--BELIEVE IN HIM. SUSPICION ALONE COULD KILL THAT.
MAKE IT TOUGH ON ANYONE IN A MASK.
I KNOW. THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO GET IT SETTLED TONIGHT.
TONIGHT?!
WANTED
I WISH HE WOULD STOP DOING THAT!

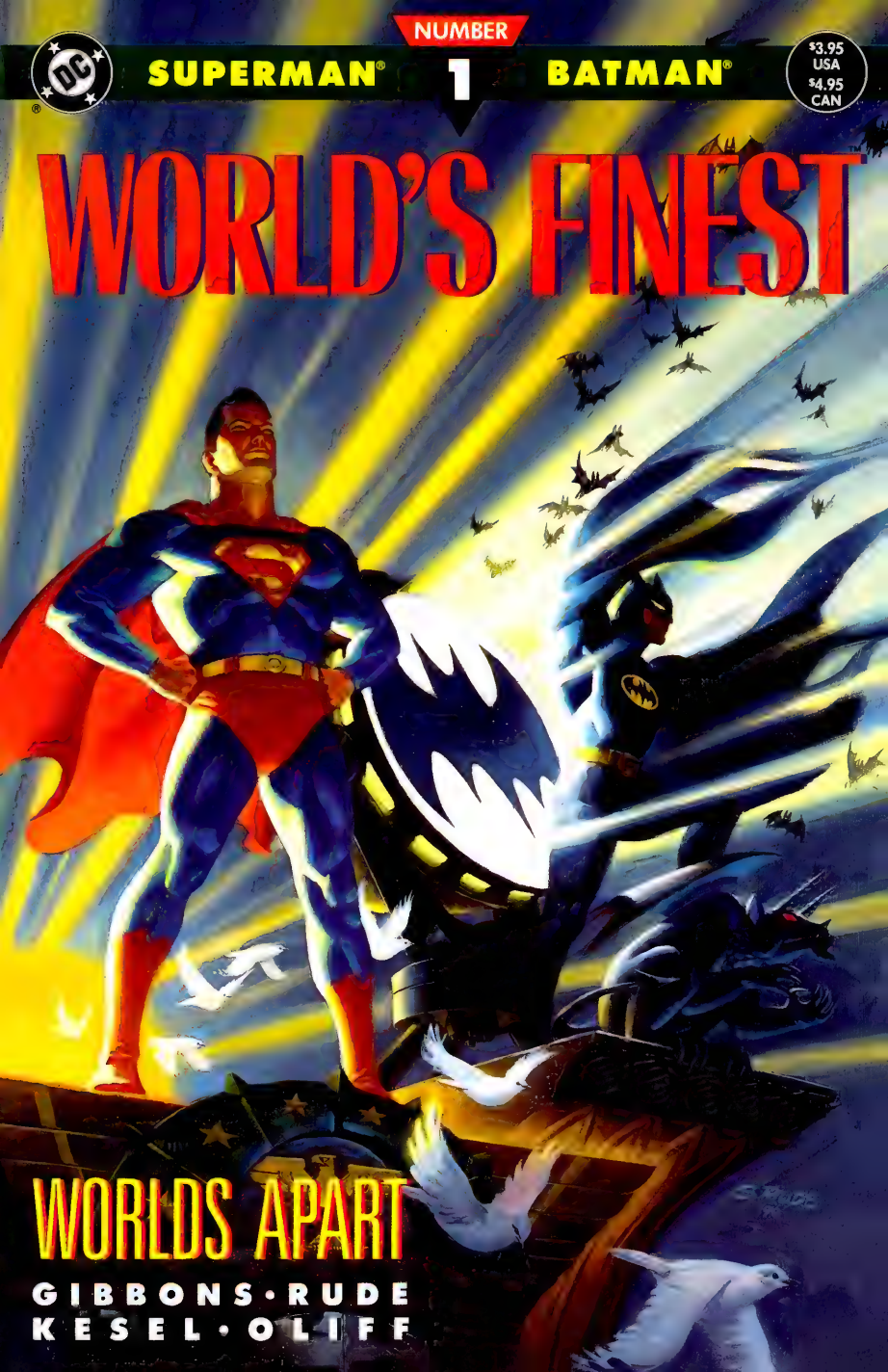
WAYNE FOUNDATION, GOTHAM CITY.
MORGAN INC.
WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT BETWEEN THE HOURS OF MIDNIGHT AND THREE?
PERSONAL BUSINESS.
A MAN WAS KILLED ON THE DOCKS HERE LAST NIGHT AND ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO YOU. WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?
I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN POSING SOME INTERESTING QUESTIONS
PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO PUT THEM DIRECTLY TO ME
WHY WOULD I KILL--WHOEVER THIS MAN WAS?
HE WAS A KNOWN EXTORTIONIST--A BLACKMAILER. MAYBE HE DISCOVERED SOME SECRETS OF YOURS. DID HE?

I HAVE SWORN NEVER TO TAKE A HUMAN LIFE.
THAT OATH WOULD MEAN MORE IF I KNEW YOU DIDN'T MAKE IT EARLY THIS MORNING.
I TOOK IT AFTER I EXECUTED THREE KRYPTONIAN CRIMINALS IN THE PHANTOM ZONE.
THEY WERE GOING TO ESCAPE AND WERE BENT ON SLAUGHTER. I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD HAVE DONE ANYTHING ELSE. BUT I WILL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN.
I DIDN'T KILL WHOEVER THE VICTIM WAS LAST NIGHT.
I ALREADY KNOW THAT. I'VE PRETTY MUCH FIGURED OUT WHO, WHEN, AND HOW.
THIS ISN'T REAL KRYPTONITE. IT WOULD STAND UP TO MOST ANALYSIS UNLESS YOU HAD AN ACTUAL SAMPLE TO COMPARE IT WITH--AS I DID.
CATCH.
BUT--IT WOULD NEVER HOLD UP IN *COURT* THEN! WHY GO TO ALL THE BOTHER?

PERHAPS NOT IN A COURT OF LAW, SUPERMAN. BUT IN THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION...
NOW-- WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME?
"I WAS JUST GOING TO WRAP THIS UP."
KRESHH
WELL, WELL-- INTERGANG!
IN MY CITY!
GET 'EM!
GOTHAM PD IS SITTING ON THE CASE MAYBE WE KILL GORDON AND THE LID FLIES OFF!
BE SPOTTED, BUT DON'T BE SEEN, SAVVY?
krak!
zzzaaaap!
schraaak!

ZZZZZZZZ
SCHRAAK
Klong!
KRAK
HOW DID YOU KNOW?
DUST DISPERSAL AT THE MURDER SITE WAS EVEN, SUGGESTING BOOT-JETS ALSO. THERE WERE SOME DROPS OF HYDRAULIC FLUID--VERY FRESH--NEAR THE BODY.
LEXCORP HAD REPORTED AN EXOSKELETON "STOLEN" ABOUT THREE DAYS AGO.
LEXCORP. THAT PRETTY MUCH EXPLAINS THE *MOTIVATION*, DOESN'T IT?
YES.

LIGHTS ARE OUT, SUGGESTING THAT I HAVE A VISITOR YES?
KLIK
NOT THE ONE YOU MAY BE EXPECTING, LUTHOR
WITH A WARNING -- DON'T COME TO GOTHAM AGAIN TO PLAY YOUR GAMES.
I DO WHAT I PLEASE. WHERE I PLEASE.
IF YOU HAD ANY PROOF OF MY COMPLICITY IN SOME CRIME, YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ME CHARGED. YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME.
DON'T CONFUSE ME WITH SUPERMAN, LUTHOR HE'S THE NICE ONE.
YOU COME TO GOTHAM AGAIN AND I WILL TURN ALL MY ATTENTION TO YOU AND I'LL STRIP YOU BARE. WHATEVER IT TAKES.
AS SOMEONE ELSE SAID--SUPERMAN IS THE BEST OF US. ATTACK HIS REP AND YOU ATTACK ALL OF US.
AND THE JUSTICE LEAGUE PROTECTS ITS OWN.
END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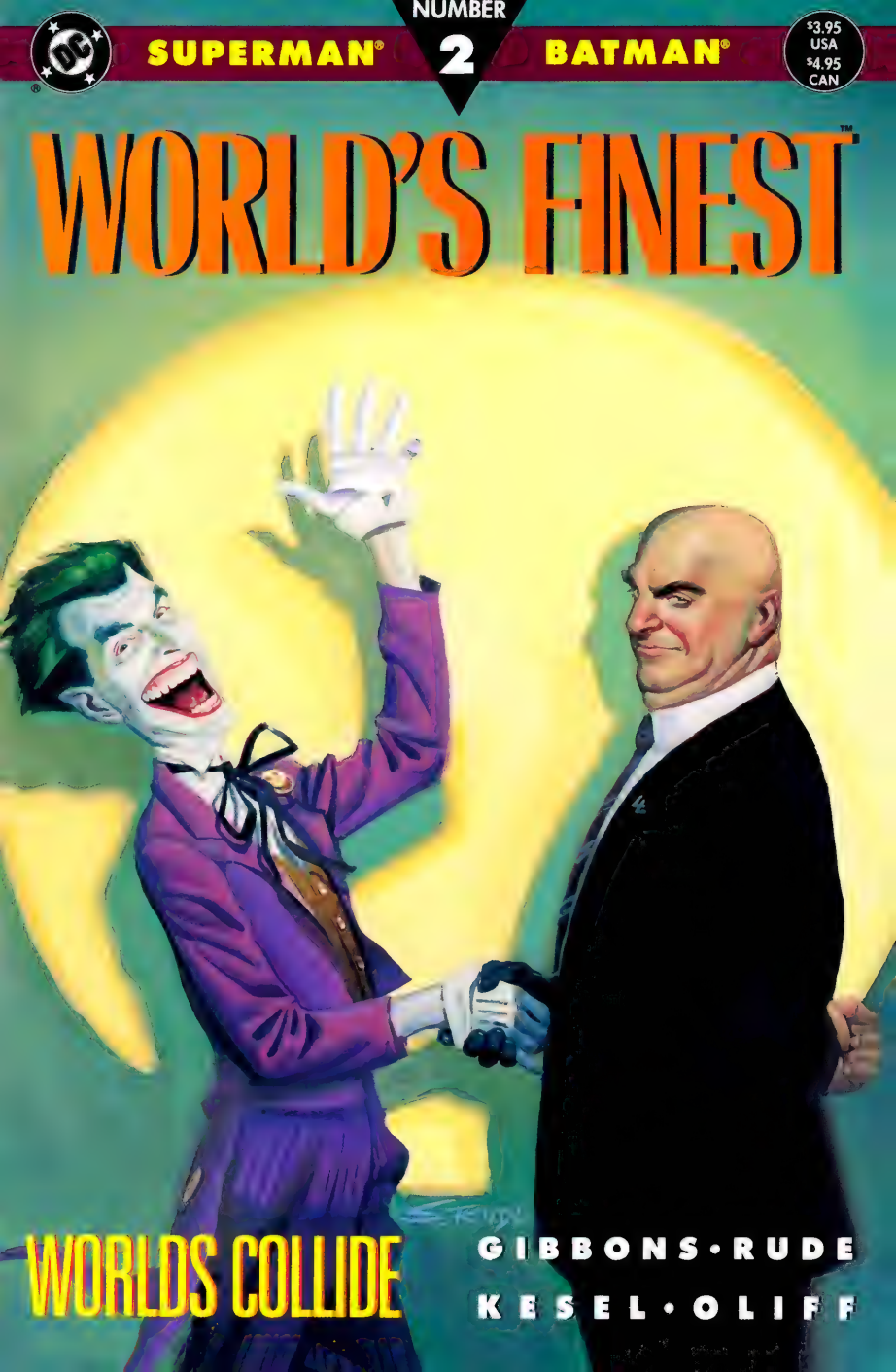
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